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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE
ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF
THE WORLD WITH THEIR
MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

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RICHARD LOVELACE.

Richard Lovelace, an English dramatist and poet, born in Kent, 1618; died in London, 1658. He shone at the court of Charles I., and sacrificed liberty and fortune for that unhappy prince. His "Lucasta" is a collection of charming verse, "The Scholar" is a comedy of merit, and "The Soldier" is a tragedy.

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too should adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.

From The Grasshopper.

O thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where now thou art reared,

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Samuel Lover, an Irish poet and novelist, born at Dublin, Feb. 24, 1797; died at St. Heliers, July 6, 1868. He was intended for business, but became a painter and exhibited great facility in writing songs and sketches of Irish character. He published "Legends and Stories of Ireland," two series (1830–1834); "Rory O'More, a National Romance" (1837); "Songs and Ballads" (1839), including "The Low-Backed Car," "Widow Machree," "The Angel's Whisper," and "The Four-Leaved Shamrock"; "Handy Andy, an Irish Tale" (1842); "Treasure Trove" (1844); "Metrical Tales and Other Poems" (1859), besides a number of plays and operas. His Life and Unpublished Works, edited by B. Bernard, appeared in 1874.

He was remarkable for his versatility, but his fame rests mainly upon his Irish songs and novels, which are full of humor and felicitous pictures of peasant life.

Widow Machree.

Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! widow machree:
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown.
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear —
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come, —
Och hone! widow machree, —
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See, the birds go in pairs,

And the rabbits and hares —
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree.
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they *wish*, —
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! widow machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit *you* sup,
Och hone! widow machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! widow machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled.
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,
Och hone! widow machree;
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire,
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone! widow machree!

How to Ask and Have.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go —
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I:
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary —
You'd better ask *me*."

The Gridiron:

Or, Paddy Mullowney's Travels in France.

"By-the-by, Sir John," said the master, addressing a distinguished guest, "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself), "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plaze your Honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year 'ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic"; — a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself. — "It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen Dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord at last, and the pumps were choaked (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it; and faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever: accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in — and faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen Dhas went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven and the wide ocean, — the broad Atlantic; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky: and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together; and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then — soon enough, throth — our provisions began to run low; the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum, — throth *that* was gone first of all, — God help uz: and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare uz in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sich a good wish; and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' say I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I, — I called him darlint and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal, — 'thrue for you, captain jewel: God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite;' — and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor, the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the break o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrysthal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land. By gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thunder an turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I.

"So he ups with his bring-'m-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and sure enough it was.

"'Hurrah!' says he, 'we're all right now: pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"'Oh, no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I: 'maybe it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Jarman Oceant?' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he, — for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else, — 'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same:' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light: and when I seen my life was safe I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a pelican o' the wildherness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sich a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beefsteak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'Be gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearing the land all the time), 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he: 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France, and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you; that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I; — and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Jarman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you; and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he: 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain; 'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher; and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he: 'pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done; they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, — an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer, — and out I got: and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or t'other, towards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I, — 'there's a house there;' and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely — and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopped ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me; and faith they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all — more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite: but I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that says I (knowin' what was in their minds), 'indeed, it's thrue for you,' says I, 'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison of the storm,' says I 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity, — with that says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes: we have plenty o' mate ourselves there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be pleased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever: and faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man with a head of hair as white as silver, — 'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads: and faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy; and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to 'munseer' me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me: and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriss,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' drink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the words *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear: and so I thought I'd give another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, '*Parly — voo — frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about long tongs.

"'Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I: 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?' says I: '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"'Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen, — throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that-a-way they'd use you: the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more, you ould thief, — are you a Chrishthan at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language? — *parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then thunder an turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me: and so with that, 'the curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villian,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I: and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away — and in throth it's often sence that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"

HANDY ANDY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

(From "Handy Andy.")

"RIDE into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire one day to our hero.

Andy presented himself at the counter and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The direction I got was to get a letther here; that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there anyone in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It's not everyone is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letters.

"Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one — "fourpence."

The gentleman paid his fourpence and left the shop with his letter.

"Here is a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster. "You 've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay you elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? Do you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welcome, to be sure, sir; but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire in the meanwhile was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town — wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' the one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun; and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond."

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I've come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eyes caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grabbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying:

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow!"

RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn, —
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye —
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och, jewel," said Rory, "that same is the way
Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I gave half a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound" —
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "the same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Tim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste —
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips — don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

The Angels' Whisper.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"O, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father;
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning.
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell, an eminent American poet, essayist, scholar, and diplomatist, born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819; died there, Aug. 12, 1891. He was graduated at Harvard in 1838, and at the Law School in 1840, but abandoned law for literature, publishing "A Year's Life" (1841), and beginning a short-lived monthly, "The Pioneer" (1843). He put forth a volume of "Poems" in 1844; "The Vision of Sir Launfal" in 1845; "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" in 1845, and more "Poems" in 1848. His reputation as a humorist and satirist was established by *The Biglow Papers* and "A Fable for Critics" (1848). Mr. Lowell traveled in Europe in 1851–1852, lectured before the Lowell Institute at Boston, 1854–1856, on the British Poets; and in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard. He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* from its start to 1862, and the *North American Review* from 1863–1872, contributing largely to both. The Civil War called out much of his finest verse, including the magnificent "Commemoration Ode," recited at Harvard, July 21, 1865, and the second series of *The Biglow Papers*, collected in 1867. Editions of his poems had appeared in 1854 and 1858; to these were added "Under the Willows," etc. (1869); "The Cathedral" (1869); and "Heartsease and Rue" (1888). His principal prose works are "Fireside Travels" (1864); "Among My Books" (1870–1876); "My Study Windows" (1870); "Democracy and Other Addresses" (1887); "American Ideas for English Readers" and "Latest Literary Essays" published 1893; and "Letters" (1894), edited by C. E. Norton. While abroad in 1872–1874 he was honored with degrees by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He was sent as United States Minister to Spain in 1877, and transferred to England in 1880, where he remained till 1885. He was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, Glasgow, in 1884. He was very popular in England, personally, and as a writer, and a window to his memory was placed in the vestibule to the chapter house of Westminster Abbey in November of 1893, the address on the occasion of the unveiling being delivered by Leslie Stephen.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.
Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its Benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

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An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
  'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
    What wonder if Sir Launfal now
    Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
  And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
  In search of the Holy Grail:
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall

Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust: —
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail"

From a Painting by J. C. Hook

  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight, —
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms;
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
    On open wold and hilltop bleak
      It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
    It carried a shiver everywhere
  From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
  The little brook heard it, and built a roof
  'Neath which he could house him winter-proof:
  All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
  He groined his arches and matched his beams
  Slender and clear were his crystal spars
  As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
  He sculptured every summer delight
  In his halls and chambers out of sight;
  Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
  Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
  Long, sparkling aisles of steel stemmed trees
  Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
  Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
  But silvery mosses that downward grew;
  Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
  With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
  Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
  For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
  He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
  And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
  That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
  And made a star of every one:
  No mortal builder's most rare device
  Could match this winter palace of ice;
  'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay

In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
  As she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate:
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
  And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing, —
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place:
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said: —
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!

Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
  And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
  No longer scowl the turrets tall.
The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause
  Ez fur away ez Paris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
  In them infarnal Pharisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
  To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
  Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
  A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
  Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
  My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
  Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
  O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
  I git jest wut I axes:
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,

Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote, — an' keeps us in
Our quiet customhouses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions; —
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin; —
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all, —
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his souperscription, —

Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
  An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
  To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs, — in every thin' thet pays,
  But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
  This lays all thought o' sin to rest, —
I *don't* believe in princerple,
  But, O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
  Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by princerples nor men
  My preudunt course is steadied, —
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
  Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
  Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
  To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
  I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd been, thru dry an' wet,
  Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
  'll keep the people in blindness, —
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
  Right into brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
  Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
  Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.

The Debate in the Sennit.

"Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!
  It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs;
Fer how could we trample on 't so, I wonder,
  Ef 't worn't thet it's ollers under our hoofs?"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;
      "Human rights haint no more
      Right to come on this floor,
    No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',
  An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;
We aint none riled by their frettin' an' frothin',
  We're *used* to layin' the string on our slaves,"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
      Sez Mister Foote,
      "I should like to shoot
    The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,
  It's sutthin' thet's — wha' d' ye call it? — divine, —
An' the slaves that we ollers *make* the most out on
  Air them north o' Mason an' Dixon's line,"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
      "Fer all thet," sez Mangum,
      "'Twould be better to hang 'em,
    An' so git red on 'em soon," sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
  Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
  An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
      "Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,
      "Ez thet some one's an ass,
    It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
  But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)
  To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
      "Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,
      "The perfection o' bliss
    Is in skinnin' thet same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing that depends on complexion,
It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't chafe;
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Hannegan,
Afore he began agin,
"Thet exception is quite oppertoon," sez he.

"Gen'nle Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar,
Your merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees,
At the North we don't make no distinctions o' color;
You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Jarnagin,
"They wunt hev to larn again,
They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question aint no ways bewilderin'.
North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance;
No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,
But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Atherton here,
"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could dive like a loon," sez he.

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,
An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscoous Ned,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,
"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's brewin'
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine,
All the wise aristoxy is tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France
They're beginnin' to dance
Beëlzebub's own rigadoon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest

Not to welcome with proud hallylugers the ery
  Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
        "O," sez Westcott o' Florida,
        "Wut treason is horrider
    Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
  Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;
We think it's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,
  Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth shan't be spiled,"
    Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
        "Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,
        "It perfectly true is
    Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks.

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
  He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
  An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes; —
        But John P.
        Robinson he
    Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
  We can't never choose him, o' course, — thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
  An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
        Fer John P.
        Robinson he
    Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
  He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —
  He's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet is himself; —
        So John P.
        Robinson he
    Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
  He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
  But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?

So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view of the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow, —
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

LUCIAN.

Lucian (Lucianus, the Latin form of his Greek name Louki a nos), a Greek satirist, born at Samosata on the Euphrates about A.D. 120; died in Egypt about 200. He was apprenticed to a sculptor, but at an early age devoted himself to the study of rhetoric, at Antioch. He afterward visited parts of Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; then went to Gaul, where he resided several years. Near the close of his life he was made a procurator in Egypt. The "Works" of Lucian, as translated into English by William Tooke (1820), fill two stout quarto volumes.

The best known of his works are the "Dialogues of the Gods," and the "Dialogues of the Dead." Some of his dialogues are entitled "Timon, the Misanthrope," "Charon," "Menippus," "The Assembly of the Gods," etc.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Persons: Zeus, Hermes, Paris, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite.

Zeus. — Hermes, take this apple and go to Phrygia, to Priam's son, the cowherd, — he is pasturing his drove on Ida, — and say to him that since he is handsome himself, and a connoisseur in matters of love, he has been appointed by Zeus to judge which is the fairest of the three goddesses. The apple is to be the victor's prize. [*To the goddesses.*] It is time now that you ladies were off to the judge. I have delegated the office of umpire because I am equally attached to you all, and if it were possible I should gladly see you all win. Moreover, the man who gives the prize of beauty to one must in the nature of things be detested by the others. These reasons disqualify me as umpire; but the young man in Phrygia to whom you are going is of a royal house, — being in fact a cousin of Ganymede, whom you know, — and he has the simple manner of the mountains.

Aphrodite. — For my part, Zeus, you might make Momus himself the umpire and I should still go confidently to trial;

for what could he find to criticise in me? And the others must needs put up with the man.

Hera. — We are not afraid either, Aphrodite, even if your Ares were to settle the question. We are satisfied with this man, whoever he is, — this Paris.

Zeus [*to Athena*]. — Well, daughter, are you of the same mind? What do you say? You turn away blushing? It is natural for you virgins to be coy in such matters. But you might at least nod. [*Athena nods.*] Off with you, then; and the defeated, mind you, are not to be angry with the judge nor to do any harm to the young man. It is impossible for all to be equal in beauty. [*They start.*]

Hermes. — Let us make straight for Phrygia. I will go first and do you follow smartly. And don't be uneasy. I know Paris; he is a handsome young fellow, a lover by temperament, and a most competent judge in such cases as this. His decision will certainly be correct.

Aphrodite. — That is good news, and all in my favor. [*To Hermes, apart.*] Is this person a bachelor, or has he a wife?

Hermes. — Not exactly a bachelor.

Aphrodite. — What do you mean?

Hermes. — Apparently a woman of Ida is his mate: a good enough creature, but crude and extremely rustic. He does not seem to care much about her. But why do you ask?

Aphrodite. — Oh, I just asked.

Athena [*to Hermes*]. — This is a breach of trust, sirrah. You are having a private understanding with Aphrodite.

Hermes. — It's nothing terrible, and has nothing to do with you. She was asking me whether Paris is a bachelor.

Athena. — Why is that any business of hers?

Hermes. — I don't know; she says she asked casually, without any object.

Athena. — Well, *is* he a bachelor?

Hermes. — Apparently not.

Athena. — Has he any leaning towards war? Is he an ambitious person, or a cowherd merely?

Hermes. — I can't say certainly; but it is safe to guess that a man of his age will hanker after fighting and long to distinguish himself in the field.

Aphrodite. — See now, I don't find any fault with you for talking apart with her. Fault-finding is not natural to Aphrodite.

Hermes. — She was asking me almost exactly what you did, so don't take it amiss or think you are badly treated. I answered her just as simply as I did you.

—But while we are talking we have come a long way. We have left the stars behind and almost reached Phrygia. I see Ida and the whole range of Gargarus clearly; and unless I am mistaken, I can even make out Paris, your judge.

Hera. — Where is he? I don't see him.

Hermes. — Look off to the left, — not at the summit of the mountain, but along the flank where the cave is. There you see the herd.

Hera. — But not the herdsman.

Hermes. — What? Look along my finger, so. Don't you see the cows coming from among the rocks, and a man with a crook running down the bluff to hem them in and keep them from scattering further?

Hera. — I see now, if that is he.

Hermes. — That's he. When we are close at hand we will take to the ground, if you please, and come up to him walking, so as not to frighten him by dropping in from the unseen.

Hera. — Very good, we will do so. [*They alight.*] Now that we are on earth, Aphrodite, you had better go ahead and lead the way. You are probably familiar with the spot. The story goes that you have visited Anchises here more than once.

Aphrodite. — Those jokes don't bother me very much, Hera.

Hermes. — I will lead the way myself. Here is the umpire close by: let us address him. [*To Paris.*] Good morning, cowherd!

Paris. — Good morning, my lad. Who are you? And who are these women whom you are escorting? — not mountain-bred: they are too pretty.

Hermes. — And not women. Paris, you see before you Hera and Athena and Aphrodite; and I am Hermes, bearing a message from Zeus. Why do you tremble and lose color? Don't be frightened; it's nothing bad. He bids you judge which of them is fairest; "for," says Zeus, "you are fair yourself and wise in lover's lore, so I turn over the case to you. You will know what the prize is when you read the legend on the apple." [*Hands him the apple.*]

Paris. — Let me see what it all means. FOR THE FAIREST, the apple says. How in the world, Lord Hermes, can I, a mortal man and a rustic, be judge of this marvelous spectacle, which is beyond a cowherd's powers? Judgment in such matters belongs rather to the dainty folk in towns. As for me, I have the art to judge between goat and goat, as between heifer and heifer, in point of beauty. But these ladies are beautiful alike. I do not know how a man could drag his sight from one to rest it on another. Wherever my eye falls first, there it clings and approves what it finds. I am fairly bathed in their beauty. It surrounds me altogether. I wish I were all eyes like Argus. I think I should judge wisely if I gave the apple to all. And here is something to consider too: one of them is sister and wife of Zeus, while the others are his daughters. Doesn't this make the decision hard?

Hermes. — I can't say. I only know that you can't shirk what Zeus commands.

Paris. — Make them promise one thing, Hermes: that the losers will not be angry with me, but only consider my sight defective.

Hermes. — They say they will do so; but it is time you made your decision.

Paris. — I will try; for what else can I do? Good heavens, what a sight! What beauty! What delight! How fair the maiden goddess is! and how queenly, glorious, and worthy of her station is the wife of Zeus! And how sweet is Aphrodite's glance, with her soft, winning smile! — Bah! I can hold no more pleasure. If you please, I should like to study each separately; as it is, I look two ways at once.

Aphrodite. — Yes, let us do it that way.

Paris. — Go off, then, two of you. Hera, do you stay.

Hera. — I will; and when you have considered me carefully you had better consider something else, — whether you like the results of a verdict in my favor. For if you decide, Paris, that I am the fairest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

Paris. — My justice is not for sale. Go now, I am satisfied. Come next, Athena.

Athena. — Here I am, Paris; and if you decide that I am fairest, you shall never be beaten in battle. I will make you a victorious warrior.

Paris. — I have no use for war and battle, Athena. Peace reigns, as you see, in Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's realm is undisturbed. But cheer up: you shall not suffer for it, even if my justice is not for sale. I have finished with you; it is Aphrodite's turn.

Aphrodite. — At your service, Paris, and I shall bear careful inspection. And if you like, my dear lad, listen to me too. I have had an eye on you for some time; and seeing you so young and handsome — does Phrygia hold such another? — I congratulate you on your looks, but I blame you for not leaving these rocks and living in the city. Why do you waste your beauty in the desert? What good do you get of the mountains? How are your cattle the better because you are handsome? You ought to have had a wife before this; not a wild country girl like the women of Ida, but a queen from Argos or Corinth, or a Spartan woman like Helen, for instance. She is young and lovely, in no way inferior to me, and what is most important, made for love. If that woman should but see you, I know she would surrender herself, and leave everything to follow you and be your wife; but of course you have heard about her yourself.

Paris. — Not a word. But I should love to listen if you will tell me the whole story.

Aphrodite. — She is the daughter of that fair Leda whom Zeus loved.

Paris. — And what does she look like?

Aphrodite. — She is blond, soft, and delicate, yet strong with athletic sports. She is so sought after that men fought for her sake when Theseus stole her, yet a little girl. And when she was grown up, all the noblest of the Greeks came courting her; and Menelaus was chosen, of the family of Pelops. But if you like, I will make her your wife.

Paris. — What do you mean? She is married already.

Aphrodite. — You *are* a young provincial, to be sure. But I know how to manage an affair like that.

Paris. — How? I should like to know myself.

Aphrodite. — You will set out on your travels, ostensibly to see Greece; and when you come to Lacedæmon, Helen will see you. The rest shall be my affair, to arrange that she shall fall in love with you and follow you.

Paris. — Ah, that is what seems impossible to me, — that a woman should be willing to leave her husband and sail away with a stranger to a strange land.

Aphrodite. — Don't worry about that. I have two fair children, Longing and Love, whom I shall give you as guides on your journey. And Love shall enter into the woman and compel her to love, while Longing shall invest you with charm in her eyes. I will be there myself, and I will ask the Graces to come too, so that we may make a joint attack upon her.

PARIS AND HELEN

From a Painting by Jacques Louis David

Paris. — How all this is to come about remains to be seen; but I am already in love with Helen. Somehow or other I see her with my mind's eye, and my voyage to Greece and my visit to Sparta and my return with her. It oppresses me that I am not carrying it out this minute.

Aphrodite. — Don't fall in love, Paris, until you have given me the matchmaker's fee in the shape of a verdict. It would be nice if we could have a joint festival in honor of your marriage and my victory. It all rests with you. You can buy love, beauty, a wife, with that apple.

Paris. — I am afraid you will forget me after the award is made.

Aphrodite. — Do you want my oath?

Paris. — By no means; only your promise.

Aphrodite. — I promise that I will give you Helen to be your wife, that she shall follow you to Troy, and that I will attend in person and help you in every way.

Paris. — And you will bring Love and Longing and the Graces?

Aphrodite. — Trust me, and I will have Desire and Hymen there into the bargain.

Paris. — On these conditions I award the apple to you. Take it!

The Amateur of Lying.

Persons: Tychiades, Philocles.

Tychiades. — I have just come from a visit to Eucrates — everybody knows Eucrates — and at his house I heard a lot of incredible fables. Indeed, I came away in the middle because I could not stand the extravagance of what I heard. I fled from the tale of portents and wonders as though the Furies were at my heels.

Philocles. — What were they, in Heaven's name? I should like to know what form of folly Eucrates devises behind that impressive beard of his.

Tychiades. — I found at his house a goodly company, including Cleodomus the Peripatetic, and Deinomachus the Stoic, and Ion; — you know Ion, who thinks himself an authority on the writings of Plato, believing himself the only man who has exactly understood the master's meaning so as to interpret him to the world. You see what sort of men were there, of wisdom and virtue all compact. Antigonus the doctor was there too; called in professionally, I suppose. Eucrates seemed to be eased already; his difficulty was a chronic one, and the humors had subsided to his feet. He motioned me to sit down beside him on the couch, sinking his voice to invalid's pitch when he saw me, though I had heard him shouting as I came in. So I sat down beside him, taking great care not to touch his feet, and explaining, as one does, that I hadn't heard of his illness before, and came on a run as soon as the news reached me.

They happened to be still carrying on a discussion of his ailment which had already occupied them some time; and each man was suggesting a method of treatment.

"Now, if you kill a field-mouse in the way I described," said Cleodomus, "and pick up one of its teeth from the ground with your left hand, and wrap it in the skin of a lion newly flayed, and then tie it round your legs, the pain will cease at once."

"Why, do you think," I asked, "that any charm can work the cure, or that what you clap on outside affects a disease lodged within?"

"Don't mind him," said Ion. "I will tell you a queer story. When I was a boy about fourteen years old, a messenger came to tell my father that Midas, one of his vine-dressers, — a robust, active fellow,— had been bitten by a snake about noonday, and was then lying with a mortifying leg. As he was tying up the tendrils and fastening them to the poles, the creature had crept up and bitten his great toe, disappearing at once into its hole, while Midas bawled in mortal agony. Such was the message, and we saw Midas himself borne on a cot by his fellow slaves; swollen, livid, clammy, and evidently with but a short time to live. Seeing my father's distress, a friend who stood by said to him, 'Cheer up: I will bring you a man — a Chaldæan from Babylon, they say — who will cure the fellow.' And to make a long story short, the Babylonian came and put Midas on his feet, driving the poison out of his body by an incantation and the application to his foot of a chip from a maiden's tombstone. And perhaps this is not very remarkable; though Midas picked up his own bed and went back to the farm, showing the force that was in the charm and the stone. But the Babylonian did some other things that were really remarkable. Early in the morning he went to the farm, pronounced seven sacred names from an ancient book, walked round the place three times purifying it with torch and sulphur, and drove out every creep-ing thing within the borders. They came out in numbers as though drawn to the charm: snakes, asps, adders, horned snakes and darting snakes, toads and newts. But one old serpent was left behind; detained by age, I suppose. The magician declared he had not got them all, and chose one of the snakes, the youngest, to send as an ambassador to the old one, who very shortly made his appearance also. When they were all assembled, the Babylonian blew upon them, and they were forthwith burnt up by his breath, to our astonishment."

"Tell me, Ion," said I, "did the young snake — the ambassador — give his hand to the old one, or had the old one a crutch to lean on?"

"You are flippant," said Cleodomus.

While we were talking thus, Eucrates's two sons came in from the gymnasium,— one of them already a young man, the other about fifteen; and after greeting us they sat down on the couch by their father. A chair was brought for me, and Eucrates addressed me as though reminded of something by the sight of the lads. "Tychiades," said he, "may I have no comfort in these," and he laid a hand on the head of each, "if I am not telling you the truth. You all know my attachment to my wife, the mother of these boys. I showed it by my care of her, not only while she lived, but after her death by burning with her all the ornaments and clothing that she had pleasure in. On the seventh day after she died, I was lying here on the couch as I am at this moment, and trying to beguile my grief by quietly reading Plato's book on the soul. In the midst of my reading there enters to me Demineate herself and takes a seat near me, where Eucratides is now." He pointed to his younger son, who forthwith shivered with childish terror. He had already grown quite pale at the narrative.

"When I saw her," Eucrates went on, "I threw my arms about her and burst into tears and cries. She however would not suffer it; but chid me because when I burned all her other things for her good pleasure, I failed to burn one of her sandals, her golden sandals. It had fallen under the chest, she said, and so not finding it we had burnt its fellow alone. While we were still talking together, a little devil of a Melitæan dog that was under the couch fell to barking, and at the sound she disappeared. The sandal, however, was found under the chest and burned later."

On the top of this recital there entered Arignotus the Pythagorean, long of hair and reverend of face. You know the man, famous for his wisdom and surnamed "the holy." Well, when I saw him I breathed again, thinking that here was an ax at the root of error. Cleodomus rose to give him a seat. He first asked about the invalid's condition; but when he heard from Eucrates that he was eased already, he asked, "What are you philosophizing about? I listened as I was coming in, and it seemed to me that the talk had taken a very delightful turn."

"We were only trying," said Eucrates, pointing to me, "to convince this adamantine mind that there are such things as dæmons, and that ghosts and souls of the dead wander on earth and appear to whom they will."

I grew red at this, and hung my head in respect for Arignotus.

"Perhaps," said he, "Tychiades holds that only the souls of those that have died by violence walk, — if a man be hanged or beheaded or impaled or something of that sort, — but that after a natural death the soul does not return. If that is his view, it can by no means be rejected."

"No, by heaven," said Deinomachus; "but he does not believe that such things exist at all, or have a substance that can be seen."

"What do you mean?" asked Arignotus, looking at me grimly. "Do you think none of these things occur, although every one, I may say, has seen them?"

"You have made my defense," I said, "if the ground of my disbelief is that I alone of all men do not even see these things. If I had seen them, of course I should believe them as you do."

"Well," he said, "if you ever go to Corinth, ask where Eubatides's house is; and when it is pointed out to you beside the Craneum, go in and tell Tibias the porter that you want to see the spot from which Arignotus the Pythagorean dug up the dæmon and drove him out, making the house habitable forever after."

"What was that?" asked Eucrates.

"The house had been vacant a long time," said he, "because people were afraid of it. If any one tried to live in it, he straightway fled in a panic, chased out by some terrible and distressing apparition. So it was falling to ruin, and the roof had sunk, and there was absolutely no one who dared enter it. When I heard of this I took my books, — I have a large collection of

Egyptian works on these subjects, — and went to the house in the early evening; although the man with whom I was staying, when he learned where I was going, tried to restrain me almost by force from what he regarded as certain destruction. I took a lamp and went in alone. In the largest room I set down my light, seated myself on the floor, and quietly read my book. Up comes the dæmon, thinking he had an ordinary man to deal with, and hoping to frighten me as he had done the others, in the guise of a squalid fellow, long-haired and blacker than night. Approaching, he tried to get the better of me by onsets from every quarter, — now in the shape of a dog, now of a bull or a lion. But I, having at hand the most blood-curdling conjuration, and delivering it in the Egyptian tongue, drove him into the corner of a dark room. Noting the spot at which he sank into the ground, I desisted for the night. But at daybreak, when every one had given me up, and expected to find me a corpse like the others, I emerged, to the surprise of all, and proceeded to Eubatides, informing him that for the future his house would be innocent and free from horrors. Conducting him and a crowd who followed out of curiosity, I brought them to the spot where the dæmon had disappeared, and bade them dig with mattock and spade. When they had done so, we found at the depth of about six feet a moldering corpse, only held together by the frame of bones. We dug it up and buried it, and from that day forth the house was no longer disturbed by apparitions."

When this tale was told by Arignotus, a person of exceptional learning and universally respected, there was not a man present who did not upbraid me as a fool for disbelieving these things even when they came from Arignotus. But I said, nothing daunted either by his long hair or his reputation, "What is this? You — truth's only hope — are you one of the same sort, with a head full of smoke and specters?"

"Why, man," said Arignotus, "if you won't believe me or Deinomachus or Cleodomus or Eucrates himself, come, tell us what opposing authority you have which you think more trustworthy?"

"Why, good heavens," I replied, "it is the mighty man of Abdera, Democritus. I will show you how confident he was that this sort of thing cannot have a concrete existence. When he was living in a tomb outside the city gates, where he had locked himself up and spent day and night in writing, some of the boys in joke wanted to frighten him, and dressed up in black shrouds like corpses with death's-head masks. In this guise they surrounded him and danced about him, leaping and shuffling with their feet. But far from being frightened by their make-believe, he did not even glance at them, but went on with his writing, saying, 'Stop your nonsense.' That shows how sure he was that souls cease to exist when they pass from the body."

"You only prove," said Eucrates, "that Democritus was a fool too, if that was his opinion. I will tell you another story, not on hearsay but an experience of my own. When I was a young man my father sent me to Egypt, — to have me educated, as he said; and while I was there I conceived the wish to sail up to Coptus, and thence to visit the statue of Memnon and hear the famous notes it utters at the rising of the sun. On the voyage back it chanced that a man from Memphis was among the passengers, — one of the sacred scribes, a man of wonderful wisdom and conversant with all the learning of the Egyptians. It was said that he had lived twenty-three years underground in the precincts, learning magic under the tutorship of Isis."

"You mean Pancrates, my teacher!" cried Arignotus. "A holy man with a shaven head and clad in linen; he was of a thoughtful turn, spoke Greek imperfectly, was tall and slight, had a snub nose and projecting lips, and his legs were a trifle thin."

"The very man," said Eucrates. "At first I did not know who he was; but whenever we put in anywhere I used to see him doing various wonderful things, — among others, riding a crocodile and swimming with the creatures, who cowered before him and fawningly wagged their tails. Then I perceived that he was a holy person; and little by little, through kindly feeling, I became before I knew it his intimate friend and the partner of his secrets. And finally he persuaded me to go off alone with him, leaving all my servants at Memphis; 'for,' said he, 'we shall have no lack of attendants.' Our mode of life after that was this: whenever we entered a lodging the man would take the bolt from the door, or the broom, or even the pestle, dress it in clothes, and then by pronouncing some charm set it walking, so that to every one else it seemed to be a man. It would go and fetch water, buy food and cook it, and in all respects act as a clever servant. And when he had enough of its service, he would say another charm and make the broom a broom again, or the pestle a pestle. This charm I could not learn from him, anxious as I was to know it; he kept it jealously, though he was most communicative in every other respect. One day I overheard it without his knowledge, standing almost in the dark. It was of three syllables. He then went off to the market after giving his orders to the pestle. The next day, while he had business in the market, I took the pestle, dressed it up, uttered the three syllables just as he did, and bade it bring water. When it had filled the jar and brought it to me, I said, 'That will do: don't fetch any more water; be a pestle again.' But it would not obey me; it kept on bringing water until the whole house was flooded. I was at my wits' end, for fear Pancrates should come back and be angry, — just what happened, — so I seized an ax and chopped the pestle in two. No use! Each piece took a jar and fell to drawing water, so that I had two of them at it instead of one. At this point, too, Pancrates arrived. When he realized what was going on, he reduced the water-carriers to wood again, and himself deserted me on the sly, disappearing heaven knows whither."

"At any rate," said Deinomachus, "you know so much, — how to make a man out of a pestle."

"Will you never stop spinning your marvelous yarns?" I said. "You are old enough to know better. But at least respect these boys, and postpone your terrific stories to some other time. Before you know it they will be full of nervous terrors. You ought to consider them, and not accustom them to hear things that will haunt them all their lives, and make them afraid of a noise because they are full of superstition."

"I am glad you used that word," said Eucrates. "It reminds me to ask you what you think about another class of phenomena, — I mean oracles and prophecies. Probably you have no faith in them either?"

"I am off," said I. "You are not satisfied with the field of human experience, but must needs call in the gods themselves to take a hand in your myth-making."

And so saying I took my leave; but they, I daresay, freed of my presence, drew in their chairs to the banquet and supped full with lies.

LUCRETIUS.

Lucretius (Titus Lucretius Carus), a Roman philosophical poet, born about 95 b.c.; died, it is said by his own hand, in 52 b.c. He is known only by his poem "De Rerum Naturâ," "On the Nature of Things." This poem is in six books, containing in all about 7,500 lines. Its aim is to set forth and elucidate the philosophical theory of Epicurus, whom Lucretius recognized as his master. This theory, as stated by Lucretius, is: The entire universe is material, and matter, in its ultimate analysis, is reduced to infinite space, and an infinite number of Atoms of infinite minuteness, existing in this infinite space. By this atomic theory Lucretius undertakes to account for everything which exists, or which we can conceive to exist.

On the Evil of Superstition.

When human life to view lay foully prostrate upon earth, crushed down under the weight of religion, who showed her head from the quarters of heaven with hideous aspect lowering upon mortals, a man of Greece ventured first to lift up his mortal eyes to her face and first to withstand her to her face. Him neither story of gods nor thunderbolts nor heaven with threatening roar could quell: they only chafed the more the eager courage of his soul, filling him with desire to be the first to burst the fast bars of nature's portals. Therefore the living force of his soul gained the day: on he passed far beyond the flaming walls of the world, and traversed throughout in mind and spirit the immeasurable universe; whence he returns, a conqueror, to tell us what can, what cannot come into being; in short, on what principle each thing has its powers defined, its deep-set boundary mark. Therefore religion is put under foot and trampled upon in turn; us his victory brings level with heaven.

This is what I fear herein, lest haply you should fancy that you are entering on unholy grounds of reason, and treading the path of sin; whereas on the contrary, often and often that very religion has given birth to sinful and unholy deeds. Thus, in Aulis, the chosen chieftains of the Danai, foremost of men, foully polluted with Iphianassa's blood the altar of the Trivian maid. Soon as the fillet encircling her maiden tresses shed itself in equal lengths adown each cheek, and soon as she saw her father standing sorrowful before the altars, and beside him the ministering priests hiding the knife, and her countrymen at sight of her shedding tears, speechless in terror she dropped down on her knees and sank to the ground. Nor aught in such a moment could it avail the luckless girl that she had first bestowed the name of father on the king. For lifted up in the hands of the men she was carried shivering to the altars, not after due performance of the customary rites to be escorted by the clear-ringing bridal song, but in the very season of marriage, stainless maid 'mid the stain of blood, to fall a sad victim by the sacrificing stroke of a father, that thus a happy and prosperous departure might be granted to the fleet. So great the evils to which religion could prompt!

The Foolishness of Luxury.

It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress; not that it is a pleasure and delight that any should be afflicted, but because it is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt. It is sweet, also, to look upon the mighty struggles of war arrayed along the plains without sharing yourself in the danger. But nothing is more welcome than to hold the lofty and serene positions well fortified by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down upon others and see them wandering all abroad and going astray in their search for the path of life, — see the contest among them of intellect, the rivalry of birth, the striving night and day with surpassing effort to struggle up to the summit of power and be masters of the world. Oh, miserable minds of men! oh, blinded breasts! in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is passed this term of life, whatever its duration! Not choose to see that nature craves for herself no more than this, that pain hold aloof from the body, and she in mind enjoy a feeling of pleasure exempt from care and fear? Therefore we see that for the body's nature few things are needed at all;

such and such only as take away pain. Nay, though more gratefully at times they can minister to us many choice delights, nature for her part wants them not, when there are no golden images of youths through the house holding in their right hands flaming lamps for supply of light to the nightly banquet, when the house shines not with silver nor glitters with gold, nor do the paneled and gilded roofs reëcho to the harp; what time, though these things be wanting, they spread themselves in groups on the soft grass beside a stream of water, under the boughs of a high tree, and at no great cost pleasantly refresh their bodies, above all when the weather smiles and the seasons of the year besprinkle the green grass with flowers. Nor do hot fevers sooner quit the body if you toss about on pictured tapestry and blushing purple, than if you must lie under a poor man's blanket. Wherefore, since treasures avail nothing in respect of our body nor birth nor the glory of kingly power, advancing farther you must hold that they are of no service to the mind as well.

Invocation to Venus.

Since thou then art sole mistress of the nature of things, and without thee nothing rises up into the divine borders of light, nothing grows to be glad or lovely, fain would I have thee for a helpmate in writing the verses which I essay to pen on the nature of things for our own son of the Memmii; whom thou, goddess, hast willed to have no peer, rich as he ever is in every grace. Wherefore all the more, O lady, lend my lays an ever-living charm. Cause meanwhile the savage works of war to be lulled to rest throughout all seas and lands; for thou alone canst bless mankind with calm peace, seeing that Mavors, lord of battle, controls the savage works of war, — Mavors, who often flings himself into thy lap quite vanquished by the never healing wound of love; and then, with upturned face and shapely neck thrown back, feeds with love his greedy sight, gazing, goddess, open-mouthed on thee. Then, lady, pour from thy lips sweet discourse, asking, glorious dame, gentle peace for the Romans.

The Nothingness of Death.

Death therefore to us is nothing, concerns us not a jot, since the nature of the mind is proved to be mortal. And as in time gone by we felt no distress, when the Pœni [Carthaginians] from all sides came together to do battle, and all things shaken by war's troublous uproar shuddered and quaked beneath high heaven, and mortal men were in doubt which of the two peoples it should be to whose empire all must fall by sea and land alike; thus when we shall be no more, when there shall have been a separation of body and soul, out of both of which we are each formed into a single being, — to us, you may be sure, who then shall be no more, nothing whatever can happen to excite sensation, not if earth shall be mingled with sea and sea with heaven. And even supposing the nature of the mind and power of the soul do feel, after they have been severed from our body, yet that is nothing to us, who by the binding tie of marriage between body and soul are formed each into one single being. And if time should gather up our matter after our death and put it once more into the position in which it now is, and the light of life be given to us again, this result even would concern us not at all, when the chain of our self-consciousness has once been snapped asunder.

THE END OF ALL.

If, just as they are seen to feel that a load is on their mind which wears them out with its pressure, men might apprehend from what causes too it is produced, and whence such a pile, if I may say so, of ill lies on their breast, — they would not spend their life as we see them now for the most part do, not knowing any one of them what he wishes, and wanting ever change of place as though he might lay his burden down. The man who is sick of home often issues forth from his large mansion, and as suddenly comes back to it, finding as he does that he is no better off abroad. He races to his country house, driving his jennets in headlong haste, as if hurrying to bring help to a house on fire: he yawns the moment he has reached the door of his house, or sinks heavily into sleep and seeks forgetfulness, or even in haste goes back again to town. In this way each man flies from himself (but self, from whom, as you may be sure is commonly the case, he cannot escape, clings to him in his own despite); hates too himself, because he is sick and knows not the cause of the malady; — for if he could rightly see into this, relinquishing all else, each man would study to learn the nature of things; since the point at stake is the condition for eternity, — not for one hour, — in which mortals have to pass all the time which remains for them to expect after death.

Once more, what evil lust of life is this which constrains us with such force to be so mightily troubled in doubts and dangers? A sure term of life is fixed for mortals, and death cannot be shunned, but meet it we must. Moreover, we are ever engaged, ever involved in the same pursuits, and no new pleasure is struck out by living on: but whilst what we crave is wanting, it seems to transcend all the rest; then, when it has been gotten, we crave something else, and ever does the same thirst of life possess us, as we gape for it open-mouthed. Quite doubtful it is what fortune the future will carry with it, or what chance will bring us, or what end is at hand. Nor, by prolonging life, do we take one tittle from the time passed in death, nor can we fret anything away, whereby we may haply be a less long time in the condition of the dead. Therefore you may complete as many generations as you please during your life: none the less, however, will that everlasting death await you; and for no less long a time will he be no more in being, who, beginning with to-day, has ended his life, than the man who has died many months and years ago.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF MATERIAL THINGS.

In the first place, from all things whatsoever which we see, there must incessantly stream and be discharged and scattered abroad such bodies as strike the eyes and provoke vision. Smells too incessantly stream from certain things; as does cold from rivers, heat from the sun, spray from the waves of the sea, that enter into walls near the shore. Various sounds, too, cease not to stream through the air. Then a moist salt flavor often comes into the mouth, when we are moving about beside the sea; and when we look on at the mixing of a decoction of wormwood, its bitterness affects us. In such a constant stream from all things the several qualities of things are carried and are transmitted in all directions round: and no delay, no respite in the flow, is ever granted; since we constantly have feeling, and may at any time see, smell, and hear the sound of everything.

And now I will state once again how rare a body all things have; a question made clear in the first part of my poem also, although the knowledge of this is of importance in regard to many things, above all in regard to this very question which I am coming to discuss. At the very outset it is necessary to establish that nothing comes under sense save body mixed with void. For instance: in caves, rocks overhead sweat with moisture and trickle down in oozing drops. Sweat, too, oozes out from our whole body; the beard grows, and hairs over all our limbs and frame. Food is distributed through all the veins, gives increase and nourishment to the very extremities and nails. We feel too cold and heat pass through brass, we feel them pass through gold and silver, when we hold cups. Again, voices fly through the stone partitions of houses: smell passes through, and cold, and the heat of fire which is wont ay to pierce even the strength of iron, where the Gaulish cuirass girds the body round. And when a storm has gathered in earth and heaven, and when along with it the influence of disease makes its way in from without, they both withdraw respectively to heaven and earth and there work their wills, since there is nothing at all that is not of a rare texture of body.

Furthermore, all bodies whatever which are discharged from things are not qualified to excite the same sensations, nor are adapted for all things alike. The sun for instance bakes and dries up the earth, but thaws ice, and forces the snows piled up high on the high hills to melt away beneath his rays; wax again turns to liquid when placed within reach of his heat. Fire also melts brass and fuses gold, but shrivels up and draws together hides and flesh.

EPICURUS AND RELIGION.

(From "De Rerum Naturâ.")

WHEN human life, a shame to human eyes,
  Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
A cowering thing without the power to rise,
  Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight,
(Religion scowling downward from the skies,
  With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate),
First did a man of Greece presume to raise
  His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.
Him not the tales of gods in heaven,
  Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing war

Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
Bars. And he gained the day; and, conqueror,
His spirit broke beyond our world and passed
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast,

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
Laying quite bare what can and cannot be;
How to each force is set strong boundaries;
How no power raves unchained and none is free.
So the times change: and now Religion lies
Trampled by us; and unto us 'tis given
Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
We sin, and enter wicked ways of Reason;
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
'Tis oft Religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphigenia's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian Maid?

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died — a victim felled by its own sire —
That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas.—Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds Religion urges men.

THE PRIMEVAL MAN.

BUT hardier far than we were those first races
Of men, since Earth herself did them produce,
And braced them with a firmer frame than braces
Us now, and strung their arms with mightier thews.
Nor sun nor rain on them left any traces,
Nor sickness. And they never learned the use
Of arts for ages; but like beasts they ran
Wild in the woods — the early race of man.

Their strong arms knew not how to guide the plow
  Or how to plunge the spade and till the plain,
Or from the trees to lop the falling bough;
  But what the sun had given them and the rain
They took, and deemed it luxury enow.
  Nor knew they yet the fatal greed of gain;
But in the woods they sought their simple store,
And stripped the trees, and never asked for more.

For thick the acorns in the forest grew,
  And the arbute-trees would yield the berried prize,
Which in the winter wears a scarlet hue:
  And the earth bore these then of larger size.
And many another suchlike berry, too,
  It, from its yet unfinished granaries,
Gave gladly forth — more than sufficing then
To appease the dawning wants of these poor men.

And they knew naught of fire, nor thought to fling
  The skins of wild beasts about their nakedness;
But the wild-wood's roof was their covering,
  Or rugged mountain-cave; and they would press
Into brushwood, from the buffeting
  Of rain and storm, and all the winter's stress;
And nothing yet of rule or law they knew,
Nor how to keep the weal of all in view.

And, trusting in their strength of hands or feet,
  They would outstrip the wild beasts of the wood;
And some to death with ponderous clubs would beat;
  And hide from fiercer ones, who sought their blood
And just where night, with noiseless steps and fleet,
  O'ertook them, like the dull sow's bristly brood,
Down on the ground, without a thought, they lay,
And burrowing in the leaves slept sound till day.

And never waking in the night with fright
  Would they cry out, amazed for all the shade,
And beg the sun to bring them back the light:
  But stolid would they sleep, and undismayed,
Till rosy morning pleased to climb the height
  Of heaven; for they who from their birth surveyed
The night and day alternate rise and fall,
Trusted the world, nor feared the end of all.

THE CO-EXISTENCE OF THE MIND AND THE BODY.

FIRST, then, I say, the Mind — which often we
Call understanding — wherein dwells
The power that rules our own vitality,
Is part of man, as is whatever else
Goes to make up his frame — as hands, feet, knees;
Nor is it, as a foolish Greek school tells,
A harmony of all the members, spread
As health is, everywhere, from heel to head.

THE MIND DIES WITH THE BODY.

IT follows, then, that when this life is past
It goes an outcast from the Body's door
And dies like smoke along the driving blast.
We with the flesh behold it born and rise
To strength; and with the flesh it fades and dies. . . .
Even in the body thus the soul is troubled,
And scarce can hold its fluttering frame together:
How should it live, then, when, with force redoubled,
Naked it feels the air and angry weather?

SOULS WAITING FOR BODIES.

AGAIN, when creatures' Bodies are preparing,
Sure we would laugh to see the Souls stand by —
Bands of Immortals at each other glaring
About that mortal house in rivalry —
Each longing he may be the first to fare in,
And each braced up to push his best and try,
Unless they settle it on this condition,
That who comes first shall have the first admission.

DEATH THE END-ALL.

DEATH is for us, then, but a noise and name,
Since the Mind dies, and hurts us not a jot;
And as in bygone times when Carthage came
To battle, and we and ours were troubled not,
Nor heeded though the whole earth's shuddering frame
Reeled with the stamp of armies, and the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The lands and seas and all the rule of all;

So, too, when we and ours shall be no more
  And there has come the eternal separation
Of flesh and spirit, which, conjoined before,
  Made us ourselves there will be no sensation;
We should not hear were all the world at war;
  Nor shall we, in its last dilapidation;
When heavens shall fall and earth's foundations flee,
We shall not feel, nor hear, nor know, nor see.

Death the End of all Sorrow.

Perplexed he argues — from the fallacy
  Of that surviving Self not wholly freed;
Hence he bewails his bitter doom — to die;
  Nor does he see that when he dies indeed
No second He will still remain to cry,
  Watching his own cold body burn or bleed.
Oh, fool! to fear the wild-beast's ravening claw
Or that torn burial of its mouth and maw.

For lo! if this be fearful, let me learn
  Is it more fearful than if friends should place
Thy decent limbs upon the pyre, and burn
  Sweet frankincense? or smother up thy face
With honey in the balm-containing urn?
  Or if you merely lie beneath the rays
Of heaven on some cold rock? or damp and cold
If on thine eyelids lay a load of mold?

"Thou shalt again not see thy dear home's door,
  Nor thy dear wife and children come to throw
Their arms round thee, and ask for kisses more,
  And through thy heart make quiet comfort go;
Out of thy hands hath slipped the precious store
  Thou hoardest for thine own" — men say — "and lo,
All thou desired is gone!" but never say,
"All the desire, as well, hath passed away."

Ah! could they only see this, and could borrow
  True words to tell what things in death abide thee!
"Thou shalt lie soothed in sleep that knows no morrow,
  Nor ever cark nor care again betide thee.
Friend, thou wilt say thy long good-by to sorrow;
  And ours will be the pangs, who weep beside thee,
And watch thy dear familiar body burn,
And leave us but the ashes and the urn."

THERE ARE NO RULING GODS.

WHAT could they gain from such a race as ours?
  Or what advantage could our gratitude
Yield these immortal and most blessed powers,
  That they in aught should labor for our good? . . .

But even had the science ne'er been mine
  Of first beginnings, and how all began,
I could show clearly that no power divine
  Helped at the work, and made the world for man;
So great the blunders in the vast design,
  So palpably is all without a plan.
For if 'twere made for us, its structure halts
In every member, full of flaws and faults.

Look at the earth: mark, then, in the first place,
  Of all the ground the rounded sky bends over,
Forests and mountains fill a mighty space,
  And even more do wasteful waters cover,
And sundering seas; then the sun's deadly rays
  Scorch part, and over part the hard frosts hover;
And Nature all the rest with weeds would spoil,
Unless man thwarted her with wearying toil.

Mark, too, the babe, how frail and helpless; quite
  Naked it comes out of its mother's womb;
A waif cast hither on the shores of light;
  Like some poor sailor, by the fierce sea's foam
Washed upon land, it lies in piteous plight,
  Nor speaks, but soon as it beholds its home,
Bleats forth a bitter cry; oh, meet presage
Of its life here — its woful heritage!

But the small younglings of the herds and flocks
  Are strong, and fatten on the grass and dew.
They need no playthings, none their cradle rocks,
  Nor ask they with the seasons garments new.
They have no need of walls, and bars, and locks
  To guard their treasures; but, forever true
To them, the earth her constant bounty pours
Forth at their feet, and never stints her stores.

NATURE, NOT DEITY, THE AUTHOR OF ALL.

RID of her haughty masters, straight with ease
  Does Nature work, and willingly sustains
Her fame, and asks no aid of deities.
  For of those holy gods who haunt the plains
Of Ether, and for aye abide in peace,
  I ask, Could such as they are hold the reins
Of all the worlds? or in their courses keep
The forces of the immeasurable deep?

Whose are the hands could make the stars to roll
  Through all their courses, and the fruitful clod
Foster the while with sunlight? always whole —
  A multiplied but undivided god?
And strike with bellowing thunders from the pole,
  Now his own temples, now the unbending sod;
And now in deserts those vain lightnings try
That strike the pure and pass the guilty by?

MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther, the eminent German theologian and reformer, born at Eisleben, in Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483; died there, Feb. 18, 1546. He entered the University of Erfurt at the age of eighteen, graduating as Master of Arts in 1505. His father had destined him for the law, and was greatly disappointed when his son determined to "renounce the world," and become a monk.

In 1505 Martin Luther entered the Augustine convent at Erfurt; in 1507 he took orders, and the following year was called to be Professor of Scholastic Philosophy in the University of Wittenberg. In 1512 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and began to lecture upon the Scriptures, and for several years there was not in all Christendom a more sincere and earnest Catholic than Doctor Martin Luther. But in 1516 the public sale of "Indulgences" was set up in Germany, its management being placed in the hands of John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, whose abuses are admitted by all to have been scandalous. The indignation of Luther was aroused; and on Oct. 31, 1517, he posted up on the doors of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg a series of ninety-five "theses" or propositions, which he proposed to maintain against any and all opponents.

The publication of these theses was the occasion of that great movement which has come to be known as the Reformation. Luther's translation of the Bible into German, begun in 1521 and completed in 1534, with the assistance of Melanchthon and others, bears much the same relation to the German language that the Authorized English Version does to our own language. Luther also wrote several hymns which have stirred the German heart as few other poems have done. Among these is the "Martyrs' Hymn," and the lyric "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," which may be styled the national song of Protestant Germany.

Letter to Melanchthon.

Grace and peace in Christ! In Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen.

As to the justification for your silence, of that another time,

LUTHER, MELANCHTHON, POMERANUS, AND CRUCIGER

From a Painting by P. A. Labouchère

my dear Philip. I am heartily opposed to your great anxiety, which, as you write, is weakening you. That it is conquering you completely, is due not to the importance of the affair, but the extent of your unbelief. For this very evil was much more serious in the days of John Huss and in the time of many another, than in our own period. And even if it were great, he who began and conducts it is also great; for it is not ours. Why do you fret so always and without ceasing?

If the thing is wrong, then let us recall it; but if it is right, why should we make Him untruthful in such great promises, who tells us to be of good cheer and contented? Throw your care upon the Lord, he says; the Lord is near to all sorrowful hearts that call upon him. Would he speak thus such comfort into the wind, or cast it down before beasts? I also often feel a horror coming over me, but not for long. Your philosophy therefore is plaguing you, not your theology. The same is gnawing at the heart of your friend Joachim (Camerarius) also, as it appears to me, and in the same way; as though either of you could accomplish anything with your useless anxiety. What more can the Devil do than throttle us? I beseech you, who are so efficient in combat in all other things, fight against yourself. Christ died once for sins; but for justice and truth he will not die, — rather he lives and reigns.

If this be the case, why fear we for the truth, so long as he reigns? But, you say, it will be struck down by God's anger. Let us then be struck down by it, but not by ourselves. He who became our Father will also be Father to our children. Truly I pray diligently for you; and it pains me that you suck anxiety into yourself like a blood-leech, and make my prayer so powerless. Whether it is stupidity or the Holy Spirit, that my Lord Christ knows; but truly I am not very anxious about this matter. I have more than I would ever have thought to possess. God can raise the dead; he can also preserve his cause, even if it falls; when it is fallen, he can raise it up again, and when it stands fast, he can prosper it. If we should not be capable of effecting this end, then let it be brought about by others. For if we do not let ourselves be raised up by his promises, who else is there now in the world to whom they do apply? But of this more another time, although I do nothing but carry water to the sea. May Christ comfort, strengthen, and teach you all through his Spirit: Amen. Should I hear that this matter goes badly with you and is in danger, I shall scarcely restrain myself from flying to you, to see how terribly the Devil's teeth stand around, as the Scriptures say.

From our desert (Coburg), June 27, 1530.

Letter to His Wife.

To my dearly beloved wife Katharine Luther; for her own hands.

God greet thee in Christ, my dearly loved Katie! I hope if Doctor Brück receives leave of absence, as he gives me fair hope of doing, that I can come with him to-morrow, or the day after. Pray God that he bring me home safe and sound. I sleep extremely well: about six or seven hours consecutively, and then two or three hours afterward. That, as I take it, is due to the beer. But I am just as abstemious as at Wittenberg.

Doctor Caspar says that the caries under which our gracious Elector suffers has eaten no further into the foot; but such martyrdom no Dobitzsch, no prisoner on the ladder of Jack the Jailer's tower, endures, as his Electoral Grace has to undergo from the surgeons. His Electoral Grace is as sound in his entire body as a little fish, only the devil has bitten and stung him in the foot. Pray, pray on! I hope God will hear us, as he has begun to do. For Doctor Caspar believes too that God must help here.

As Johannes [Rischmann] goes away, necessity and fairness alike demand that I let him depart honorably from me. For you know he has served us faithfully and diligently, and according to his ability has truly held to the Gospel in humility, and has done and suffered everything. Wherefore think how often we have given presents to worthless knaves and ungrateful scholars, where it was simply thrown away. So in this case be liberal, and let nothing be wanting to such a pious fellow; for you know it is money well spent, and is well pleasing to God. I know well that there is but little in the purse; but I would willingly give him ten gulden if I had it. Less than five gulden, however, you must not pay him, for he has no clothing. Whatever you can bestow above that, do, I beg of you. The parish coffer might, it is true, honor me by giving something to such a man, seeing that I must support my servants at my own expense, for their church's service and use; but as they will. Do not you let anything be lacking, so long as we still have a mug. Think where you have gotten it. God will give other things, that I know. Herewith I commend you to God. Amen.

And say to the parson from Zwickau that he should be content, and make the best of his lodging. When I come I will tell how Mühlpford and I were guests at Riedesal's house, and Mühlpford exhibited much wisdom to me. But I was not thirsty for such a drink. Kiss the young Hans for me; and bid little Johnny and Lena and Aunt Lena pray for the dear Elector and for me. I cannot find anything in this city to buy for the children, although it is the time of the Fair. Since I can bring nothing special, have something on hand for me to give.

Tuesday after Reminiscere [February 27th], 1532.

Extract from Commentary on Psalm Ci.

"I will sing of mercy and judgment, and unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing praises."

He immediately at the outset gives instructions to the kings and princes, that they should praise and thank God if they have good order and devoted servants, at home or at court; from these words they should learn and understand that such things are a peculiar gift of God, and not due to their own wisdom or capacity. This is the experience of the world. No matter how common or unfitted one may be, he thinks if he had the rule he would do everything excellently, nor does he take pleasure in anything that others in authority may do; exactly as the servant in the comedy of Terence says longingly, "Oh, I should have been a king!" And as Absalom spoke secretly against David his father to the people of Israel: "See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee. Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!"

These are the master wiseacres, who on account of their superior wisdom can bridle the horse behind, and yet can really do nothing more than judge and bully other folks; and if they do get power into their hands, everything goes to pieces with them, just as the proverb says: "He who watches the sport knows best how to play." For they imagine, if only they could get the ball into their hands, how they would knock over twelve pins, when there are really only nine on the square, until they learn that there is a groove that runs alongside of the alley.

Such men do not praise and thank God; neither do they believe that these are God's gifts, or that they should implore and call upon God for such things. Instead they are presumptuous, and think their understanding and wisdom so sure that nothing is wanting: they wish to have the glory and renown of ruling and making all things work beneficially for others, just as if the Good Man (as our Lord God is called) should sit idly by, and not be present when one desires to accomplish some beneficence. And indeed he does so, and looks through his fingers, and allows the children of men audaciously to begin to build the Tower of Babel; afterwards he comes right amongst them, scatters them, and destroys everything, so that no one understands what the other says any longer. And it serves them right, because they exclude God from their counsel, and would be like God; they would be wise enough in themselves, and so have the honor which belongs to God alone. I have often, while in the cloister, seen and heard wise and sensible people give counsel with such assurance and brilliance that I thought it impossible for it to fail. "Ah!" thought I, "that has hands and feet, — that is certainly alive;" and I believed it as surely as if all had really taken place, and were stationed there before my eyes. But when one sought to grasp it and bring it into play, then it retreated basely, and the beautiful living counsel was even more worthless than a dream or a shadow is; and one must say, "Well then, if that was a dream, let the devil trust himself to such fine and beautiful counsels."

How utterly is everything mere appearance and glitter, wherein God does not participate!

[1534.]

A Hymn for Children at Christmas.

The Child Jesus: Luke ii.

From heaven to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing: —

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth his kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath his only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery:
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small,
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

For velvet soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must raise with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

The Value and Power of Music.

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is exceedingly hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away; the devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts: the notes give life to the text; it expels the spirit of sadness, as one observes in King Saul. Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved for my Gracious Elector three thousand gulden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand gulden in useless ways in its place. Kings, princes, and lords must support music, for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and laws; and although here and there, ordinary and private persons have pleasure in and love them, still they cannot sustain them.

[When some singers were rendering several fine and admirable motettes of Senfl, Dr. Martin Luther admired and praised them highly. He remarked:] Such a motette I should not be able to compose, even if I were to devote myself wholly to the art. Nor could Senfl, on the other hand, preach on a psalm as well as I. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are manifold; just as in one body the members are manifold. But nobody is content with his gifts; he is not satisfied with what God has given him. All want to be the entire body, not the limbs.

Music is a glorious gift of God, and next to theology. I would not exchange my small musical talent for anything esteemed great. We should accustom the youth continually to this art, for it produces fine and accomplished people.

Luther's Letter to his Little Son Hans, Aged Six.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons so well and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son, and cease not. When I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, "What little children are these?" And he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther: would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come; Lippus [Melanchthon's son] and Jost [Jonas's son] also; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little crossbows." He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver crossbows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grand-aunt named Lehne, whom he must bring along with him." The man said, "Very well: go write to him."

Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers, and tell Philip and Jodocus to do so too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther.
In the year 1530.

[Coburg, June 19th.]

LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

DR. LUTHER'S wife complaining to him of the indocility and untrustworthiness of servants, he said: — "A faithful and good servant is a real Godsend, but truly, 'tis a 'rare bird in the land.' We find every one complaining of the idleness and profligacy of this class of people: we must govern them Turkish fashion, — so much work, so much victuals, — as Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites in Egypt."

"Before I translated the New Testament out of the Greek, all longed after it; when it was done, their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the Books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough thereof in a short time. After that, they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. So will it be with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they now long for, and about which I have taken great pains. All is acceptable until our giddy brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new."

August 25th, 1538, the conversation fell upon witches who spoil milk, eggs, and butter in farm-yards. Dr. Luther said: — "I should have no compassion on these witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. 'Tis said this stolen butter turns rancid and falls to the ground when any one goes to eat it. He who attempts to counteract and chastise these witches is himself corporeally plagued and tormented by their master the Devil. Sundry schoolmasters and ministers have often experienced this. Our ordinary sins offend and anger God. What then must be his wrath against witchcraft, which we may justly designate high treason against divine majesty, — a revolt against the infinite power of God? The jurisconsults who have so learnedly and pertinently treated of rebellion affirm that the subject who rebels against his sovereign is worthy of death. Does not witchcraft, then, merit death, being a revolt of the creature against the Creator, — a denial to God of the authority it accords to the demon?"

Dr. Luther discussed at length concerning witchcraft and charms. He said that his mother had had to undergo infinite annoyance from one of her neighbors, who was a witch, and whom she was fain to conciliate with all sorts of attentions; for this witch could throw a charm upon children which made them cry themselves to death. A pastor having punished her for some knavery, she cast a spell upon him by means of some earth upon which he had walked, and which she bewitched. The poor man hereupon fell sick of a malady which no remedy could remove, and shortly after died.

It was asked: Can good Christians and God-fearing people also undergo witchcraft? Luther replied, "Yes, for our bodies are always exposed to the attacks of Satan. The maladies I suffer are not natural, but devil's spells."

"When I was young, some one told me this story: Satan had in vain set all his craft and subtlety at work to separate a married pair that lived together in perfect harmony and love. At last, having concealed a razor under each of their pillows, he visited the husband, disguised as an old woman, and told him that his wife had formed the project of killing him; he next told the same thing to the wife. The husband, finding the razor under his wife's pillow, became furious with anger at her supposed wickedness, and cut her throat. So powerful is Satan in his malice."

Dr. Luther said he had heard from the Elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the Devil, — the founder having been born of a succubus. He added this story: — "A gentleman had a young and beautiful wife, who, dying, was buried. Shortly afterwards, this gentleman and one of his servants sleeping in the same chamber, the wife who was dead came at night, bent over the bed of the gentleman as though she were conversing with him, and after a while went away again. The servant, having twice observed this circumstance, asked his master whether he knew that every night a woman clothed in white stood by his bedside. The master replied that he had slept soundly, and had observed nothing of the sort. The next night he took care to remain awake. The woman came, and he asked her who she was and what she wanted. She answered that she was his wife. He returned, 'My wife is dead and buried.' She answered, she had died by reason of his sins; but that if he would receive her again, she would return to him in life. He said if it were possible, he should be well content. She told him he must undertake not to swear, as he was wont to do; for that if he ever did so, she should once more die, and permanently quit him. He promised this; and the dead woman, returning to seeming life, dwelt with him, ate, drank, and slept with him, and had children by him. One day that he had guests, his wife went to fetch some cakes from an adjoining apartment, and remained a long time absent. The gentleman grew impatient, and broke out into his old oaths. The wife not returning, the gentleman with his friends went to seek her, but she had disappeared; only the clothes she had worn lay on the floor. She was never again seen."

"The Devil seduces us at first by all the allurements of sin, in order thereafter to plunge us into despair; he pampers up the flesh, that he may by-and-by prostrate the spirit. We feel no pain in the act of sin; but the soul after it is sad, and the conscience disturbed."

"The Devil often casts this into my breast: 'How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous, wherewith the pope, the mass, friars and nuns are thus dejected and startled?' at which the sour sweat has drizzled from me. But at last, when I saw he would not leave, I gave him this answer; 'Avoid, Satan; address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it; for the doctrine is not mine but his, — he has commanded me to hearken unto this Christ.'"

"Between husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum* and *tuum*. All things should be in common between them, without any distinction or means of distinguishing."

"St. Augustine said finely: 'A marriage without children is the world without the sun.'"

Dr. Luther said one day to his wife: "You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you with all my heart the command in all household matters, reserving my rights in other points. Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures; but Eve spoilt all, when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men into error."

"'Tis a grand thing for a married pair to live in perfect union, but the Devil rarely permits this. When they are apart, they cannot endure the separation; and when they are together, they cannot endure the always seeing one another. 'Tis as the poet says: 'Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.' Married people must assiduously pray against these assaults of the Devil. I have seen marriage where, at first, husband and wife seemed as though they would eat one another up; in six months they have separated in mutual disgust. 'Tis the Devil inspires this evanescent ardor, in order to divert the parties from prayer."

Dr. Luther said, in reference to those who write satirical attacks upon women, that such will not go unpunished. "If the author be one of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a surreptitious intruder into the family. What defects women have, we must check them for in private, gently by word of mouth; for woman is a frail vessel." The doctor then turned round and said, "Let us talk of something else."

There was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a schoolmaster, a pious and learned man, whose heart was fervently inclined to theology, and who had preached several times with great applause. He was called to the dignity of deacon; but his wife, a violent, fierce woman, would not consent to his accepting the charge, saying she would not be the wife of a minister.

It became a question, what was the poor man to do? which was he to renounce, his preachership or his wife? Luther at first said jocosely, "Oh, if he has married, as you tell me, a widow, he must needs obey her." But after awhile he resumed severely: "The wife is bound to follow her husband, not the husband his wife. This must be an ill woman, nay, the Devil incarnate, to be ashamed of a charge with which our Lord and his Apostles were invested. If she were my wife, I should shortly say to her, 'Wilt thou follow me, aye or no? Reply forthwith;' and if she replied, 'No,' I would leave her, and take another wife."

The hair is the finest ornament women have. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight.

Sayings of Luther.

I HAVE no pleasure in any man who despises music. It is no invention of ours: it is the gift of God. I place it next to theology. Satan hates music: he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us.

The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls, its great mansions, its powerful armaments; but on the number of its learned, serious, kind, and well-educated citizens.

Greek and Latin are the scabbard which holds the sword of the Spirit, the cases which inclose the precious jewels, the vessels which contain the old wine, the baskets which carry the loaves and fishes for the feeding of the multitude.

Only a little of the first fruits of wisdom — only a few fragments of the boundless heights, breadths, and depths of truth — have I been able to gather.

My own writings are like a wild forest, compared with the gentle, limpid fluency of his [Brenz's] language. If small things dare be compared with great, my words are like the Spirit of Elijah, — a great and strong wind, rending the mountains and breaking in pieces the rocks; and his is the still small voice. But yet God uses also coarse wedges for splitting coarse blocks; and besides the fructifying grain, he employs also the rending thunder and lightning to purify the atmosphere.

I must root out the stumps and trunks, and I am a rough woodsman who must break the road and prepare it: but Magister Philip [Melanchthon] goes on quietly and gently, plows and plants, sows and waters joyfully.

Be temperate with your children; punish them if they lie or steal, but be just in what you do. It is a lighter sin to take pears and apples than to take money. I shudder when I think what I went through myself. My mother beat me about some nuts once till the blood came. I had a terrible time of it; but she meant well.

Never be hard with children. Many a fine character has been ruined by the stupid brutality of pedagogues. The parts of speech are a boy's pillory. I was myself flogged fifteen times in one forenoon, over the conjugation of a verb. Punish if you must; but be kind too, and let the sugar-plum go with the rod.

My being such a small creature was a misfortune for the Pope. He despised me too much. What, he thought, could a slave like me do to him — to him who was the greatest man in the world? Had he accepted my proposal he would have extinguished me.

The better a man is, the more clearly he sees how little he is good for, and the greater mockery it is to him to hold the notion that he has deserved reward. Miserable creatures that we are, we earn our bread in sin. Till we are seven years old, we do nothing but eat and drink and sleep and play; from seven to twenty-one we study four hours a day, the rest of it we run about and amuse ourselves; then we work till fifty, and then we grow again to be children. We sleep half our lives; we give God a tenth of our time; and yet we think that with our good works we can merit heaven. What have I been doing to-day? I have talked for two hours, I have been at meals three hours, I have been idle four hours: ah, enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!

The barley which we brew, the flax of which we weave our garments, must be bruised and torn ere they come to the use for which they were grown. So must Christians suffer. The natural creature must be torn and threshed. The old Adam must die, for the higher life to begin. If man is to rise to nobleness, he must first be slain.

The principle of marriage runs through all creation, and flowers as well as animals are male and female.

Praise be to God the Creator, who out of a dead world makes all live again. See those shoots, how they bourgeon and swell on this April day! Image of the resurrection of the dead! Winter is death; summer is the resurrection. Between them the spring and autumn, as the period of uncertainty and change. The proverb says —

"Trust not a day
Ere birth of May."

Let us pray our Father in heaven to give us this day our daily bread.

We are in the dawn of a new era; we are beginning to think something of the natural world which was ruined in Adam's fall. We are learning to see all around us the greatness and glory of the Creator. We can see the Almighty hand — the infinite goodness — in the humblest flower. We praise him, we thank him, we glorify him; we recognize in creation the power of his word. He spoke, and it was there. The stone of the peach is hard, but the soft kernel swells and bursts when the time comes. An egg — what a thing is that! If an egg had never been seen in Europe, and a traveler had brought one from Calcutta, how would all the world have wondered!

If a man could make a single rose, we should give him an empire; yet roses, and flowers no less beautiful, are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

Pater Noster.

(Exposition of the Lord's Prayer.)

"*Our Father.*" — This is certainly a most excellent beginning or preparation, whereby we are led to know how He to whom we are about to pray should be named, honored, and addressed; and how every person should approach Him, that He may be gracious and inclined to hear. Of all the names of God, therefore, there is no one the use of which renders us more acceptable unto Him than that of Father; and it is a most lovely, sweet, and deeply comprehensive name, and full of mental affection. It would not be so sweet and consoling to say "Lord" or "God," or "Judge," because the name "Father" (in natural things) is ingrafted in us, and is naturally sweet. And for this reason the same name is pleasing unto God, and greatly moves Him to hear us. And, also, it brings us into a knowledge of ourselves as the sons of God; by which also we greatly move the heart of God; for no voice is sweeter unto a father than that of a child. This is further discovered unto us by what follows.

"*Who art in Heaven.*" — By these words we plainly show our miserable straits of mind, and our exiled state, and are powerfully moved to pray, as well as God to hear. For he who begins to pray, "Our Father Who art in heaven," and does it from the inmost recesses of his heart, therein confesses that he has a Father, and that it is He who is in Heaven; and he confesses also that he himself is an exile, and left to travel here upon earth. And hereupon there must necessarily follow an inward affection of heart, such as that son has who is living far from his own country, among strangers, and in exile and calamity. For it is as if he should say, "O Father, Thou indeed art in heaven, but I, Thy miserable son, am far away from Thee upon earth"; that is, in exile, perils, calamities, and straits, and amid devils, enemies, and various difficulties. He, therefore, who thus prays has his heart directed and lifted up toward God, and is in a state to pray, and to obtain grace of God. . . .

The use of the name, therefore, evidences great confidence in God; which confidence in Him we ought, above all things, to hold fast; because besides this one Parent there is no one that can aid us in coming to heaven; but, as it is written, "No man hath ascended into heaven but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man who is in heaven"; on whose shoulders and wings only it is that we can ascend to heaven. Otherwise all word-mongers may say the Lord's Prayer; who, nevertheless, know not what the words signify. But what I consider to be prayer is that which proceedeth from the heart rather than from the mouth.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless wind, or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes watched shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust, around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed of witnesses for God.
The Father hath received their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast of victory in their death.
Still, still, though dead, they speak, and trumpet-tongued,
proclaim
To many awakened lands the One availing Name.

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour —
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can —
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son —
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore —
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ —
  A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course —
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all —
  The City of God remaineth.

JOHN LYLY.

John Lyly, an English dramatist, born 1554; died in London, 1606. Between 1578 and 1600 he composed several plays, chiefly mythological, which were acted by the boys of St. Paul's School in presence of Queen Elizabeth. But he is noteworthy principally on account of his two books, "Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit" (1579), and "Euphues and His England" (1580), which were the first serious attempts in English to use words as mere musical notes, quite subordinating the matter to the sound. Fantastic as the form was, the recognition of new possibilities in the language intoxicated the cultured classes, and set the literary fashion for many years: story-writers who wished to assure themselves an audience entitled their books "Euphues his ——," and the influence is clear and strong on Sidney and Spenser.

Euphues To Philautus.

(From "Euphues and his England.")

There could nothing have come out of England to Euphues more welcome than thy letters, unless it had been thy person, which when I had thoroughly perused, I could not at the first, either believe them for the strangeness, or at the last for the happiness: for upon the sudden to hear such alterations of Surius, passed all credit, and to understand so fortunate success to Philautus, all expectation: yet considering that many things fall between the cup and the lip, that in one lucky hour more rare things come to pass, than sometimes in seven years, that marriages are made in heaven, though consummated in earth, I was brought both to believe the events, and to allow them. Touching Surius and Camilla, there is no doubt but that they both will live well in marriage, who loved so well before their matching, and in my mind he dealt both wisely and honorably, to prefer virtue before vainglory, and the goodly ornaments of nature [virtue], before the rich armor of nobility; for this must we all think, (how well soever we think of ourselves) that virtue is most noble, by the which men become first noble. As for thine own estate, I will be bold to counsel thee, knowing it never to be more necessary to use advice than in marriage. Solon gave counsel that before one assured himself he should be so wary, that in tying himself fast, he did not undo himself, wishing them first to eat a Quince pear, that is, to have a sweet conference without brawls; then salt, to be wise without boasting.

In Boetia they covered the bride with Asparagonia, the nature of the which plant is, to bring sweet fruit out of a sharp thorn, whereby they noted, that although the virgin were somewhat shrewish at the first, yet in time she might become a sheep. Therefore Philautus, if thy Violet seem in the first month either to chide or chafe, thou must hear without reply, and endure it with patience, for they that cannot suffer the wranglings of young married women, are not unlike unto those, that tasting the grape to be sour before it be ripe, leave to gather it when it is ripe, resembling them, that being stung with the Bee, forsake the Honey.

Thou must use sweet words, not bitter checks, and though haply thou wilt say that wands are to be wrought when they are green, least they rather break than bend when they be dry, yet know also that he that bendeth a twig, because he would see if it would bow by strength, may chance to have a crooked tree, when he would have a straight.

It is prettily noted of a contention between the Wind and the Sun, who should have the victory. A Gentleman walking abroad, the Wind thought to blow off his cloak, which with great blasts and blusterings striving to unloose it, made it to stick faster to his back, for the more the wind increased the closer his cloak clapt to his body, then the Sun, shining with his hot beams, began to warm this gentleman, who waxing somewhat faint in this faire weather, did not only put off his cloak but his coat, which the Wind perceiving, yielded the conquest to the Sun.

In the very like manner fareth it with young wives, for if their husbands with great threatenings, with jars, with brawls, seek to make them tractable, or bend their knees, the more stiff they make them in the joints, the oftener they go about by force to rule them, the more froward they find them, but using mild words, gentle persuasions, familiar counsel, entreaty, submission, they shall not only make them to bow their knees, but to hold up their hands, not only cause them to honor them, but to stand in awe of them: for their stomachs are all framed of Diamond, which is not to be bruised with a hammer but blood, not by force, but flattery, resembling the Cock, who is not to be feared by a Serpent, but a glead. They that fear their Vines will make too sharp wine, must not cut the arms, but graft next to them Mandrake, which causeth the grape to be more pleasant. They that fear to have curst wives, must not with rigor seek [seem] to calm [reclaime] them, but saying gentle words in every place by them, which maketh them more quiet.

Instruments sound sweetest when they be touched softest, women wax wisest, when they are used mildest. The horse striveth when he is hardly reined, but having the bridle never stirreth; women are stark mad if they be ruled by might, but with a gentle rein they will bear a white mouth. Gall was cast out from the sacrifice of Juno, which betokened that the marriage-bed should be without bitterness. Thou must be a glass to thy wife; for in thy face must she see her own, for if when thou laugh she weep, when thou mourn she giggle, the one is a manifest sign she delighteth in others, the other a token she despiseth thee. Be in thy behavior modest, temperate, sober, for as thou framest thy manners, so will thy wife fit hers. Kings that be wrestlers cause their subjects to exercise that feat. Princes that are Musicians incite their people to use Instruments, husbands that are chaste and godly, cause also their wives to imitate their goodness.

For thy great dowry that ought to be in thine own hands, for as we call that wine, wherein there is more than half water, so do we term that, the goods of the husband which his wife bringeth, though it be all.

Helen gaped for [his] goods, Paris for pleasure. Ulysses was content with chaste Penelope, so let it be with thee, that whatsoever others marry for, be thou always satisfied with virtue, otherwise may I use that speech to thee that Olympias did to a young Gentleman who only took a wife for beauty, saying: this Gentleman hath only married his eyes, but by that time he have [hath] also wedded his ears, he will confess that a fair shoe wrings, though it be smooth in the wearing.

Lycurgus made a law that there should be no dowry given with Maidens, to the end that the virtuous might be married, who commonly have little, not the amorous who oftentimes have too much.

Behave thyself modestly with thy wife before company, remembering the severity of Cato, who removed Manlius from the Senate, for that he was seen to kiss his wife in presence of his daughter: old men are seldom merry before children, lest their laughter might breed in them looseness, husbands should scarce jest before their wives, lest want of modesty on their parts be cause of wantonness on their wives' part. Imitate the Kings of Persia, who when they were given to riot, kept no company with their wives, but when they used good order, had their Queens ever at their [the] table. Give no example of lightness, for look what thou practicest most, that will thy wife follow most, though it becometh her least. And yet would I not have thy wife so curious to please thee, that fearing lest her husband should think she painted her face, she should not therefore wash it, only let her refrain from such things as she knoweth cannot well like thee. He that cometh before an Elephant will not wear bright colors, nor he that cometh to a Bull, red, nor he that standeth by a Tiger, play on a Taber: for that by the sight or noise of these things, they are commonly much incensed. In the like manner, there is no wife if she be honest, that will practice those things, that to her mate shall seem displeasant, or move him to choler.

Be thrifty and wary in thy expenses, for in old time, they were as soon condemned by law that spent their wives' dowry prodigally, as they that divorced them wrongfully.

Fly that vice which is peculiar to all those of thy country, Ieloufie [jealousy]: for if thou suspect without cause, it is the next way to have cause; women are to be ruled by their own wits, for be they chaste, no gold can win them, if immodest no grief can amend them, so that all mistrust is either needless or bootless.

Be not too imperious over her, that will make her to hate thee, nor too submissive [demisse], that will cause her to disdain thee; let her neither be thy slave, nor thy sovereign, for if she lie under thy foot she will never love thee, if climb above thy head never care for thee: the one will breed thy shame to love her too little, the other thy grief to suffer too much.

In governing thy household, use thine own eye, and her hand, for housewifery consisteth as much in seeing things as settling things, and yet in that go not above thy latchet, for Cooks are not to be taught in the Kitchen, nor Painters in their shops, nor Housewives in their houses. Let all the keys hang at her girdle, but the purse at thine, so shalt thou know what thou dost spend, and how she can spare.

Break nothing of thy stock, for as the Stone Thyrrenus [Thirrennius] being whole, swimmeth, but never so little diminished, sinketh to the bottom: so a man having his stock full, is ever afloat, but wasting of his store, becometh bankrupt.

Entertain such men as shall be trusty, for if thou keep a Wolf within thy doors to do mischief, or a Fox to work craft and subtilty, thou shalt find it as perilous, as if in thy barns thou shouldst maintain Mice, or in thy grounds Moles.

Let thy Maidens be such as shall seem readier to take pains than follow pleasure, willinger to dress up their house, than their heads, not so fine fingered, to call for a Lute, when they should use the distaff, nor so dainty mouthed, that their silken throats should swallow no packthread.

For thy diet be not sumptuous, nor yet simple: For thy attire not costly, nor yet clownish, but cutting thy coat by thy cloth, go no farther than shall become thy estate, lest thou be thought proud, and so envied, nor debase not thy birth, lest thou be deemed poor, and so pitied.

Now thou art come to that honorable estate, forget all thy former follies, and debate with thyself, that heretofore thou didst but go about the world, and that now, thou art come into it, that Love did once make thee to follow riot, that it must now enforce thee to pursue thrift, that then there was no pleasure to be compared to the courting of Ladies, that now there can be no delight greater than to have a wife.

Commend me humbly to that noble man, Surius, and to his good Lady Camilla.

Let my duty to the Lady Flavia be remembered, and to thy Violet, let nothing that may be added, be forgotten.

Thou wouldst have me come again into England; I would but I cannot: But if thou desire to see Euphues, when thou art willing to visit thine uncle, I will meet thee; in the mean season, know, that it is as far from Athens to England, as from England to Athens.

Thou sayest I am much wished for, that many fair promises are made to me: Truly Philautus, I know that a friend in the court is better than a penny in the purse, but yet I have heard that such a friend cannot be gotten in the court without pence.

Fair words fat few, great promises without performance, delight for the time, but yearke ever after.

I cannot but thank Surius, who wisheth me well, and all those that at my being in England liked me well. And so with my hearty commendations until I hear from thee, I bid thee farewell.

Thine to use, if marriage
change not manners,
Euphues.

This letter dispatched, Euphues gave himself to solitariness, determining to sojourn in some uncouth place, until time might turn white salt into fine sugar; for surely he was both tormented in body and grieved in mind.

And so I leave him, neither in Athens nor elsewhere that I know: But this order he left with his friends, that if any news came or letters, that they should direct them to the Mount of Silixfedra, where I leave him, either to his musings or Muses.

Gentlemen, Euphues is musing in the bottom of the Mountain Silixfedra: Philautus [is] married in the Isle of England: two friends parted, the one living in the delights of his new wife, the other in contemplation of his old griefs.

What Philautus doeth, they can imagine that are newly married; how Euphues liveth, they may guess that are cruelly martyred: I commit them both to stand to their own bargains, for if I should meddle any farther with the marriage of Philautus, it might haply make him jealous, if with the melancholy of Euphues, it might cause him to be coleric: so the one would take occasion to rub his head, fit his hat never so close, and the other offense, to gall his heart, be his case never so quiet. I, Gentlewomen, am indifferent, for it may be, that Philautus would not have his life known which he leadeth in marriage, nor Euphues, his love decried, which he beginneth in solitariness, lest either the one being too kind, might be thought to dote, or the other too constant, might be judged to be mad. But were the truth known, I am sure, Gentlewomen, it would be a hard question among Ladies, whether Philautus were a better wooer, or a husband, whether Euphues were a better lover, or a scholar. But let the one mark the other, I leave them both, to confer at their next meeting, and commit you to the Almighty.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Henry Francis Lyte, a British clergyman and poet, born at Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793; died at Nice, France, Nov. 20, 1847. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He took orders, held curacies in Ireland, and eventually became rector of Brixton, England. He published several volumes of poetry, mostly of a devotional character. Lyte's first work was "Tales in Verse Illustrative of Several of the Petitions of the Lord's Prayer." In 1834 he published "The Spirit of the Psalms," a collection of hymns and psalms, drawn from various sources, but mainly his own. Among the best known of his hymns are "Abide With Me;" "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken;" "Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven;" and "Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above." His hymn "Abide With Me" was written at Nice, not long before his death.

Evening.

Sweet Evening hour! sweet Evening hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the laborer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there —
With rest and shelter, food and care.

Oh, season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,

And call the fettered soul above
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand?

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and David prayed;
When Abram's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone!

"ABIDE WITH ME!"

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide!
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terror, as the King of kings!
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide!
The darkness deepens — Lord, with me abide!"

From a Painting by B. Plockhorst

Hold, thou, Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

THERE is a spot in the lone, lone sea,
  A spot unmarked, but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
  In his ocean bed lies lowly.

He sleeps — he sleeps — serene and safe,
  From tempest and from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe,
  Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
  They did not dare to sever:
It was his home when he had breath,
  'Tis now his home forever.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou mighty dead!
  A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
  The boundless ocean round thee.

And though no stone may tell
  Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that love thee well,
  And grace Britannia's story.

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

William Haines Lytle, an American general and poet, born in Cincinnati, O., Nov. 2, 1826; killed at the battle of Chickamauga, Tenn., Sept. 20, 1863. He graduated at Cincinnati College, and studied law. He was a captain in the Mexican War; and in the Civil War served as colonel in 1861, and later as brigadier-general of volunteers, having been promoted to that rank for gallant conduct.. His best-known poems are "Antony to Cleopatra" and "Jacqueline." No complete collection of his works was published.

Antony to Cleopatra.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; —
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O Queen, infold me;
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low:
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
  'Twas his own that struck the blow;
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse Octavia
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness —
  Altars, augurs, circling wings —
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; —
  Hark the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! quick, my falchion, —
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
  Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON.

Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, Earl Lytton, pseudonym Owen Meredith, an English poet, only son of the novelist, born at London, Nov. 8, 1831; died at Paris, Nov. 24, 1891. He was educated at Harrow and at Bonn. In 1849 he became attaché at Washington under his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer. He rose finally to the rank of ambassador at Lisbon in 1874, after a service at Florence, Paris, The Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Athens, Madrid. He also ruled India, as Viceroy (1876–1880). He succeeded to his father's title of Baron Lytton in 1873, and in 1880 was made Earl of Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. In 1887 he was appointed Ambassador to France.

His earlier volumes were published under the name of "Owen Meredith:" "Clytemnestra and Other Poems" (1855); "The Wanderer, A Collection of Poems in many Lands" (1857); "Lucile" (1860); "Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Bards," appeared anonymously in 1861; "Serbski Pesme" (1861) was a translation of Servian songs. His later poems are "Chronicles and Characters" (1868); "Orval, or the Fool of Time" (1869); "Fables in Song" (1874); and "Glenaveril" (1885). He has published in prose an Egyptian Romance, "The Ring of Amasis" (1863); "Julian Fane, a Memoir" (1871); his father's "Speeches and Political Writings" (1874); "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton" (1883); "After Paradise, or Legends of Exile" (1887); "Marah," poems, and "King Poppy," posthumously (1892).

The Storm on the Mountain.

(From "Lucile.")

LETTER FROM COUSIN JOHN TO COUSIN ALFRED.

"Bigorre, Thursday.

"Time up, you rascal! Come back, or be hang'd.
Matilda grows peevish. Her mother harangued
For a whole hour this morning about you. The deuce!
What on earth can I say to you? — nothing's of use.

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON

(*Owen Meredith*)

And the blame of the whole of your shocking behavior
Falls on *me*, sir! Come back, — do you hear? — or I leave your
Affairs, and abjure you forever. Come back
To your anxious betroth'd; and perplex'd
"Cousin Jack."

Alfred needed, in truth, no entreaties from John
To increase his impatience to fly from Luchon.
All the place was now fraught with sensations of pain
Which, whilst in it, he strove to escape from in vain.
A wild instinct warn'd him to fly from a place
Where he felt that some fatal event, swift of pace,
Was approaching his life. In despite his endeavor
To think of Matilda, her image forever
Was effaced from his fancy by that of Lucile.
From the ground which he stood on he felt himself reel.
Scared, alarm'd by those feelings to which, on the day
Just before, all his heart had so soon given way,
When he caught, with a strange sense of fear, for assistance
At what was, till then, the great fact in existence,
'Twas a phantom he grasp'd.
Having sent for his guide,
He order'd his horse, and determin'd to ride
Back forthwith to Bigorre.
Then, the guide, who well knew
Every haunt of those hills, said the wild lake of Oo
Lay a league from Luchon; and suggested a track
By the lake to Bigorre, which, transversing the back
Of the mountain, avoided a circuit between
Two long valleys; and thinking, "Perchance change of scene
May create change of thought," Alfred Vargrave agreed,
Mounted horse, and set forth to Bigorre at full speed.

His guide rode beside him.
The king of the guides!
The gallant Bernard! ever boldly he rides,
Ever gayly he sings! For to him, from of old,
The hills have confided their secrets, and told
Where the white partridge lies, and the cock o' the woods;
Where the izard flits fine through the cold solitudes;
Where the bear lurks perdu; and the lynx on his prey
At nightfall descends, when the mountains are gray;
Where the sassafras blooms, and the blue-bell is born,
And the wild rhododendron first reddens at morn;
Where the source of the waters is fine as a thread;
How the storm on the wild Maladetta is spread;

Where the thunder is hoarded, the snows lie asleep,
Whence the torrents are fed, and the cataracts leap;
And, familiarly known in the hamlets, the vales
Have whisper'd to him all their thousand love-tales;
He has laugh'd with the girls, he has leap'd with the boys;
Ever blithe, ever bold, ever boon, he enjoys
An existence untroubled by envy or strife,
While he feeds on the dews and the juices of life.
And so lightly he sings, and so gayly he rides,
For BERNARD LE SAUTEUR is the king of all guides!

But Bernard found, that day, neither song nor love-tale,
Nor adventure, nor laughter, nor legend avail
To arouse from his deep and profound revery
Him that silent beside him rode fast as could be.

Ascending the mountain they slacken'd their pace,
And the marvelous prospect each moment changed face.
The breezy and pure inspirations of morn
Breathed about them. The scarp'd ravaged mountains, all worn
By the torrents, whose course they watch'd faintly meander,
Were alive with the diamonded shy salamander.
They paused o'er the bosom of purple abysses,
And wound through a region of green wildernesses;
The waters went wirbling above and around,
The forests hung heap'd in their shadows profound.
Here the Larboust, and there Aventin, Castellon,
Which the Demon of Tempest, descending upon,
Had wasted with fire, and the peaceful Cazeaux
They mark'd; and far down in the sunshine below,
Half dipp'd in a valley of airiest blue,
The white happy homes of the village of Oo,
Where the age is yet golden.
                                        And high overhead
The wrecks of the combat of Titans were spread.
Red granite and quartz, in the alchemic sun,
Fused their splendors of crimson and crystal in one;
And deep in the moss gleam'd the delicate shells,
And the dew linger'd fresh in the heavy harebells;
The large violet burn'd; the campanula blue;
And Autumn's own flower, the saffron, peer'd through
The red-berried brambles and thick sassafras;
And fragrant with thyme was the delicate grass,
And high up, and higher, and highest of all,
The secular phantom of snow!

O'er the wall
Of a gray sunless glen gaping drowsy below,
That aërial specter, reveal'd in the glow
Of the great golden dawn, hovers faint on the eye,
And appears to grow in, and grow out of, the sky,
And plays with the fancy, and baffles the sight.
Only reach'd by the vast rosy ripple of light,
And the cool star of eve, the Imperial Thing,
Half unreal, like some mythological king
That dominates all in a fable of old,
Takes command of a valley as fair to behold
As aught in old fables; and, seen or unseen,
Dwells aloof over all, in the vast and serene
Sacred sky, where the footsteps of spirits are furl'd
'Mid the clouds beyond which spreads the infinite world
Of man's last aspirations, unfathom'd, untrod,
Save by Even and Morn, and the angels of God.

Meanwhile, as they journey'd, that serpentine road,
Now abruptly reversed, unexpectedly show'd
A gay cavalcade some few feet in advance.
Alfred Vargrave's heart beat; for he saw at a glance
The slight form of Lucile in the midst. His next look
Show'd him, joyously ambling beside her, the Duke.
The rest of the troop which had thus caught his ken
He knew not, nor noticed them (women and men).
They were laughing and talking together. Soon after
His sudden appearance suspended their laughter.

"You here! . . . I imagined you far on your way
To Bigorre!" . . . said Lucile. "What has caused you to stay?"
"I *am* on my way to Bigorre," he replied,
"But, since *my* way would seem to be *yours*, let me ride
For one moment beside you." And then, with a stoop,
At her ear, . . . "and forgive me!"

By this time the troop
Had regather'd its numbers.

Lucile was as pale
As the cloud 'neath their feet, on its way to the vale.
The Duke had observed it, nor quitted her side,
For even one moment, the whole of the ride.
Alfred smiled, as he thought, "he is jealous of her!"
And the thought of this jealousy added a spur
To his firm resolution and effort to please.
He talk'd much; was witty, and quite at his ease.

After noontide, the clouds, which had traversed the east
Half the day, gather'd closer, and rose and increased.
The air changed and chill'd. As though out of the ground,
There ran up the trees a confused hissing sound,
And the wind rose. The guides sniff'd, like chamois the air,
And look'd at each other, and halted, and there
Unbuckled the cloaks from the saddles. The white
Aspens rustled, and turn'd up their frail leaves in fright.
All announced the approach of the tempest.
                                                            Erelong,
Thick darkness descended the mountains among;
And a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash
Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.
The rain fell in large heavy drops. And anon
Broke the thunder.
                              The horses took fright, every one.
The Duke's in a moment was far out of sight.
The guides whoop'd. The band was obliged to alight;
And, dispersed up the perilous pathway, walk'd blind
To the darkness before from the darkness behind.

And the Storm is abroad in the mountains!
                                                            He fills
The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves vivid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends;
He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wan mountain-ash,
That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear; then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
Of mountain and mist.
                                   There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-wingèd legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp-splinter'd rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt searching
Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now. Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms, that seem
To waver above, in the dark; and yon stream,

How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there, appall'd at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven!

Through the darkness and awe
That had gather'd around him, Lord Alfred now saw,
Reveal'd in the fierce and vanishing glare
Of the lightning that momently pulsed through the air,
A woman alone on a shelf of the hill,
With her cheek coldly propp'd on her hand, — and as still
As the rock that she sat on, which beetled above
The black lake beneath her.

All terror, all love
Added speed to the instinct with which he rush'd on.
For one moment the blue lightning swathed the whole stone
In its lurid embrace: like the sleek dazzling snake
That encircles a sorceress, charm'd for her sake
And lull'd by her loveliness; fawning, it play'd
And caressingly twined round the feet and the head
Of the woman who sat there, undaunted and calm
As the soul of that solitude, listing the psalm
Of the plangent and laboring tempest roll slow
From the caldron of midnight and vapor below.
Next moment from bastion to bastion, all round,
Of the siege-circled mountains, there tumbled the sound
Of the battering thunder's indefinite peal,
And Lord Alfred had sprung to the feet of Lucile.

She started. Once more, with its flickering wand,
The lightning approach'd her. In terror, her hand
Alfred Vargrave had seized within his; and he felt
The light fingers that coldly and lingeringly dwelt
In the grasp of his own, tremble faintly.

"See! see!
Where the whirlwind hath stricken and strangled yon tree!"
She exclaim'd, . . . "like the passion that brings on its breath
To the being it embraces, destruction and death!
Alfred Vargrave, the lightning is round you!"

"Lucile!
I hear — I see — naught but yourself. I can feel
Nothing here but your presence. My pride fights in vain
With the truth that leaps from me. We two meet again
'Neath yon terrible heaven that is watching above
To avenge if I lie when I swear that I love, —
And beneath yonder terrible heaven, at your feet,
I humble my head and my heart. I entreat

Your pardon, Lucile, for the past — I implore
For the future your mercy — implore it with more
Of passion than prayer ever breathed. By the power
Which invisibly touches us both in this hour,
By the rights I have o'er you, Lucile, I demand" —

"The rights!" . . . said Lucile, and drew from him her hand.

"Yes, the rights! for what greater to man may belong
Than the right to repair in the future the wrong
To the past? and the wrong I have done you, of yore,
Hath bequeath'd to me all the sad right to restore,
To retrieve, to amend! I, who injured your life,
Urge the right to repair it, Lucile! Be my wife,
My guide, my good angel, my all upon earth,
And accept, for the sake of what yet may give worth
To my life, its contrition!"
He paused, for there came
O'er the cheek of Lucile a swift flush like the flame
That illumined at moments the darkness o'erhead.
With a voice faint and marr'd by emotion, she said,
"And your pledge to another?"
"Hush, hush!" he exclaim'd,
"My honor will live where my love lives, unshamed.
'Twere poor honor indeed, to another to give
That life of which *you* keep the heart. Could I live
In the light of those young eyes, suppressing a lie?
Alas, no! *your* hand holds my whole destiny.
I can never recall what my lips have avow'd;
In your love lies whatever can render me proud.
For the great crime of all my existence hath been
To have known you in vain. And the duty best seen,
And most hallow'd — the duty most sacred and sweet
Is that which hath led me, Lucile, to your feet.
O speak! and restore me the blessing I lost
When I lost you — my pearl of all pearls beyond cost!
And restore to your own life its youth, and restore
The vision, the rapture, the passion of yore!
Ere our brows had been dimm'd in the dust of the world,
When our souls their white wings yet exulting unfurl'd!
For your eyes rest no more on the unquiet man,
The wild star of whose course its pale orbit outran,
Whom the formless indefinite future of youth,
With its lying allurements, distracted. In truth
I have wearily wander'd the world, and I feel

That the least of your lovely regards, O Lucile,
Is worth all the world can afford, and the dream
Which, though follow'd forever, forever doth seem
As fleeting, and distant, and dim, as of yore
When it brooded in twilight, at dawn, on the shore
Of life's untraversed ocean! I know the sole path
To repose, which my desolate destiny hath,
Is the path by whose course to your feet I return.
And who else, O Lucile, will so truly discern,
And so deeply revere, all the passionate strength,
The sublimity in you, as he whom at length
These have saved from himself, for the truth they reveal
To his worship?"
She spoke not; but Alfred could feel
The light hand and arm, that upon him reposed,
Thrill and tremble. Those dark eyes of hers were half closed;
But, under their languid mysterious fringe,
A passionate softness was beaming. One tinge
Of faint inward fire flush'd transparently through
The delicate, pallid, and pure olive hue
Of the cheek, half averted and dropp'd. The rich bosom
Heaved, as when in the heart of a ruffled rose-blossom
A bee is imprisoned and struggles.
Meanwhile,
The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested: while far up the dim airy crags,
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward one bright, signal star.
The curls of her soft and luxuriant hair,
From the dark riding-hat, which Lucile used to wear,
Had escaped; and Lord Alfred now cover'd with kisses
The redolent warmth of those long falling tresses.
Neither he, nor Lucile, felt the rain, which not yet
Had ceased falling around them; when, splash'd, drench'd, and wet,
The Duc de Luvois down the rough mountain course
Approached them as fast as the road, and his horse,
Which was limping, would suffer. The beast had just now
Lost his footing, and over the perilous brow
Of the storm-haunted mountain his master had thrown;

But the Duke, who was agile, had leap'd to a stone,
And the horse, being bred to the instinct which fills
The breast of the wild mountaineer in these hills,
Had scrambled again to his feet; and now master
And horse bore about them the signs of disaster,
As they heavily footed their way through the mist,
The horse with his shoulder, the Duke with his wrist,
Bruised and bleeding.

If ever your feet, like my own,
O reader, have traversed these mountains alone,
Have you felt your identity shrink and contract
At the sound of the distant and dim cataract,
In the presence of nature's immensities? Say,
Have you hung o'er the torrent, bedew'd with its spray,
And, leaving the rock-way, contorted and roll'd,
Like a huge couchant Typhon, fold heap'd over fold,
Track'd the summits, from which every step that you tread
Rolls the loose stones, with thunder below, to the bed
Of invisible waters, whose mystical sound
Fills with awful suggestions the dizzy profound?
And, laboring onwards, at last through a break
In the walls of the world, burst at once on the lake?
If you have, this description I might have withheld.
You remember how strangely your bosom has swell'd
At the vision reveal'd. On the overwork'd soil
Of this planet, enjoyment is sharpen'd by toil;
And one seems, by the pain of ascending the height,
To have conquer'd a claim to that wonderful sight.

Hail, virginal daughter of cold Espingo!
Hail, Naiad, whose realm is the cloud and the snow;
For o'er thee the angels have whiten'd their wings,
And the thirst of the seraphs is quench'd at thy springs
What hand hath, in heaven, upheld thine expanse?
When the breath of creation first fashion'd fair France,
Did the Spirit of Ill, in his downthrow appalling,
Bruise the world, and thus hollow thy basin while falling?
Ere the mammoth was born hath some monster unnamed
The base of thy mountainous pedestal framed?
And later, when Power to Beauty was wed,
Did some delicate fairy embroider thy bed
With the fragile valerian and wild columbine?

But thy secret thou keepest, and I will keep mine;
For once gazing on thee, it flash'd on my soul,

All that secret! I saw in a vision the whole
Vast design of the ages; what was and shall be!
Hands unseen raised the veil of a great mystery
For one moment. I saw, and I heard; and my heart
Bore witness within me to infinite art,
In infinite power proving infinite love;
Caught the great choral chant, mark'd the dread pageant move —
The divine Whence and Whither of life! But, O daughter
Of Oo, not more safe in the deep silent water
Is thy secret than mine in my heart. Even so.
What I then saw and heard, the world never shall know.

The dimness of eve o'er the valleys had closed,
The rain had ceased falling, the mountains reposed.
The stars had enkindled in luminous courses
Their slow-sliding lamps, when, remounting their horses,
The riders retraversed that mighty serration
Of rock-work. Thus left to its own desolation,
The lake, from whose glimmering limits the last
Transient pomp of the pageants of sunset had pass'd,
Drew into its bosom the darkness, and only
Admitted within it one image — a lonely
And tremulous phantom of flickering light
That follow'd the mystical moon through the night.

It was late when o'er Luchon at last they descended.
To her châlet, in silence, Lord Alfred attended
Lucile. As they parted she whisper'd him low,
"You have made to me, Alfred, an offer I know
All the worth of, believe me. I cannot reply
Without time for reflection. Good-night! — not good-by."

"Alas! 'tis the very same answer you made
To the Duc de Luvois but a day since," he said.

"No, Alfred! the very same, no," she replied.
Her voice shook. "If you love me, obey me. Abide
My answer, to-morrow."
Alas, Cousin Jack!
You Cassandra in breeches and boots! turn your back
To the ruins of Troy. Prophet, seek not for glory
Amongst thine own people.
I follow my story.

Good-night in the Porch.

A little longer in the light, love, let me be. The air is warm.
I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the farm.
A little longer, Sister sweet — your hand in mine — on this old seat.

In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er, your casement shines
Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines.
The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the place is grown!

The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the distant marsh —
Hark! 'twas the bittern's parting call. The frogs are out: with murmurs harsh
The low reeds vibrate. See! the sun catches the long pools one by one.

A moment, and those orange flats will turn dead gray or lurid white.
Look up! o'erhead the winnowing bats are come and gone, eluding sight.
The little worms are out. The snails begin to move down shining trails,

With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden bowers are dim with dew.
With sparkling drops the white-rose thorns are twinkling, where the sun slips thro'
Those reefs of coral buds hung free below the purple Judas-tree.

From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with the brown hay there.
The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the hedge, stand still and stare.
The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank their plaited manes.

And o'er yon hillside brown and barren (where you and I as children play'd,
Starting the rabbit to his warren), I hear the sandy shrill cascade
Leap down upon the vale, and spill his heart out round the muffled mill.

O can it be for nothing only that God has shown his world to me?
Or but to leave the heart more lonely with loss of beauty . . . can it be?
O closer, closer, Sister dear . . . nay, I have kist away that tear.

God bless you, Dear, for that kind thought which only upon tears could rise!
God bless you for the love that sought to hide them in those drooping eyes,
Whose lids I kiss! . . . poor lids, so red! but let my kiss fall there instead.

Yes, sad indeed it seems, each night — and sadder, Dear, for your sweet sake!
To watch the last low lingering light, and know not where the morn may break.
To-night we sit together here. To-morrow night will come . . . ah, where?

O child! howe'er assured be faith, to say farewell is fraught with gloom,
When, like one flower, the germs of death and genius ripen toward the tomb;
And earth each day, as some fond face at parting, gains a graver grace.

There's not a flower, there's not a tree in this old garden where we sit,
But what some fragrant memory is closed and folded up in it.
To-night the dog-rose smells as wild, as fresh, as when I was a child.

'Tis eight years since (do you forget?) we set those lilies near the wall:
You were a blue-eyed child: even yet I seem to see the ringlets fall —
The golden ringlets, blown behind your shoulders in the merry wind.

Ah me! old times, they cling, they cling! And oft by yonder green old gate
The field shows thro', in morns of spring, an eager boy, I paused elate
With all sweet fancies loos'd from school. And oft you know, when eves were cool,

In summer-time, and thro' the trees young gnats began to be about,
With some old book upon your knees 'twas here you watch'd the stars come out.
While oft, to please me, you sang thro' some foolish song I made for you.

And there's my epic — I began when life seem'd long, tho' longer art —
And all the glorious deeds of man made golden riot in my heart —
Eight books . . . it will not number nine! I die before my heroine.

Sister! they say that drowning men in one wild moment can recall,
Their whole life long, and feel again the pain — the bliss — that throng'd it all: —
Last night those phantoms of the Past again came crowding round me fast.

Near morning, when the lamp was low, against the wall they seem'd to flit;
And, as the wavering light would glow or fall, they came and went with it.
The ghost of boyhood seem'd to gaze down the dark verge of vanisht days.

Once more the garden where she walk'd on summer eves to tend her flowers,
Once more the lawn where first we talk'd of future years in twilight hours
Arose; once more she seem'd to pass before me in the waving grass

To that old terrace; her bright hair about her warm neck all undone,
And waving on the balmy air, with tinges of the dying sun.
Just one star kindling in the west: just one bird singing near its nest.

So lovely, so beloved! oh, fair as tho' that sun had never set
Which staid upon her golden hair, in dreams I seem to see her yet!
To see her in that old green place — the same husht, smiling, cruel face!

A little older, love, than you are now; and I was then a boy;
And wild and wayward-hearted too; to her my passion was a toy,
Soon broken! ah, a foolish thing — a butterfly with crumpled wing!

Her hair, too, was like yours — as bright, but with a warmer golden tinge:
Her eyes — a somewhat deeper light, and dream'd below a longer fringe:
And still that strange grave smile she had stays in my heart and keeps it sad!

There's no one knows it, truest friend, but you: for I have never breath'd
To other ears the frozen end of those spring-garlands Hope once wreath'd;
And death will come before again I breathe that name untouch'd by pain.

From little things — a star, a flower — that touch'd us with the selfsame thought,
My passion deepen'd hour by hour, until to that fierce heat 'twas wrought,
Which shriveling over every nerve, crumbled the outworks of reserve.

I told her then, in that wild time, the love I knew she long had seen;
The accusing pain that burn'd like crime, yet left me nobler than I had been;
What matter with what words I woo'd her? She said I had misunderstood her.

And something more — small matter what! of friendship something — sister's love —
She said that I was young — knew not my own heart — as the years would prove —
She wish'd me happy — she conceived an interest in me — and believed

I should grow up to something great — and soon forget her — soon forget
This fancy — and congratulate my life she had released it, yet —
With more such words — a lie! a lie! She broke my heart, and flung it by!

A life's libation lifted up, from her proud lip she dash'd untasted:
There trampled lay love's costly cup, and in the dust the wine was wasted.
She knew I could not pour such wine again at any other shrine.

Then I remember a numb mood: mad murmurings of the words she said:
A slow shame smoldering through my blood; that surged and sung within my head:
And drunken sunlights reeling thro' the leaves: above the burnisht blue

Hot on my eyes — a blazing shield: a noise among the water-falls:
A free crow up the brown cornfield floating at will: faint shepherd-calls:
And reapers reaping in the shocks of gold: and girls with purple frocks:

All which the more confused my brain: and nothing could I realize
But the great fact of my own pain: I saw the fields: I heard the cries:
The crow's shade dwindled up the hill: the world went on: my heart stood still.

I thought I held in my hot hand my life crusht up: I could have tost
The crumpled riddle from me, and laugh'd loud to think what I had lost.
A bitter strength was in my mind: like Samson, when she scorn'd him — blind,

And casting reckless arms about the props of life to hug them down —
A madman with his eyes put out. But all my anger was my own.
I spared the worm upon my walk: I left the white rose on its stalk.

All's over long since. Was it strange that I was mad with grief and shame?
And I would cross the seas, and change my ancient home, my father's name?
In the wild hope, if that might be, to change my own identity!

I know that I was wrong: I know it was not well to be so wild.
But the scorn stung so! . . . Pity now could wound not! . . . I have seen her child:
It had the self-same eyes she had: their gazing almost made me mad.

Dark violet eyes whose glances, deep with April-hints of sunny tears,
'Neath long soft lashes laid asleep, seem'd all too thoughtful for her years;
As tho' from mine her gaze had caught the secret of some mournful thought.

But when she spoke her father's air broke o'er her . . . that clear confident voice!
Some happy souls there are, that wear their nature lightly; these rejoice
The world by living; and receive from all men more than what they give.

One handful of their buoyant chaff exceeds our hoards of careful grain:
Because their love breaks thro' their laugh, while ours is fraught with tender pain:
The world, that knows itself too sad, is proud to keep some faces glad:

And, so it is! from such an one Misfortune softly steps aside
To let him still walk in the sun. These things must be. I cannot chide.
Had I been she I might have made the self-same choice. She shunn'd the shade.

To some men God hath given laughter: but tears to some men He hath given:
He bade us sow in tears, hereafter to harvest holier smiles in Heaven:
And tears and smiles, they are His gift: both good to smite or to uplift:

He knows His sheep: the wind and showers beat not too sharply the shorn lamb:
His wisdom is more wise than ours: He knows my nature — what I am:
He tempers smiles with tears: both good, to bear in time the Christian mood.

O yet — in scorn of mean relief, let Sorrow bear her heavenly fruit!
Better the wildest hour of grief than the low pastime of the brute!
Better to weep, for He wept too, than laugh as every fool can do!

For sure, 'twere best to bear the cross; nor lightly fling the thorns behind;
Lest we grow happy by the loss of what was noblest in the mind.
Here — in the ruin of my years — Father, I bless Thee thro' these tears!

It was in the far foreign lands this sickness came upon me first.
Below strange suns, 'mid alien hands this fever of the south was nurst,
Until it reach'd some vital part. I die not of a broken heart.

O think not that! If I could live . . . there's much to live for — worthy life.
It is not for what fame could give — tho' that I scorn not — but the strife
Were noble for its own sake too. I thought that I had much to do —

But God is wisest! Hark, again! . . . 'twas yon black bittern, as he rose
Against the wild light o'er the fen. How red your little casement glows!
The night falls fast. How lonely, Dear, this bleak old house will look next year!

So sad a thought? . . . ah, yes! I know it is not good to brood on this:
And yet — such thoughts will come and go unbidden. 'Tis that you should miss,
My darling, one familiar tone of this weak voice when I am gone.

And, for what's past — I will not say in what she did that all was right,
But all's forgiven; and I pray for her heart's welfare, day and night.
All things are changed! This cheek would glow even near hers but faintly now!

Thou — God! before whose sleepless eye not even in vain the sparrows fall,
Receive, sustain me! Sanctify my soul. Thou know'st, Thou lovest all.
Too weak to walk alone — I see Thy hand: I falter back to Thee.

Saved from the curse of time which throws its baseness on us day by day:
Its wretched joys, and worthless woes; till all the heart is worn away.
I feel Thee near. I hold my breath, by the half-open doors of Death.

And sometimes, glimpses from within of glory (wondrous sight and sound!)
Float near me: — faces pure from sin; strange music; saints with splendor crown'd:
I seem to feel my native air blow down from some high region there,

And fan my spirit pure: I rise above the sense of loss and pain:
Faint forms that lured my childhood's eyes, long lost, I seem to find again:
I see the end of all: I feel hope, awe, no language can reveal.

Forgive me, Lord, if overmuch I loved that form Thou mad'st so fair;
I know that Thou didst make her such; and fair but as the flowers were —
Thy work: her beauty was but Thine; the human less than the divine.

My life hath been one search for Thee 'mid thorns found red with Thy dear blood:
In many a dark Gethsemanë I seem'd to stand where Thou hadst stood:
And, scorn'd in this world's Judgment-Place, at times thro' tears, to catch Thy face.

Thou suffered'st here, and didst not fail: Thy bleeding feet these paths have trod:
But Thou wert strong, and I am frail: and I am man, and Thou wert God.
Be near me: keep me in Thy sight: or lay my soul asleep in light.

O to be where the meanest mind is more than Shakspeare! where one look
Shows more than here the wise can find, tho' toiling slow from book to book!
Where life is knowledge: love is sure: and hope's brief promise made secure.

O dying voice of human praise! The crude ambitions of my youth!
I long to pour immortal lays! great pæans of perennial Truth!
A larger work! a loftier aim! . . . and what are laurel-leaves, and fame?

And what are words? How little these the silence of the soul express!
Mere froth — the foam and flower of seas whose hungering waters heave and press
Against the planets and the sides of night — mute, yearning mystic tides!

To ease the heart with song is sweet: sweet to be heard if heard by love.
And you have heard me. When we meet shall we not sing the old songs above
To grander music? Sweet, one kiss. O blest it is to die like this!

To lapse from being without pain: your hand in mine, on mine your heart:
The unshaken faith to meet again that sheathes the pang with which we part:
My head upon your bosom, sweet: your hand in mine, on this old seat!

So; closer wind that tender arm . . . How the hot tears fall! Do not weep,
Belov'd, but let your smile stay warm about me. "In the Lord they sleep."
You know the words the Scripture saith . . . O light! O glory! . . . is this death?

A CONJUGAL DISPUTE.

ALL at the mid of the night, there arose
A quarrel 'twixt husband and wife;
For the young Omer Bey and his spouse,
Falling into discussion and strife,
Wild words to each other they said,
Side by side, at the dead
Of the night, on their marriage bed.

Had it been about anything less
The quarrel might have past by;
But it was not a trifle, you guess,
That set words running so high.
Yet the cause in dispute (to be brief)
Was only a white handkerchief,
Broider'd all over with gold,
And scented with rose and with amber,
So sweet the whole house could not hold
That scent from the nuptial chamber.
For (the whole truth herewith to disclose)
This handkerchief broider'd with gold,
And scented with amber and rose,
Had been given to the Bey (to infold
Her letters, which lay on his breast),
By the mistress that he loved best.
But his wife had a sensitive nose
For the scent of amber and rose;
And the fiend himself only knows
Whether but for a lie, ere the close
Of that quarrel there had not been blows.

"You know I've a sister, my treasure,
The wife of our friend Zekir Bey;
I love her, you know, beyond measure,
And she, dear, on our bridal day,
To me gave this white handkerchief,
Broider'd all over with gold,
And scented with amber and rose;
Which precious, for her sake, I hold,
Though the scent of it, much to my grief,
Has troubled our nuptial repose."

Smiling, her husband she heard,
Feeling no faith in his word,
For troubled his face was, she saw.
Up she leapt by the light of the taper,
Barefooted, and seized ink and paper:
And wrote to her sister-in-law: —

"Wife of our friend Zekir Bey,
Long live thy husband, naught ail him,
May'st thou never have cause to bewail him!
Speak truth, and fear nothing. But say
(For truly the truth must be told)
To thy brother, on our bridal day,

Did'st thou give a white handkerchief, brightly
Embroidered all over with gold,
And scented with rose and with amber
So sweet, that the scent of it nightly
May be smelt in the Bey's bridal chamber?"

When this came to the wife of the Bey,
She burst into tears as she read:
And "Pity upon me!" she said,
"For I know not, alas! what to say.
If I speak truth I put strife
'Twixt the brother I love and his wife;
If I speak false, much I dread
Lest my husband die for it," she said.

Then the letter she laid in her breast,
And she ponder'd with many a sigh,
"I choose of two evils the least,
If my husband must die, let him die!
Since the choice lies 'twixt the one or the other,
Any husband a woman may spare,
But the sister that injures a brother
Does that which she cannot repair."

Thus shrewdly the matter she saw:
And she wrote to her sister-in-law: —

"Wife of my brother, the Bey!
My husband is well. May naught ail him!
And I trust I shall never bewail him.
To my brother on your marriage day
(And truly the truth shall be told)
I gave a white handkerchief brightly
Embroider'd all over with gold,
And scented with rose and with amber
So sweet, that the scent (as you say,
And as I cannot doubt of it) nightly
May be smelt in the Bey's bridal chamber."

POSSESSION.

A POET loved a Star,
And to it whisper'd nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly?
O Beauty, woo'd and unpossest,

O might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die, blest!"

That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human.
And, leaving for his sake her heaven above,
His Star stoop'd earthward, and became a Woman.
"Thou who hast woo'd and hast possest,
My lover, answer, which was best,
The Star's beam, or the Woman's breast?"

"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sigh'd,
"I miss from earth a poet."

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;—
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me"?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress too had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
  Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
    So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
  Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,—
    The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
  Through a needle's eye he had not to pass:
I wish him well, for the jointure given
    To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
  As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
    Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
  When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
    In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
  And her warm white neck in its golden chain.
And her full soft hair just tied in a knot,
    And falling loose again;

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast;
  (Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
    And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife;
  And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
    Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
  Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over,
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
    How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
  And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine-flower
    Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between; —
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade, —
In short, from the Future back to the Past, —
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door;
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas, —
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass:
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine-flower!
And oh that music! and oh the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
"Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!"

MISERIMA.

YOUNG, rich, and fair, why art thou weeping so?
Say, dost thou mourn for thy dead infant? "*No,*
I never was a mother."

Dost thou, then, mourn for thy dead husband, say?
"*I loved him naught.*" For thy lost lover? "*Nay,*
Nor loved I any other."

Young, rich, and fair, what hast thou lost, then?
"*Nought.*
Nor have youth, wealth, and beauty given me aught
That compensates the keeping."

Yet life for thee has done its best and most.
Young, rich, and fair, if thou hast nothing lost,
What is it thou art weeping?

"*I weep my useless wealth, my beauty vain,*
My youth, they gladden not. I weep the pain
Of pleasures unenjoy'd."

All possible felicities are thine,
For what good thing denied thee dost thou pine?
"*Love that is unalloy'd.*"

Weep on, then! Weep till tolls the passing bell!
Thou hast set thine heart on the impossible.
Young, rich, and fair disdain it,

And live content! Else die, disconsolate one!
Love that is unalloy'd life gives to none.
Death may, perchance, attain it.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Maarten Maartens, the adopted name of J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz, an Anglo-Dutch novelist, who was born at Amsterdam, Aug. 15, 1858. He was educated at the University of Utrecht, in which city he makes his home. He is fond of travel, and thoroughly conversant with German, French, English, and Italian. His first book was "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" (1890); soon to be followed by "An Old Maid's Love" (1891); "God's Fool" (1892); and "The Greater Glory" (1894). His other books are "A Question of Taste" (1891); and "My Lady Nobody" (1895). The works are originally written in English; many of them have been translated into his native Dutch.

The Cup Flows Over.

(From "The Sin of Joost Avelingh.")

There was no more talk of agriculture; the old man sat muttering to himself and scowling. Presently he asked: "How old are you, Joost? Twenty-one, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Joost.

"*I* was twenty-one," said the baron; and that was all.

The clouds had thickened and dropped while they were paying their visit. It now began to drizzle. "No, no. No putting up the hood," said the baron to the groom in the dicky. "We're not made of sugar, any of us." It was raining fast by the time they reached the house. The baron got out, and stumbled on the steps. He would have fallen had not Joost supported him. "It's nothing," he said, "nonsense. Only a little giddiness. Hang the doctor! He'd make a man think he was dying ten years before his time." He looked at his watch under the hall-lamp. "Ten minutes to six," he said. "Near dinner-time. Hurry up. I feel quite hungry."

. . . .

Joost scowled at his own white face in the glass as he stood washing his hands. The excitement of the visit to the madhouse had kept him up. He was now asking himself what it meant, without being able to find a solution. Did his uncle mean to get him locked up there, unless he obeyed him? Impossible. And yet — with influence! Absurd! Did he intend to warn him, while there yet was time, thinking — as no doubt he thought — that Joost was on the high-road to madness already? Yes, that must be it. Joost smiled bitterly at himself, and the glass smiled back. He was nearer crime, he thought, than insanity.

Now he was home again, the whole misery rushed back upon him. Was it possible that he could sit so calmly next to his uncle in the carriage, sit opposite him at table, with this hate burning down into his heart? Could such a state of things continue? Could he live with the man whose one object seemed to be to destroy his life and cause him suffering? No, said Joost to himself, as he blew out his candle and went down-stairs. He resolved very decidedly, though as yet without any further particularization, that this present condition of affairs must end. With or without Agatha he must go out into the world and earn his own bread.

The large dining-room was lighted up. There were candles in the sconces, and a bright oil lamp hung over the square table with its massive silver centerpiece. The baron was already seated at the head of the table. Behind him stood the butler. Joost sat down opposite.

"Is it still raining fast, Jakob?" said the baron.

"Raining fast, sir."

Joost refused the soup. The baron cast a sharp glance at him and poured himself out another glass of wine. He was, as his nephew noticed, still dressed in that Sunday suit he had put on for his visit to the madhouse. He tucked his white napkin under his chin, probably to save his clothes. It made his red face stand out the more.

Joost refused the second course. The baron cast another look at him and poured himself out more wine. Neither had spoken. Joost sat looking straight before him, white, dark, glum. He also repeatedly filled the glass beside his empty plate.

The baron took of everything, and ate noisily, gobbling and choking, and casting more and more frequent glances at his nephew. The butler moved noiselessly to and fro.

The dessert was put on the table. Joost had eaten nothing.

"Get out," said the baron, abruptly breaking half an hour's silence. The patient Jakob passed softly out of the room. He closed the heavy dining-room door on the two gentlemen and left them to their own cogitations. He was not sorry to be outside.

"Joost," said the baron when they were alone. He poured himself out another glass of wine from the replenished decanter. His hand trembled somewhat. "Joost, I am an ill-used old man. I have been ill-used all my life, and my experience has not been a happy one. Be sure of that. Far from it. But we need not speak of the subject. You don't believe me, do you?"

"What about?" said Joost. "That you were ill-used? I don't know."

"And don't care, I suppose, that means. It is true, all the same. And now see how you behave toward me. Just because, for your own good, I ask you to forget this foolish love story — after all, it is a child's fancy, nothing more — ask you to forget it on your own behalf. It is on your own behalf. Don't you believe me?"

Joost did not answer.

"Don't you believe me?" The old man bent across the table.

"No," said Joost, with a laugh.

His uncle swore a great oath. He stretched out his hand to his glass, but the hand trembled and struck against the slender stem, upsetting its balance and sending a crimson stream over the white table-cloth. The baron flung the offending wine-glass into a corner of the room, and, stumbling to the sideboard, came back with a tumbler, which he filled and drained.

"And so," he began again, "you would marry Agatha Van Hessel after all. If I were to die to-morrow you would marry her to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Joost.

"And Van Hessel, damn him, would give his consent too," muttered the old man. There was a long silence. "Look here, Joost Avelingh," said Van Trotsem, bending forward again, his red hands spread out before him, "you shall *not* marry this girl. I have told you myself, kindly, that I am acting for your own welfare. You laugh, and simply answer that I lie. Had you consented, with a good grace, to obey my wishes, there would have been an end of the matter. Now, on the contrary, you force me to take action. You yourself have indicated the road. You tell me Van Hessel will never take you without money. Well, damn you both, he shall never get you with it. Rather than that, I will leave it to Arthur Van Asveld."

"Leave it where you like," said Joost. "I have told you once for all, sir, I don't want your money."

"Yes you do," said the old man, quickly, "for it is your only chance of Agatha."

A terrible expression came over Joost's face, a look so dark and threatening that his uncle, half fuddled as he was with wine, was startled by it. There was murder in that passionate glance. The mouth, dogged and square, set itself firmly, full of dreadful resolve.

"Do not exasperate me," said Joost Avelingh.

"It is you who exasperate me," said the baron, surlily. "Have I ever injured you? What right have you to speak to me thus? I tell you again, you shall not marry this girl!"

"When have you ever injured me? How dare I speak to you thus? Say, rather, when have you not injured me? Say, rather, how should one speak to his greatest enemy on earth?" Joost started up and came half-way round the table toward his uncle. "When have you had another object in life but to make me miserable? When have you had another amusement? Nay, I will speak. I have been silent long enough. You shall hear me to-night, if it be the last night we spend together under the same roof. Would to heaven it were so! It shall be so, so help me God! You, who persecuted your sister till her death, you, who insulted and injured my father till he also passed beyond your vengeance, if not beyond your hate, you rejoice to know that you have me still left. You delight in the thought how you have tortured me through all these years, how you still have the power to make me suffer! You have succeeded. I admit it. Rejoice in it while you can. But I defy you. I am no longer a child. Why should I respect your gray hairs? They but witness how long I have undergone your persecutions. Why should I honor our relationship? It but tells me how you treated my mother. I leave this house to-night! I defy you! I shall marry the girl I love in spite of you, in spite of her father, in spite of a legion of devils enlisted against us! I shall marry her yet, I warn you! And I shall rejoice the more in our union to know it is against your will!"

He had poured out these mad words in a ceaseless, breathless stream. The old gentleman lay back in his chair, staring at him, breathless too. When his nephew ceased, he snatched up a water-bottle and aimed it at the offender's head. It crashed against a looking-glass and sent a glittering shower of glass-splinters and water-drops all over that part of the room. Some of the splinters struck Joost and the water splashed over his back. "You hell-hound!" began the baron, when at last he found voice — but no, his language need not be written down here. For several minutes he stormed on, swearing and raving in a fury of passion, while Joost stood silent, his arms crossed on his breast, great beads of perspiration coming out on his white forehead. After all his uncle had him in his power, and he knew it. "For the next two years at any rate," shouted the old man, "we shall see who is master. I will make a mill hand of you, you dog; and you can inherit my millions afterward. You or Van Asveld. Ha! ha! You or Van Asveld." He was frantic with rage. His face was livid one moment and violet the next. He foamed and spat, while with trembling hand he reached out for more wine. And yet, strangely enough, the ungovernable old man in the bottommost depth of his heart respected his nephew more and liked him better for thus standing up and facing him in his wrath. He tore the napkin from his throat. "I will end it this very night!" he cried, as he staggered to his feet. "No, sir, you shall stay with me this night and many another. You shall stay with me, because I wish it, and the law enforces my will. If you disobey me, I will call in my servants and disgrace you before them. And this night, this very night, you yourself shall drive me over to the village. It is you yourself, mind, who force me to do it. You have defied me. I could not rest a night with the thought of what my death would bring you! The realization of all your wishes, forsooth! You shall *not* realize them. This night, I promise you, Sir Nephew, shall make them unattainable forever."

He ran toward the bell-rope and rang violently. A servant hurried into the room. And the baron, still foaming with passion, could find no other words than "The chaise!"

Looks Back.

Joost Avelingh had spoken truly when he said that he was not much liked among the men of his own rank. Since his uncle's sudden death had made him possessor of one of the largest fortunes in the country, many things had happened to influence his development; still, his character had remained on the whole, as characters are wont to do, essentially the same. And Joost Avelingh's character was not one of those which obtain favor in the circle in which he found himself placed. It was not one either to attract particular dislike. His was one of those natures people let alone, because they have nothing in common with the crowd — for no worse reason, if that be not the worst and most unpardonable of all. He was not by any means a genius, claiming and obtaining adoration; he was just an ordinary mortal; a trifle more reflective, and with a trifle more "Seelenleben," as the Germans say, than the commonplace people around him — clever enough to appreciate cleverness in others; in many ways a most unhappy fate.

It has already been said that he neither swore nor drank nor gambled. It may be added that he led a strictly moral life; in short, he had no aristocratic tastes. Let it be stated still further that he lived in the country, was a very rich man, and yet cared neither for shooting nor horseflesh, and every one who knows anything about the matter will admit that the catalogue of his deficiencies is complete. He had a peculiar theory of his own that whosoever consciously occasions unnecessary suffering to any living creature stands lower in the rank of creation than any other brute beast whatsoever, with the exception, perhaps, of that monster, the cat; and, conscientiously sticking to this theory, he had once asserted at the club, to the general amusement, that he had never despised any human being till he met with a foreign nobleman who kept hunters and harriers. That nobleman was at the time the club's honored guest, and there ensued a great shrugging of shoulders, and tapping of foreheads all round. Many of the young men present regretted only too sincerely that fox-hunting was impossible in Holland, and hare-hunting forbidden, and that even an innocent little attempt to get up pigeon-shooting had recently been put down by public opinion. "They manage these things better abroad," said Arthur Van Asveld.

On the other hand, Joost Avelingh, while he did not sympathize with the tastes most generally cultivated, had disagreeable little likings of his own which nobody appreciated. The early habit of reading, contracted in the dull days of his childhood, still held him in bondage, and that among a society which never read anything at all but the newspapers, the magazines, and the latest French novels. Full of some interesting book he had lately come across, he had once or twice innocently told others about it. Fool that he was, he had immediately contracted the fatal reputation of "pedantry," a reputation which the utter fatuity of months of ordinary conversation would not suffice to efface. "You are the clever man who reads Taine," old Beau Liederlen had said to him once, some time after he had last offended in this manner, "I will tell you what, sir: '*les origines de la France contemporaine, ce sont les cocottes.*' Every one enjoyed that joke immensely; it was the best that had been heard in the club for years. And Joost went by the name of "le petit Taine" for some few months accordingly; nobody could exactly have told why.

Joost, then, was neither liked nor exactly disliked by his associates. They endured him; he was "so peculiar, you know." He could not be ignored; he was too rich for that. And perhaps a little envy crept in with regard to such a very wealthy personage, for twelve thousand pounds a year is an enormous fortune in Holland, where many have not enough and but few too much. Then there was the unwilling tribute of respect which ignorance always pays to knowledge, however loudly it may affect contempt, and, as has been already said, in Joost's circle the man who read other books than novels and pamphlets on public affairs was at once written down as "zeer knap." It was no use talking to Avelingh; "he had such ideas, you know." Nobody else had ideas.

On the other hand, Joost had been unconsciously building up for himself a great reputation among the lower classes of his neighborhood. When the old notary first told him that by the terms of his uncle's will, "my nephew, Joost Avelingh, the only near relation I have, and the child of my dearly loved sister, Adelheid" was appointed sole heir of every rood of ground and every brass halfpenny the old baron possessed, the young man formed three rapid resolves in the twinkle of an eye; to stop studying medicine; to marry Agatha immediately; to live on a fourth of his income and do what good he could with the rest. His uncle had not left a single legacy, but he had recommended his servants to the heir's sense of justice. Joost could not endure to keep about him the witnesses of his daily degradation. He disbanded the whole staff, in-door and out-door, pensioning off, where he could, with what his uncle would have called not justice, but prodigality, and paying the younger servants their full wages till new places were got for them. All went, even the occasional helps, and the man who milked the cows. The lease of the home-farm was bought off at an exorbitant price and a new tenant found. Perhaps the whole measure was not a wise one; Joost had reason to repent it afterward, with regard to one man, at any rate. Despite its generosity, it caused a good deal of ill-feeling at the time in the neighborhood, ill-feeling as inexplicable as it was distressing to the new lord of the castle. However, he lived that down.

"ARE YOU ILL, AVELINGH?"

THAT same evening there was a large dinner-party at the Van Hessels' in honor of the governor of the province, come over on a visit of inspection. The burgomaster, beaming over his vast shirt-front, genial, smiling, full of little quips and quibbles, sat at the foot of a great table covered with plate and crystal, round which some twenty-four guests were grouped. Opposite him, half hidden behind fruit and flowers sat Mevrouw, with the governor at her right hand — a little ferrety man with pepper-and-salt mustaches and keen eyes — a connection, you know; at least, he had married Mevrouw's second cousin. They remembered the relationship, now he was governor.

Joost, gazing across at his mother-in-law, said to himself that she had recently grown much older in appearance. There was an anxious, care-worn look about her eyes which did not match at all with her stately bearing. And now, when she ticked her finger against the back of her hand, there was quite as much nervousness as impatience in the movement.

"Yes," she was saying to the governor, "I remember Leenebet perfectly well as a child. We used to go picking apples in my father's orchard, and Leenebet always brought me the biggest. She was such a dear, unselfish child."

"I dare say the small ones were riper," said the governor. "Not such a fool after all, that wife of mine." He was tasting the wine on the tip of his tongue and telling himself that the burgomaster, whatever else he might mismanage, must certainly be a careful judge of wine.

"Bad for children," he continued after a pause, reflectively. "Raw apples! Give them pain in their insides."

Mevrouw smiled acquiescence without hearing what he said. Her eyes were wandering anxiously over the servants. She could trust her butler, and she could trust the waiter from the village who had come up on these occasions for the last fifteen years. But she could not be certain that the young footman would not drop some dish or other — for had he not spilled the soup last year? — and, on the other hand, she could be certain — for her olfactory nerves had supplied her with proof positive — that the coachman had again tried the quality of his master's claret. She smiled sweetly, therefore, to the governor, and wondered whether Toon had already had too much, and, if not, whether he would last out the bill of fare. There was a buzz of conversation, and a mingled odor of flowers, perfumes, and hot gravy. The guests were thinking of themselves or of the governor. The governor was thinking of the wine.

"Yes," Dr. Kern was saying — Dr. Kern was the village doctor, present in his capacity as influential member of the board — "yes, I very nearly missed the beginning of your speech, burgomaster, and I should have been very sorry for that. But we doctors are never masters of our time, you know."

"Practical slavery," said a lazy-looking gentleman opposite.

"It would be slavery, sir," replied the doctor, severely, "if it were not work for so divine a mistress. Now, it is honorable service."

"Oh, yes, of course," said the lazy gentleman, who really did not care what kind of work it was as long as he had not to do it.

"Now only this morning," continued the doctor, "just as my wife was fastening the bow of my white tie, Jan Smee's son came running in to say his father had had another of those attacks. So I had to rush down to the smithy with him. I couldn't very well let the old smith die, even for your speech, could I, burgomaster?"

"Would it have mattered very much," drawled Van Asveld to his neighbor, "if there had been one smith less in the world? They are surely a sufficiently numerous family." His neighbor was a kind-hearted girl, and did not see the joke.

Van Asveld was there in virtue of his position as clerk in the burgomaster's office. Having painfully toiled through the university curriculum and taken his degree, he had recently obtained this post through the influence of friends. The duties were extremely light; the post was a genteel one, the salary — ten pounds a year — almost paid the Jonker's cigar bill in that land of cheap cigars. Our friend had grown still fatter, redder, already a little bald. He looked like one who has lived, not wisely, but too well. He was still unmarried, the fair sugar-planter's daughter having refused the honors of the Van Asveld coronet. He subsisted, as he himself said, "on the interest of his debts," and no one could see that he was obliged to deny himself anything. There was a suspicion — just a suspicion — that he drank now and then.

"You see, one has to be careful with these cases," the doctor went on, prosing a little about his patients as he was apt to do. "It is impossible to foresee what turn they will take. I have told Smee's people a dozen times: he may live till eighty, and he may die to-night. Apoplectic, you know; complications about the heart. Rush of blood to the head. Fit. Off the man goes. Or he gets better, you know."

"And which is most liable to happen when the doctor comes?" asked the lazy gentleman. He asked it in all good faith, thinking he must say something, and not knowing what it was all about. His thoughts were merely talking in their sleep.

His question was answered in all seriousness none the less. "It is most important that a physician should be there," said the doctor, "but it is not absolutely necessary. Any one with a grain of common sense knows what to do. Of course, you unloosen everything, give the patient repose and breathing-room, and all that sort of thing, and bring him to in the regular way. I needn't enter into particulars. Every student of medicine can tell you more than is necessary. As I say, common sense helps us a good deal in these matters."

"I thought," said the burgomaster, "that the man who followed the promptings of his unaided intellect always did just the wrong thing in medicine."

"Oh, well," replied the doctor, "I don't belong to the younger school. And as for that, the right kind of apoplexy kills you, doctor or no doctor. Then comes the fit, and then the *coup de sang*, as we call it. It's in cases of the latter sort that so much depends on common sense. I believe many and many a man has died of strangulation, so to speak, just because of want of some helping finger to loosen his cravat."

"Oh, come, doctor," said the lazy gentleman, suddenly waking up, "loosen his cravat! Come, come; you're joking."

"Nothing is further from my thoughts, my dear sir," cried Dr. Kern. "Now, only this morning I found Baas Smee, gurgling and choking, with purple face, although I've told his wife half a dozen times before exactly what she was to do. If I had come half an hour later the man would probably have been dead. Now, he may, as I said, live another twenty years or more. He'll die of a regular fit some day, if he doesn't die sooner of one of these rushes of blood to the head. Of course, if the man were to live reasonably — but there, there! Your uncle, by the bye, had just such a constitution, Avelingh." He looked across at Joost, sitting opposite, a little higher up, and playing moodily with his knife.

"Oh — ah — what did you say, doctor?" asked Joost, without looking up.

"Your uncle Van Trotsem was just such a kind of patient as this good Baas. He might have lived another twenty years for aught I knew to the contrary. Not that I thought he would. But I should certainly have given him one or two more. And I thought it strange — but there, it's an old story, and no one can care much about it."

"On the contrary," said Van Asveld, bending forward, for Joost did not speak, "we are very much interested. You know old Van Trotsem was a connection of mine too, doctor."

"Well, I was only going to say, I thought it strange at the time that with his constitution he didn't pull through that attack, whatever it may have been. As for living reasonably, of course — forgive me, Avelingh — but he lived like a madman. Talk of an unsound heart! as I said to my wife at the time, 'An unsound brain into the bargain!' Well, he's dead, poor man; but when they sent for me, and I found him lying there, I said to myself 'This oughtn't to have been, Van Trotsem.' Himself to blame, of course. None the less sad on that account."

"Are you ill, Avelingh?" asked Van Asveld, suddenly.

The question was prompted by sincere surprise and involuntary sympathy. His eyes had wandered to Avelingh's face, as the doctor ceased speaking.

Joost and Arthur sat opposite each other. Their eyes met. "No, thank you," said Joost, controlling himself with a mighty effort and forcing the blood back into his cheeks. He drew himself up and threw forward his chest. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you looked it," answered Van Asveld, angrily. "Looked as if you'd seen a ghost. Hang it, I don't care." He turned to his fair neighbor: "Are you afraid of ghosts, Freule?" he said.

"Yes," replied that lady, unconditionally.

"They move in the best families," Arthur went on. "And really almost the only occupation left for a gentleman nowadays is to starve and turn ghost. I wish I knew of a vacancy. It might be worth while to apply. The people in authority seem to forget" — he raised his voice and turned in the direction of the governor — "that the greatness of Holland, from the time of Brederode upward, has always depended on the young men of its old houses."

The governor heard him. He smiled a complacent little smile. "I fear we must admit, my dear Van Asveld," he said, beaming at the Jonker with a benevolent wave of the hand, "that the young men of the old families so often fail us, that we have to make a shift for it, as best we can, with the old men of the young families nowadays."

"Every one seems singing their own praises," said Bettekoo to her neighbor, frankly and ungrammatically. The governor was a *parvenu*, raised to his exalted position, it was whispered, because he had surprised an ugly secret about a government tender. Such things happen in all countries. Perhaps the whisper was not true.

"I will sing yours all day, if you will allow me," was the immediate answer, for Bettekoo's neighbor was in love with her and he was looking out for a good opportunity to tell her so.

But at this moment the burgomaster struck his dessert-knife against his wine-glass and rose up in all his portly importance. He looked round on the assembled guests; conversations died away with a sudden hush or a nervous little laugh, and a deep silence fell upon all.

"Highly Noble Austerity," said the burgomaster's sonorous voice, "ladies and gentlemen, you will forgive me if, seeing you all thus gathered together here this evening, I take the opportunity of saying a few words in connection with an auspicious event which has recently surprised and — and delighted — this whole parish. Need I say that I allude to the magnificent offer of an institution for the aged and deserving poor recently made by my dear son-in-law, Joost Avelingh. That offer has been submitted this morning to you, Highly Noble Austerity, as the representative of our most gracious sovereign; it has met with your full approval, and I do not doubt that it will be gratefully accepted by the Parochial Board at their next meeting. The plans have been already drawn up, the rules made out; and, without going too far, I can safely say that the donation is a regal one, the proposed building a palace, the man who conceived such charity as this a king among benefactors." The burgomaster warmed to his task. "Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "it is a proud moment for me when I can look the king's representative in the face and say, 'The commune in which these things are done is that of which I have the honor to be mayor, and the man who does them is my son-in-law!' And therefore, when the question first came to me: 'Father, shall I do this thing?' my heart leaped up in answer, and with all the strength of my influence as a parent, all the energy of my will and my desire, I answered and continued to answer: 'Do it!' till lo, the thing is done. Far be it from me to assume any undeserved merit — *non mihi tantus honos*, eh, doctor? — but we all know what the poet says: 'A wise word wisely spoken in the wisest hour.' Ah well, no more of that. Joost Avelingh, it is a wonderful, a beautiful thing to be possessed of influence. The lordship of great wealth bestows the lordship of this world; the use of it for the benefit of our brethren achieves a title-deed to the next! I am proud, sir, that, for my dearly loved daughter's sake, you call me by the name of father. Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you to drink to the success of the Avelingh Institute for the Aged Poor, and I couple with that invitation the name of the institute's illustrious founder, my son-in-law, Joost Avelingh."

The burgomaster waved his wine-glass gracefully in the direction of the man whose eulogy he had pronounced. All other glasses were lifted round the table; there was a murmur of benevolence and admiration, a general flow of interest and sympathy toward the hero of the moment. "Excellent," said the governor, tapping one finger against his plate, "excellent, excellent; oh, yes, very well indeed." He was not a little hurt to find that the burgomaster had passed him over, and that the toast of the evening, if there was to be any toasting at all, should not be addressed to him, the king's representative. Mynheer Van Hessel had purposely acted thus; it was his little revenge for the uncomfortable quarter of an hour he had spent, before all was smoothed over, with the husband of his wife's cousin. The importance of the charitable grant seemed to provide sufficient excuse.

Conversation resumed its flow; the endless dessert which Dutch dinner-givers still affect slowly crept on through its successive stages; yet the fruits preserved in brandy which invariably conclude the proceedings were already going round before Joost rose to reply. He tossed back his black hair in rising; his face showed pale beneath the dark skin; he looked stalwart and strong and resolved.

"Highly Noble Austerity," he began, in a clear, calm voice, with just the faintest incipient possibility of a sneer over the ludicrous titles, "right nobly respectable Sir Burgomaster, ladies and gentlemen, if I rise to thank you for your good wishes, as in duty bound, it must be clearly understood that I do not, by such recognition of them, in any way take unto myself as my rightful property the praises which the burgomaster has lavished upon me. What I have done I have done from no especially noble motive. I have done it for reasons of my own. If it conduce in however small a degree to the happiness of any human being" — his eyes involuntarily strayed to Mevrouw Van Hessel — "I shall be grateful to God. I do not say — as is customary — I shall feel amply rewarded. I do not look for reward. And none of us, surely, neither you nor I, nor any fellow-sinner, overlooking our past life, with its bad actions and its so-called good ones, making up the sum-total of our existence, would dare to bring the balance sheet before the throne of God, and standing there" —

Suddenly the goblet, which he held up in one hand, broke right across the slender stem. The upper half slipped down with a crash of breaking glass and splashing wine. In another second dark drops of blood fell heavily on the shining tablecloth. The speaker stopped, irresolute, evidently annoyed. He opened his palm, full of blood and broken crystal. The speech was at an end. The whole company sat staring at him in amazement. Once again during that memorable dinner he found himself the meeting-point of all looks and all thoughts. Agatha came running round to her husband with her wretched little bit of embroidered cambric to wash out the wound. The party broke up, leaving them alone together.

"It is nothing, really nothing," faltered Joost.

"He must have held that glass in a vice like the devil's," said Van Asveld to Kees, as they filed out after the ladies, "why, the stem was actually crushed into pieces."

"Yes, very extraordinary," said Kees.

Dutch gentlemen, after coffee has been served, do not linger over their wine in the old-fashioned English manner, but they go into the room of the master of the house, and sit for half an hour or so over cigars and liquors. When Joost joined the others presently with his hand tied up, he was full of jokes at his own great clumsiness, good-humoredly patient under floods of chaff, and ready to laugh his loudest at any pleasantry whatsoever. The doctor cast searching glances at him once or twice from his kindly gray eyes. He had known Joost from earliest childhood.

"If the man were not sincerity itself," he thought, "as any one can see he is, one would feel inclined to think he was acting a part. But it is nothing of the kind; I am sure of it. He is spontaneously boisterous and reserved, melancholy and gay, but all the moods have some common source of overstrained excitement. I can't imagine what he has to excite him. But he was always a nervous, impressionable child. I shall recommend him a cold-water cure next summer."

The object of these considerations came up at this very moment and sat down beside the doctor. "You were talking about my uncle at dinner," said Joost. "Now what, honestly and truly, as between man and man, do you, with all your professional experience and natural acuteness, say that he died of, Dr. Kern?"

"There you put a very difficult question, my good man," replied the doctor, thoughtfully, eying his cigar. "When a medical authority is asked what has actually caused death, his safest answer is always 'want of breath.' Unless it be a tile or a chimney-pot."

"Yes, yes," said Joost, impatiently; "but supposing you to be content with approximate accuracy."

"Well," said the doctor, "of course we have to fill up our certificates, and I fear we often put in what comes handy — in all good faith, of course. Mind you, I never laugh at my profession. It's the grandest one on the face of the earth. I believe fully in my own powers. Only I believe in my own limitations too."

"Yes," said Joost. "And what did uncle die of?"

"I should say," replied the doctor, cautiously, "that the cause of death was a rush of blood to the brain, probably under the impulse of some strong excitement; and of course the heart gave way. It had been unsound for a long time, you know. Failure of the heart's action, in fact. But really, as far as some of the symptoms went, he might have choked himself — or — been choked. Strangulation, in fact. Yes — um, um — one hardly likes to say it — but, really strangulation. However, of course, that is evidently and entirely out of the question. You were with him at the time, were you not? And really, Avelingh, you ought to know more about it than I can, considering you studied medicine. He had — ahem — been — drinking a good deal, I believe?"

"Yes," said Joost, gravely, "he had."

"Just so; in fact, I should say, between you and me, he was more than half drunk. Excuse plain speaking. It is a most exceptional case. Really, without a post-mortem, it would be impossible to say what your uncle died of."

"You filled in 'heart disease,'" said Joost.

"Undoubtedly; yes, and truthfully. If his heart had been all right, he would have been alive this day, unless, of course, he was choked — which he was not. And, as I was saying at dinner, he might have been alive in spite of his heart. A strange business, a very strange business." The doctor smoked reflectively. Joost did not speak. "By the bye, Avelingh," Dr. Kern went on presently, "I never give professional advice unasked, but if you were to consult me about a pleasant place to spend a month or so next summer, I should say: Try Godesberg. Pleasant place; a little warm in the full season; excellent hydropathic establishment. Plenty of compatriots."

"You say so because I broke that glass at dinner," cried Joost. "You think me nervous! Nonsense, doctor. Look here!" He held out his injured hand, to show how steady it was.

"That goes for nothing," replied the doctor. "Mind, our bodies are brittle enough at the best. No use breaking them and spilling the wine. With some of us they're like ginger-beer bottles, and the ginger-beer works from inside till they burst. The human frame divine, you know, and all the rest of it. And — no advice, of course; I never give advice unasked — but if I were you, I should some day (no hurry) go to Godesberg."

"They are getting up to join the ladies," said Joost.

The Jonker's Legacy.

The carriages were called at ten, and Joost and Agatha went off together. The various guests began to disperse along their several roads, and Van Asveld, having walked up the village street with a friend, turned down a quiet lane, which led to his own abode. He stepped out briskly, smoking as he went, and reviewing the events of the evening. The great Charity interested him little, or rather he looked upon it with feelings of mingled irritation and disgust. He considered it, naturally enough, as a gigantic bid for popularity, and the only stupidity about it, when viewed in that light, seemed to be that exactly the same object might have been attained with one fifth of the money; four fifths therefore appeared absolutely wasted even from the donor's standpoint. Why should all the wretched old paupers in the province, after having been happy and contented in hovels all their lives, want to die in a palace? Surely an old beggar must feel as uncomfortable in such a mansion as he, Van Asveld, would be in a miserable hut! Pigs in the pig-sty; horses in the stable. That was the law of nature and of — ahem — God.

Uppermost in the Jonker's mind was the thought of his dead cousin's great wealth. "Avelingh must be rolling in gold," he reasoned, and the recollection of his own conversation with the Baron Van Trotsem on the very morning of the old man's last day on earth came back to him with revived bitterness. Often and often, since that fatal day, he had recalled the farewell scene, the old baron's promise of a considerable legacy, the cruel disappointment when the will was proved to speak of no provision at all. Even now, after ten years, Arthur stamped his foot upon the frozen snow at the recollection. "Life had gone hardly with him," he thought, and not untruly. The failure of that one hope, at any rate, was as vivid, as irritating to-day as when first it became unpleasantly patent to him and to all his creditors. Somehow he had convinced himself that both Joost and the baron had done him a personal injury by allowing death to supervene before the necessary testamentary arrangements had been definitely made. He did not reason much about it; but he liked Avelingh none the better because of that gentleman's good luck.

From these reflections upon what might have been, the Jonker naturally dropped into a review of his present financial position. There could be nothing very attractive in that, and he was not displeased to find his attention diverted by the discovery that he was rapidly gaining on some one who seemed to be strolling leisurely on a few paces ahead. Walking briskly, as he was doing, he had almost come up to the figure in front before he noticed it at all. "Who could be out in this lonely spot at such an hour?" he asked himself. "A tramp perhaps. The burgomaster's clerk must see to that." Whatever Van Asveld might be, he was anything but a coward. He increased his speed and came alongside of the man. "Good-evening," he said. There was no necessity for courage of any kind. It was only Joost Avelingh.

"Avelingh," cried Asveld, in great disgust. He had expected to be able to make a show of his authority. "What the devil are you doing here, if one may ask?"

"Walking home," replied Joost, quietly. "And unless you object I shall continue my road."

"It's no business of mine, of course!" replied the other. "Only it seems a deuced strange way of getting back."

"I often walk after such an evening," said Joost. "It cools one down wonderfully. Gives one a better chance of sleep."

It was true. The man who could never be alone or idle by day, rushing from one occupation to another, reading even while he thus rushed, the same man would wander out at night for long, lonely walks. Was it because he knew that, whether in the house or out of it, he must be alone at night? He had put Agatha into the carriage and started down the dark road by himself. It would take him more than an hour to reach home, and the night was bitterly cold, but he had a fur coat on and a cigar between his lips.

"Cools one down! I should think so!" said Arthur. "No danger of that. Freezes one. How is your hand?"

"Quite comfortable, I thank you," said Joost, stiffly.

"I thought you weren't looking well all the evening. I told you so at the time. You looked as ill as a living man can look while the doctor was speaking during dinner about Cousin Dirk's death."

"It is a painful subject," said Joost.

"Undoubtedly. Though scarcely so for you, I should say. Oh, yes, of course, and all that. No doubt. And I quite believe you, but if I were to say it was a painful subject for me, a very peculiarly painful one, I am afraid the cynical world would sooner believe me."

"I suppose you mean," said Joost, "that you would have liked my uncle to leave you some money. I have often heard that you were disappointed about some such matter, and I have wanted to speak to you about it. But I do not see why the memory of my uncle's death should therefore be peculiarly painful to you. You would not be any the richer, I feel sure, if he were alive to-day."

"No," said Van Asveld, brusquely, "but I should have been richer if he had lived a little longer, or he was a damned old liar."

They walked on for several minutes in silence. At last, when Joost spoke, there was an unmistakable tremor in his voice and yet it only gave utterance to the two simple words: "How so?"

"How so?" repeated the other; "I can't tell how much yon know, Avelingh, and for all I could prove, you may be as ignorant and as innocent as a new-born babe. Mind you, I don't for one moment insinuate you are not. Only, I can scarcely understand that, living with you all day, as the old man did, and bursting out into voluble rages as he was apt to do also, he should never have let out anything to you of his plan for me."

"My uncle's volubility," replied Joost, "restricted itself to a very limited circle of" — he was going to say "epithets," but he substituted "interests." "There is no reason, as you say, why you should believe me, but, if it is any satisfaction to you, I have no hesitation about declaring on my word as a gentleman — perhaps you do not consider me entitled to give that?"

"Every man is a gentleman," said Arthur, haughtily, "in that sense."

"Thank you. On my word as a gentleman, or, if you will, my Bible oath that, as far as I had, or have, any cognizance, my uncle, at any rate till the day of his death, had made no plans whatever on your behalf."

"Just so," said Van Asveld, "I don't doubt your word. I dare say the old close-fist wouldn't blab. But you yourself make a restriction. Might I ask you to explain it?"

"Why not?" replied Joost. "On the last day of his life my uncle mentioned your name in connection with his will. He told me — why should I not repeat it? — that he would rather leave his money to you than suffer me to disobey him. It was said in a passion, as a threat. That was the only time I heard of any intentions on your behalf. And as I tell you, the words seemed but a passing allusion. I have no more to say on the subject."

"But I have!" cried Arthur, hotly. "A great deal more! That remark was not a passing allusion, as you choose to call it. I know better! Perhaps I know more than you do. On the very morning of his death I was closeted with Cousin Dirk, as you will scarcely have forgotten, and when I left him, I took with me the solemn assurance, the all but written guarantee, that I should be handsomely remembered in his will. He passed me his word on it. He told me I might trade on it with the Jews or my future father-in-law. And I tried to that very afternoon with old Moses; only he wouldn't see it, damn him! And he was right in the end, as he told me afterward, the hoary scoundrel! But, for all that, if the old beast had only lived a little longer, I am sure he would have kept his word, for he was a gentleman, hang him, with all his faults, and that's more than many of us can say."

"Do I understand," asked Joost, "that my uncle gave you his solemn assurance on the day of his death that he would leave you money?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, "didn't I say so?"

"And he told you you might trade on — reckon on — his promise?"

"Yes," repeated Arthur. "Do you want the whole story again?"

"He did not, I presume, mention any particular sum?"

Arthur hesitated a moment — barely a moment. He recalled the whole conversation of that eventful morning, its minutest details stood engraved in his memory forever; he remembered the terms he had proposed and his cousin's answer to them, and he considered that he was hardly prevaricating when he answered: "There had been a question between us from the first of some forty or fifty thousand florins."

They walked on after that, side by side, through the dark night. Presently said Arthur: "So you see I have full right to complain that Cousin Dirk's death is a peculiarly painful subject to me."

Joost did not answer.

They reached the house where Arthur had rooms, and stopped.

"Good-night, Avelingh," said Arthur, not too ungraciously, holding out his hand.

"I believe what you have told me," said Joost, abruptly, standing with his hands in the pockets of his fur coat. "I see no reason to disbelieve it. In a day or two, as soon as I can conveniently make the necessary arrangements, I shall instruct Leening & Co., who are my bankers, to pay over to you the sum of forty thousand florins with compound interest from the day of my uncle's demise."

He turned upon his heel without another word.

"Avelingh," the other called after him. "Good heavens! Avelingh! Damn it! What do you mean?"

Joost walked on. "What's the use of long deliberations?" he said to himself. "And what does it matter whether he gets the money or some other poor beggar? These things, when done at all, are best done quickly. And if what he says is true, I owe him the money more surely than I owe my butcher's bill."

Arthur Van Asveld remained standing by the little wooden garden gate that waited to admit him. He felt dazed, as a man might feel on being suddenly struck to the ground by a gold nugget, with a rough "That's for you!" His first impulse was not to believe the whole statement, to look upon it as a very vulgar joke. "No," he said to himself the next moment, "we are not on such terms as that with each other. And besides, he was unmistakably in earnest. Good heavens, what can he mean?" Then came a momentary flush of admiration and gratitude for Joost's generosity. And then again, almost immediately, while he yet stood out there in the cold, the doubt broke in upon Arthur's mind: "Can all be right and square and above hand with regard to Avelingh's succession? Men do not give away forty thousand florins like a pair of old boots. But they will pay out that, and more than that, with a reason. Some men's consciences require sedatives"—Arthur smiled to himself in the dark—"some men's secrets are best buried in gold. Forty thousand florins! What could it mean?" He regretted not having asked for fifty or sixty. He was right, for Joost had immediately passed over that "or fifty" as an attempt at mere extortion.

"What could it mean?" He asked himself the question again and again, as he went up to his room. Despite the pleasure of thus finding temporary relief from his most pressing liabilities, the question continued to worry him. Why? Why? "*Das geht nicht mit rechten Dingen zu*," he said.

AN EVENING PICTURE.

(From "An Old Maid's Love.")

IT was on a golden summer evening — a long June sunset, soft and silent — that Mephisto crept into the quiet old heart of Suzanna Varelkamp. She was sitting in the low veranda of her cottage, with her gray knitting in her hands. She always had that gray knitting in her hands. If it rested on her knees for one brief moment, her friends could tell you that some singularly difficult question — probably of abstruse theology, or else about the linen-basket or the preserves — was troubling Suzanna's mind. Suzanna was a woman of industrious repose. She loved her God and her store cupboard. She did not, as a rule, love her neighbor overmuch; little unpleasantnesses in connection with the overhanging apples, or Suzanna's darling cat, were apt to intervene and stifle the seeds of dutifully nurtured benevolence. The gentle laburnum at her side was slowly gliding over in the sinking sunlight, fragile and drooping, and a little lackadaisical, very unlike the natty old woman bolt upright in her basket-chair. Just across the road, a knot of poplars quivered to the still air; and in the pale, far heaven companies of swallows circled with rapid, aimless swoops. Nature was slowly, tranquilly, dreamingly, deliciously settling itself to sleep; silent already but for a blackbird shrilling excitedly through the jasmine bushes by the porch.

Another bird woke up at that moment and cried out from Suzanna's bedroom through all the quiet little house — that it was half-past seven. Mejuffrouw Varelkamp began to wonder why Betje did not bring out the "tea-water."

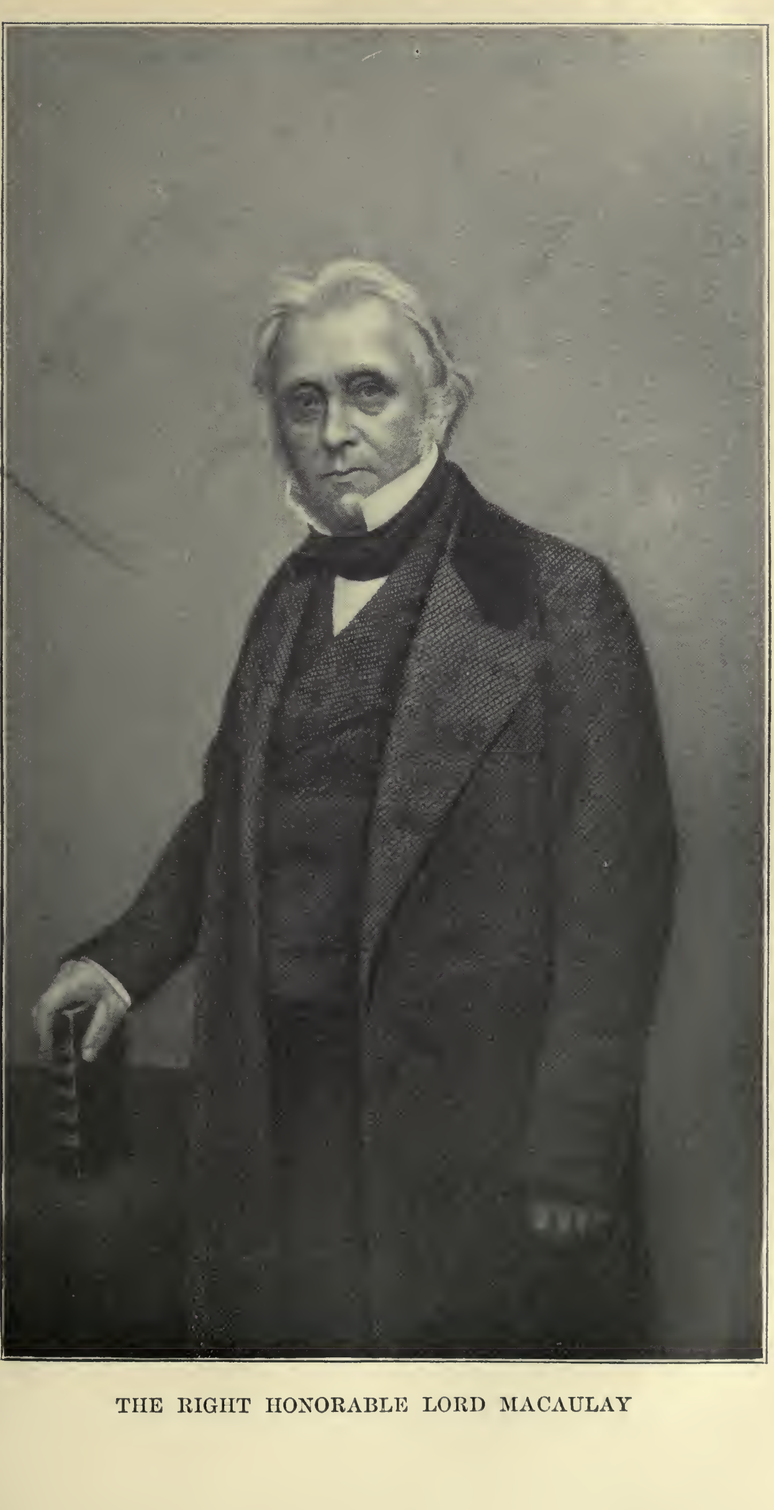
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (raised to the peerage in 1857, under the title, "Baron Macaulay of Rothley"), a famous English statesman and historian, born at Rothley in Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800; died at Kensington, London, Dec. 28, 1859. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, and won high honors, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1822, and his Master's degree in 1825. He was called to the bar in 1826, though he never seriously practiced. As early as 1823 he began to contribute, in prose and verse, to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine.* Among his contributions in verse were the ballads of "Moncontour" and "Ivry," and among his prose pieces the imaginary "Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton, touching the Great Civil War." Macaulay's connection with the *Edinburgh Review* began in 1825 and lasted about twenty years. Between 1853 and 1859 Macaulay furnished to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" several biographico-critical articles.

The political life of Macaulay dates from 1830, when he entered Parliament and at once took an important part in public affairs. In 1833 an offer was made him to go out to India as a member of the Supreme Council, his special work being to draw up a new Penal Code for India. He resigned his seat in Parliament, and went to India in 1834. The code was completed in four years, and Macaulay returned to England in 1838.

In 1839 he was returned to Parliament for Edinburgh, and was appointed Secretary of War. In 1845, Macaulay was made Paymaster-General. He remained a member of Parliament for Edinburgh until 1847.

From early childhood Macaulay wrote not merely verse, but genuine poetry. After losing his seat in Parliament, in 1847, he put forth the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and after this devoted himself to the preparation of his "History of England from the Accession of James II." Volumes I. and II. appeared late in 1848. Volumes III. and IV. appeared in 1855. This was all of the "History" which was printed during the life of Macaulay. He had, however, completed about half of another volume, which was published in 1861 by his sister, Lady Trevelyan.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD MACAULAY

Macaulay's active public life closed with his defeat in 1847. Five years later the Edinburgh electors returned him to Parliament, but he took no active part in the proceedings. He was raised to the peerage in 1857. His health had by this time come to be very feeble, and he died suddenly, from an affection of the heart; and was interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The Difficulty of Travel in England, 1685.

(From the "History of England.")

The chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially; and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite unacquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs; which has enabled navies to advance in face of wind and tide, and brigades of troops, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest racehorse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam-engine, which he called a fire-water work, and which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion. But the Marquess was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a Papist. His inventions therefore found no favorable reception. His fire-water work might perhaps furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no railways, except a few made of timber, on which coals were carried from the mouths of the Northumbrian pits to the banks of the Tyne. There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Lewis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby the antiquary was in danger of losing his way on the Great North Road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high-road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads; and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travelers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that in 1685, a viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in traveling fourteen miles, from Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk a great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest horses could in winter get through the bog, in which at every step they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were in this district generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that during fourteen hours he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the Great North Road, which traversed very poor and thinly inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed, it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. Soon after the Restoration this grievance attracted the notice of Parliament; and an act, the first of our many turnpike acts, was passed, imposing a small toll on travelers and goods, for the purpose of keeping some parts of this important line of communication in good repair. This innovation, however, excited many murmurs; and the other great avenues to the capital were long left under the old system. A change was at length effected, but not without much difficulty. For unjust and absurd taxation to which men are accustomed is often borne far more willingly than the most reasonable impost which is new. It was not till many toll-bars had been violently pulled down, till the troops had in many districts been forced to act against the people, and till much blood had been shed, that a good system was introduced. By slow degrees reason triumphed over prejudice; and our island is now crossed in every direction by near thirty thousand miles of turnpike road.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage-wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile; more by a third than was afterwards charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by railway companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea; and was indeed always known in the south of England by the name of sea-coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country north of York and west of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct, were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small. But the caravan moved at a foot's pace; and in winter the cold was often insupportable.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton, the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair; but found at St. Albans that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan. A coach-and-six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the Heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The Vice-Chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College; and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the Continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public coach should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old mode of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the King in council from several companies of the City of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties. We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.

In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not encumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If a traveler wished to move expeditiously, he rode post. Fresh saddle-horses and guides were to be procured at convenient distances along all the great lines of road. The charge was threepence a mile for each horse, and fourpence a stage for the guide. In this manner, when the ways were good, it was possible to travel, for a considerable time, as rapidly as by any conveyance known in England, till vehicles were propelled by steam. There were as yet no post-chaises; nor could those who rode in their own coaches ordinarily procure a change of horses. The King, however, and the great officers of State, were able to command relays. Thus, Charles commonly went in one day from Whitehall to Newmarket, a distance of about fifty-five miles, through a level country; and this was thought by his subjects a proof of great activity. Evelyn performed the same journey in company with the Lord Treasurer Clifford. The coach was drawn by six horses, which were changed at Bishop Stortford and again at Chesterford. The travelers reached Newmarket at night. Such a mode of conveyance seems to have been considered as a rare luxury, confined to princes and ministers.

MILTON'S POETRY.

(From Essay on "Milton.")

IT is by his poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied, by their own powers, the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of much clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularly is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius, or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakspeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet, — a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality.

No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labor, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education: he was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the elegance of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination: nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly, imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the "Paradise Lost" should have written the "Epistle to Manso" was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, his genius gives to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

> "About him exercised heroic games
> The unarmed youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
> Celestial armory, shield, helm, and spear,
> Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt anything like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style, which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the Iliad. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets the images in so clear a light, that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader coöperate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing: but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame." The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to translate into his own diction some parts of the "Paradise Lost," is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known or more frequently repeated than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the schoolroom, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the "Allegro" and the "Penseroso."

It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others, as atar of roses differs from ordinary rosewater, the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems, as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza.

The "Comus" and the "Samson Agonistes" are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. Both are lyric poems in the form of plays. There are perhaps no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was, that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newberry, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to a drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotions.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavored to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek Drama, on the model of which the "Samson" was written, sprang from the Ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists coöperated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time, the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinctured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is discernible in the works of Pindar and Æschylus. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnificence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly, much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved. Indeed the caresses which this partiality leads our countryman to bestow on "sad Electra's poet," sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairy-land kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the "Samson Agonistes." Had Milton taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The "Comus" is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, as the "Samson" is framed on the model of the Greek Tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the "Faithful Shepherdess," as the "Faithful Shepherdess" is to the "Aminta" or the "Aminta" to the "Pastor Fido." It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day. Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the "Comus" to the distinction which he afterwards neglected in the "Samson." He made his Masque what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labor of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own good Genius bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,

> "Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly or I can run,"

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky winds of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the "Paradise Regained," which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of the parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the "Paradise Lost," we readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the "Paradise Lost" to the "Paradise Regained" is not more decided than the superiority of the "Paradise Regained" to every poem which has since made its appearance. Our limits, however, prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him: and as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes.

We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word; but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colors to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions. But the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshiped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of Gods and Goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the Sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The History of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshipers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception: but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new Paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in Cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations, we infer that no poet, who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme, which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical coloring can produce no illusion, when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary that the spirit should be clothed with material forms. "But," says he, "the poet should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if Milton could not seduce his readers to drop immateriality from their thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the half belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has, doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and dæmons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fe*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and dæmons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticoes in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows to her seven-headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart, the gigantic Titans, and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture: he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from any thing external, nor even from hope itself.

CHARLES I.

THE advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has labored, with an art which is as discreditable in a historic work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

These arguments are so obvious, that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them. But those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the Scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers reveling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchy men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag; all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath despotic scepters. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the Civil War. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a nation. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our Civil War. The heads of the church and state reaped only that which they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion: it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion; and, after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, skepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice: they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

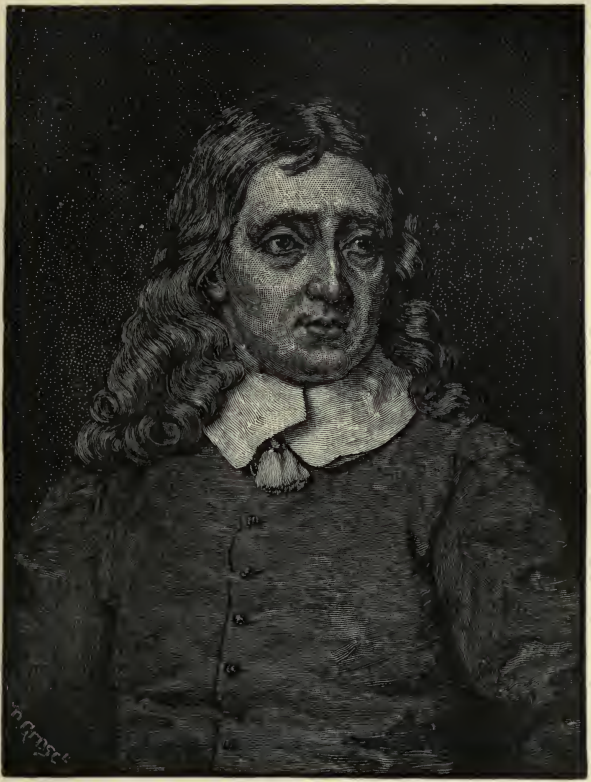
There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day: he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

"THE PURITANS."

(From Essay on "Milton.")

WE would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many



JOHN MILTON

years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

> "Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
> Che mortali perigli in se contiene:
> Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
> Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans.

We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity, that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Monforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshipers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candor. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers and bravos, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favorable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates.

Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction, dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valor, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honor, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest skeptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honor and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendor, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the "Penseroso," which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does nought in hate, but all in honor. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendor, still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against Ship-money and the Star-chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves, as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the King and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

> "Oh, ye mistook! Ye should have snatched his wand
> And bound him fast. Without the rod reversed,
> And backward mutters of dissevering power,
> We cannot free the lady that sits here
> Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless."

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians; for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf. With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear, when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapors, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.

"Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the "Paradise Lost" has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the "Areopagitica" and the nervous rhetoric of the "Iconoclast," and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the "Treatise of Reformation," and the "Animadversions on the Remonstrant." But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word, the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it, the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues, the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

JOHN BUNYAN.[1]

THE Life of Bunyan is, of course, not a performance which can add much to the literary reputation of such a writer as Mr. Southey. But it is written in excellent English, and, for the most part, in an excellent spirit. Mr. Southey propounds, we need not say, many opinions from which we altogether dissent; and his attempts to excuse the odious persecution to which Bunyan was subjected have sometimes moved our indignation. But we will avoid this topic. We are at present much more inclined to join in paying homage to the genius of a great man than to engage in a controversy concerning church-government and toleration.

We must not pass without notice the engravings with which this volume is decorated. Some of Mr. Heath's wood-cuts are admirably designed and executed. Mr. Martin's illustrations do not please us quite so well. His Valley of the Shadow of Death is not that Valley of the Shadow of Death which Bunyan imagined. At all events, it is not that dark and horrible glen which has from childhood been in our mind's eye. The valley is a cavern: the quagmire is a lake: the straight path runs zigzag: and Christian appears like a speck in the darkness of the immense vault. We miss, too, those hideous forms which make so striking a part of the description of Bunyan, and which Salvator Rosa would have loved to draw. It is with unfeigned diffidence that we pronounce judgment on any question relating to the art of painting. But it appears to us that

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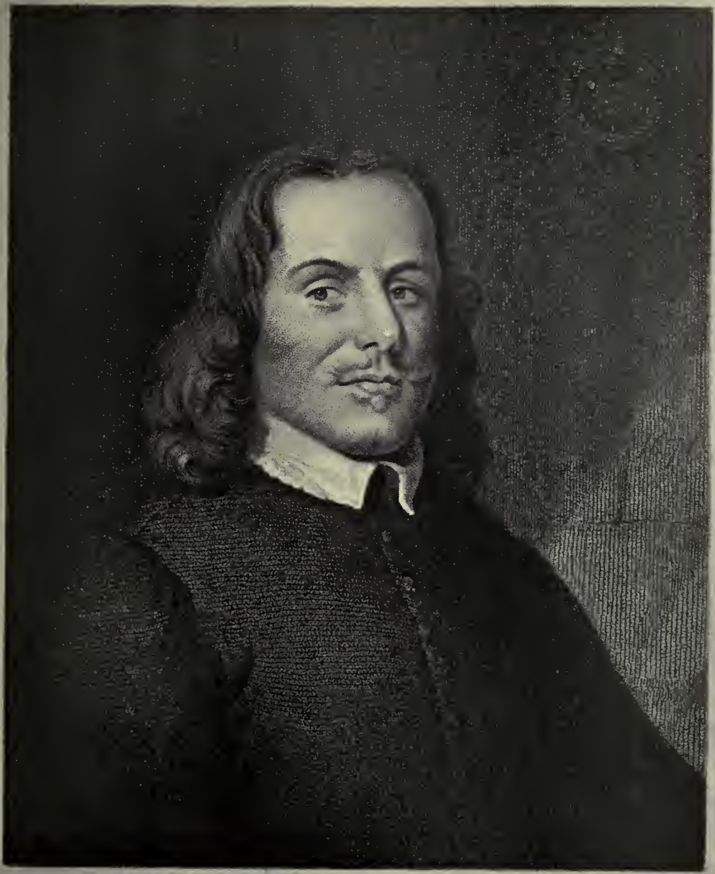
[1] A review of Robert Southey's illustrated edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Mr. Martin has not of late been fortunate in his choice of subjects. He should never have attempted to illustrate the "Paradise Lost." There can be no two manners more directly opposed to each other than the manner of his painting and the manner of Milton's poetry. Those things which are mere accessories in the descriptions become the principal objects in the pictures; and those figures which are most prominent in the descriptions can be detected in the pictures only by a very close scrutiny. Mr. Martin has succeeded perfectly in representing the pillars and candelabra of Pandemonium. But he has forgotten that Milton's Pandemonium is merely the background to Satan. In the picture, the Archangel is scarcely visible amidst the endless colonnades of his infernal palace. Milton's Paradise, again, is merely the background to his Adam and Eve. But in Mr. Martin's picture the landscape is everything. Adam, Eve, and Raphael attract much less notice than the lake and the mountains, the gigantic flowers, and the giraffes which feed upon them. We read that James the Second sat to Varelst, the great flower-painter. When the performance was finished, his Majesty appeared in the midst of a bower of sun-flowers and tulips, which completely drew away all attention from the central figure. All who looked at the portrait took it for a flower-piece. Mr. Martin, we think, introduces his immeasurable spaces, his innumerable multitudes, his gorgeous prodigies of architecture and landscape, almost as unseasonably as Varelst introduced his flower-pots and nosegays. If Mr. Martin were to paint Lear in the storm, we suspect that the blazing sky, the sheets of rain, the swollen torrents, and the tossing forest, would draw away all attention from the agonies of the insulted king and father. If he were to paint the death of Lear, the old man, asking the by-standers to undo his button, would be thrown into the shade by a vast blaze of pavilions, standards, armor, and heralds' coats. Mr. Martin would illustrate the "Orlando Furioso" well, the "Orlando Innamorato" still better, the "Arabian Nights" best of all. Fairy palaces and gardens, porticoes of agate, and groves flowering with emeralds and rubies, inhabited by people for whom nobody cares, these are his proper domain. He would succeed admirably in the enchanted ground of Alcina, or the mansion of Aladdin. But he should avoid Milton and Bunyan.

The characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the "Vision of Mirza," the "Vision of Theodore," the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes or from a canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the "Fairy Queen." We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the



we pray you in the bonds of Christ

Jo: Bunyan 1682

imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulcher, the steep hill and the pleasant arbor, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveler; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones, and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madame Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travelers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. In this respect the genius of Bunyan bore a great resemblance to that of a man who had very little else in common with him, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The strong imagination of Shelley made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold, dark, metaphysical system, he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful, majestic, and life-like forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology, rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias, or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and color. They were no longer mere words; but "intelligible forms"; "fair humanities"; objects of love, of adoration, or of fear. As there can be no stronger sign of a mind destitute of the poetical faculty than that tendency which was so common among the writers of the French school to turn images into abstractions, Venus, for example, into Love, Minerva into Wisdom, Mars into War, and Bacchus into Festivity, so there can be no stronger sign of a mind truly poetical than a disposition to reverse this abstracting process, and to make individuals out of generalities. Some of the metaphysical and ethical theories of Shelley were certainly most absurd and pernicious. But we doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. The words bard and inspiration, which seem so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration. Had he lived to the full age of man, he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the very highest rank in design and execution. But, alas!

ὁ Δάφνις ἔβα ῥόον· ἔκλυσε δίνα
τὸν Μώσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νύμφαισιν ἀπεχθῆ.

But we must return to Bunyan. The "Pilgrim's Progress" undoubtedly is not a perfect allegory. The types are often inconsistent with each other; and sometimes the allegorical disguise is altogether thrown off. The river, for example, is emblematic of death; and we are told that every human being must pass through the river. But Faithful does not pass through it. He is martyred, not in shadow, but in reality, at Vanity Fair. Hopeful talks to Christian about Esau's birthright and about his own convictions of sin as Bunyan might have talked with one of his own congregation. The damsels at the House Beautiful catechise Christiana's boys, as any good ladies might catechise any boys at a Sunday School. But we do not believe that any man, whatever might be his genius, and whatever his good luck, could long continue a figurative history without falling into many inconsistencies. We are sure that inconsistencies, scarcely less gross than the worst into which Bunyan has fallen, may be found in the shortest and most elaborate allegories of the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*. The "Tale of a Tub" and the "History of John Bull" swarm with similar errors, if the name of error can be properly applied to that which is unavoidable. It is not easy to make a simile go on all-fours. But we believe that no human ingenuity could produce such a centipede as a long allegory in which the correspondence between the outward sign and the thing signified should be exactly preserved. Certainly no writer, ancient or modern, has yet achieved the adventure. The best thing, on the whole, that an allegorist can do, is to present to his readers a succession of analogies, each of which may separately be striking and happy, without looking very nicely to see whether they harmonize with each other. This Bunyan has done; and, though a minute scrutiny may detect inconsistencies in every page of his Tale, the general effect which the Tale produces on all persons, learned and unlearned, proves that he has done well. The passages which it is most difficult to defend are those in which he altogether drops the allegory, and puts into the mouth of his pilgrims religious ejaculations and disquisitions, better suited to his own pulpit at Bedford or Reading than to the Enchanted Ground or to the Interpreter's Garden. Yet even these passages, though we will not undertake to defend them against the objections of critics, we feel that we could ill spare. We feel that the story owes much of its charm to these occasional glimpses of solemn and affecting subjects, which will not be hidden, which force themselves through the veil, and appear before us in their native aspect. The effect is not unlike that which is said to have been produced on the ancient stage, when the eyes of the actor were seen flaming through his mask, and giving life and expression to what would else have been an inanimate and uninteresting disguise.

It is very amusing and very instructive to compare the "Pilgrim's Progress" with the "Grace Abounding." The latter work is indeed one of the most remarkable pieces of autobiography in the world. It is a full and open confession of the fancies which passed through the mind of an illiterate man, whose affections were warm, whose nerves were irritable, whose imagination was ungovernable, and who was under the influence of the strongest religious excitement. In whatever age Bunyan had lived, the history of his feelings would, in all probability, have been very curious. But the time in which his lot was cast was the time of a great stirring of the human mind. A tremendous burst of public feeling, produced by the tyranny of the hierarchy, menaced the old ecclesiastical institutions with destruction. To the gloomy regularity of one intolerant Church had succeeded the license of innumerable sects, drunk with the sweet and heady must of their new liberty. Fanaticism, engendered by persecution, and destined to engender persecution in turn, spread rapidly through society. Even the strongest and most commanding minds were not proof against this strange taint. Any time might have produced George Fox and James Naylor. But to one time alone belong the frantic delusions of such a statesman as Vane, and the hysterical tears of such a soldier as Cromwell.

The history of Bunyan is the history of a most excitable mind in an age of excitement. By most of his biographers he has been treated with gross injustice. They have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense. They have, therefore, represented him as an abandoned wretch reclaimed by means almost miraculous, or, to use their favorite metaphor, "as a brand plucked from the burning." Mr. Ivimey calls him the depraved Bunyan and the wicked tinker of Elstow. Surely Mr. Ivimey ought to have been too familiar with the bitter accusations which the most pious people are in the habit of bringing against themselves, to understand literally all the strong expressions which are to be found in the "Grace Abounding." It is quite clear, as Mr. Southey most justly remarks, that Bunyan never was a vicious man. He married very early; and he solemnly declares that he was strictly faithful to his wife. He does not appear to have been a drunkard. He owns, indeed, that, when a boy, he never spoke without an oath. But a single admonition cured him of this bad habit for life; and the cure must have been wrought early; for at eighteen he was in the army of the Parliament; and, if he had carried the vice of profaneness into that service, he would doubtless have received something more than an admonition from Serjeant Bind-their-kings-in-chains, or Captain Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord. Bell-ringing and playing at hockey on Sundays seem to have been the worst vices of this depraved tinker. They would have passed for virtues with Archbishop Laud. It is quite clear that, from a very early age, Bunyan was a man of a strict life and of a tender conscience. "He had been," says Mr. Southey, "a blackguard." Even this we think too hard a censure. Bunyan was not, we admit, so fine a gentleman as Lord Digby; but he was a blackguard no otherwise than as every laboring man that ever lived has been a blackguard. Indeed Mr. Southey acknowledges this. "Such he might have been expected to be by his birth, breeding, and vocation. Scarcely indeed, by possibility, could he have been otherwise." A man whose manners and sentiments are decidedly below those of his class deserves to be called a blackguard. But it is surely unfair to apply so strong a word of reproach to one who is only what the great mass of every community must inevitably be.

Those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbors, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations, that his fervor exceeded his knowledge, and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind. He heard voices from heaven. He saw strange visions of distant hills, pleasant and sunny as his own Delectable Mountains. From those abodes he was shut out, and placed in a dark and horrible wilderness, where he wandered through ice and snow, striving to make his way into the happy region of light. At one time he was seized with an inclination to work miracles. At another time he thought himself actually possessed by the devil. He could distinguish the blasphemous whispers. He felt his infernal enemy pulling at his clothes behind him. He spurned with his feet and struck with his hands at the destroyer. Sometimes he was tempted to sell his part in the salvation of mankind. Sometimes a violent impulse urged him to start up from his food, to fall on his knees, and to break forth into prayer. At length he fancied that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His agony convulsed his robust frame. He was, he says, as if his breastbone would split; and this he took for a sign that he was destined to burst asunder like Judas. The agitation of his nerves made all his movements tremulous; and this trembling, he supposed, was a visible mark of his reprobation, like that which had been set on Cain. At one time, indeed, an encouraging voice seemed to rush in at the window, like the noise of wind, but very pleasant, and commanded, as he says, a great calm in his soul. At another time, a word of comfort "was spoke loud unto him; it showed a great word; it seemed to be writ in great letters." But these intervals of ease were short. His state, during two years and a half, was generally the most horrible that the human mind can imagine. "I walked," says he, with his own peculiar eloquence, "to a neighboring town; and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I! for they stood fast, and kept their station. But I was gone and lost." Scarcely any madhouse could produce an instance of delusion so strong, or of misery so acute.

It was through this Valley of the Shadow of Death, overhung by darkness, peopled with devils, resounding with blasphemy and lamentation, and passing amidst quagmires, snares, and pitfalls, close by the very mouth of hell, that Bunyan journeyed to that bright and fruitful land of Beulah, in which he sojourned during the latter period of his pilgrimage. The only trace which his cruel sufferings and temptations seem to have left behind them was an affectionate compassion for those who were still in the state in which he had once been. Religion has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in his allegory. The feeling which predominates through the whole book is a feeling of tenderness for weak, timid, and harassed minds. The character of Mr. Fearing, of Mr. Feeble-Mind, of Mr. Despondency and his daughter Miss Muchafraid, the account of poor Littlefaith who was robbed by the three thieves, of his spending money, the description of Christian's terror in the dungeons of Giant Despair and in his passage through the river, all clearly show how strong a sympathy Bunyan felt, after his own mind had become clear and cheerful, for persons afflicted with religious melancholy.

Mr. Southey, who has no love for the Calvinists, admits that, if Calvinism had never worn a blacker appearance than in Bunyan's works, it would never have become a term of reproach. In fact, those works of Bunyan with which we are acquainted are by no means more Calvinistic than the articles and homilies of the Church of England. The moderation of his opinions on the subject of predestination gave offense to some zealous persons. We have seen an absurd allegory, the heroine of which is named Hephzibah, written by some raving supralapsarian preacher who was dissatisfied with the mild theology of the "Pilgrim's Progress." In this foolish book, if we recollect rightly, the Interpreter is called the Enlightener, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. Mr. Southey tells us that the Catholics had also their "Pilgrim's Progress," without a Giant Pope, in which the Interpreter is the Director, and the House Beautiful Grace's Hall. It is surely a remarkable proof of the power of Bunyan's genius, that two religious parties, both of which regarded his opinions as heterodox, should have had recourse to him for assistance.

There are, we think, some characters and scenes in the "Pilgrim's Progress," which can be fully comprehended and enjoyed only by persons familiar with the history of the times through which Bunyan lived. The character of Mr. Greatheart, the guide, is an example. His fighting is, of course, allegorical; but the allegory is not strictly preserved. He delivers a sermon on imputed righteousness to his companions; and, soon after, he gives battle to Giant Grim, who had taken upon him to back the lions. He expounds the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to the household and guests of Gaius; and then he sallies out to attack Slaygood, who was of the nature of flesh-eaters, in his den. These are inconsistencies; but they are inconsistencies which add, we think, to the interest of the narrative. We have not the least doubt that Bunyan had in view some stout old Greatheart of Naseby and Worcester, who prayed with his men before he drilled them, who knew the spiritual state of every dragoon in his troop, and who, with the praises of God in his mouth, and a two-edged sword in his hand, had turned to flight, on many fields of battle, the swearing, drunken bravos of Rupert and Lunsford.

Every age produces such men as By-ends. But the middle of the seventeenth century was eminently prolific of such men. Mr. Southey thinks that the satire was aimed at some particular individual; and this seems by no means improbable. At all events, Bunyan must have known many of those hypocrites who followed religion only when religion walked in silver slippers, when the sun shone, and when the people applauded. Indeed he might have easily found all the kindred of By-ends among the public men of his time. He might have found among the peers my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, and my Lord Fair-speech; in the House of Commons, Mr. Smoothman, Mr. Anything, and Mr. Facing-both-ways; nor would "the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues," have been wanting. The town of Bedford probably contained more than one politician who, after contriving to raise an estate by seeking the Lord during the reign of the saints, contrived to keep what he had got by persecuting the saints during the reign of the strumpets, and more than one priest who, during repeated changes in the discipline and doctrines of the church, had remained constant to nothing but his benefice.

One of the most remarkable passages in the "Pilgrim's Progress" is that in which the proceedings against Faithful are described. It is impossible to doubt that Bunyan intended to satirize the mode in which state trials were conducted under Charles the Second. The license given to the witnesses for the prosecution, the shameless partiality and ferocious insolence of the judge, the precipitancy and the blind rancor of the jury, remind us of those odious mummeries which, from the Restoration to the Revolution, were merely forms preliminary to hanging, drawing, and quartering. Lord Hategood performs the office of counsel for the prisoners as well as Scroggs himself could have performed it.

"JUDGE. — Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

"FAITHFUL. — May I speak a few words in my own defense?

"JUDGE. — Sirrah, sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness to thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say."

No person who knows the state trials can be at a loss for parallel cases. Indeed, write what Bunyan would, the baseness and cruelty of the lawyers of those times "sinned up to it still," and even went beyond it. The imaginary trial of Faithful, before a jury composed of personified vices, was just and merciful, when compared with the real trial of Alice Lisle before that tribunal where all the vices sat in the person of Jefferies.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse," and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's "Essay on Poetry," appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
  From many a fruitful plain;

From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
  Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
  For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
  Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
  Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
  Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
  Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
  Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
  Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
  Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
  Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
  Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
  The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam

Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand;
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
  Have their glad answer given: —
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
  Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
  To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
  The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
  Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
  The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
  Is met the great array:
A proud man was Lars Porsena
  Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
  Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
  And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
  To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
  Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
  To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
  The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
  Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate:

Short time was there, ye well may guess,
  For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly: —
  "The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
  Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
  All wild with haste and fear: —
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
  Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
  The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
  Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
  Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
  The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
  Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
  The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
  Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
  Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
  Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
  The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
  Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
  Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
  On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,

And dark Verbenna from the hold
  By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
  O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
  Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
  Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
  From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
  But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
  And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
  And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
  And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
  Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
  What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
  The Captain of the Gate:—
"To every man upon this earth
  Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
  And the temples of his gods;

"And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest;
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast;
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
  That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius —
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,

“And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.”

From a Painting by Jacques Louis David

The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an ax;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
  Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
  To win the narrow way:

Aunus from green Tifernum,
  Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
  Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
  Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
  O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
  Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
  And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
  Darted one fiery thrust,

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
  Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
  Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
  The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar —
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
  From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears'-lengths from the entrance
  Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
  To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is "Astur!"
  And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
  Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
  Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
  Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
  A smile serene and high;

He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
  And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
  Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
  If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
  With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
  And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
  Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh:
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
  To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
  He leaned one breathing-space:
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
  Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
  So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
  Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
  Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
  A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
  The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
  Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
  Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
  Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
  Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
  To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
  A sullen murmur ran,

Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
  Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
  Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
  Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless Three:
And from the ghastly entrance
  Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
  Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
  And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
  Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
  Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
  Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
  And they gave him greeting loud:—
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
  Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
  Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
  Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
  And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
  Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
  The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever
  Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
  When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
  And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
  Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement and plank and pier,
  Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
  "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;

Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray;
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day

  We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
  "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
And round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
  That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
  Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
  Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
  Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
  In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
  Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
  To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
  For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
  In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,

And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the good man mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;—
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

The Battle of Ivry.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may, —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

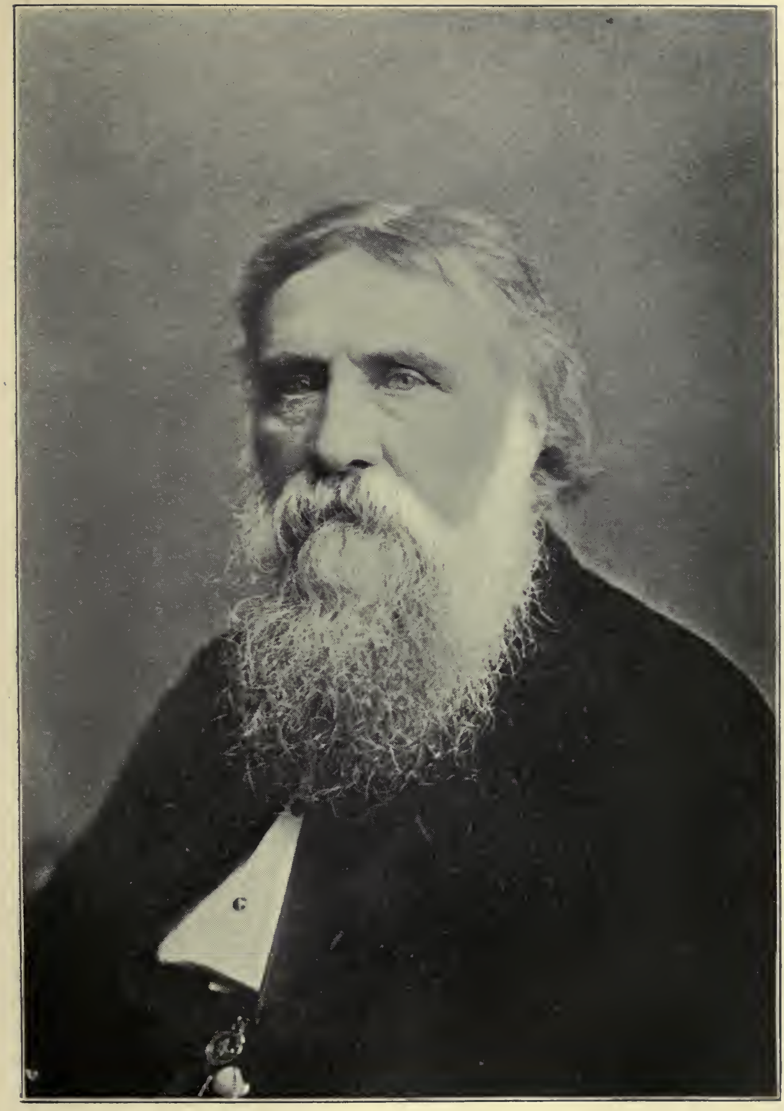
Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France that day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight,
And our good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en —
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the world may know
How God hath humbled the proud house that wrought his Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets peal their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! ho, matrons of Luzerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Géněviève, keep watch and ward to-night:
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true King I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith: vain faith and courage vain.
For him, I threw lands, honors, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more priz'd than they.
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime.
Gray-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Seargill's whispering trees,
And pin'd by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from my dream to weep;
Till God who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.



GEORGE MACDONALD

GEORGE MACDONALD.

George Macdonald, a noted Scottish poet and novelist, born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, studied theology at the Independent College of London, and became an Independent minister. He resigned his ministry and began a literary life in London, and visited the United States on a lecturing tour. Afterward he removed to Italy. His first work, a dramatic poem entitled "Within and Without," appeared in 1856. It was followed by "A Hidden Life and Other Poems" (1857); and by "Phantastes, a Faerie Romance," in 1858. Among his subsequent works are "David Elginbrod" (1862); "The Portent, a Story of Second Sight" (1864); "Alec Forbes of Howglen" (1865); "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" (1866); "Guild Court" (1867); "The Disciple and other Poems" and "Robert Falconer" (1868); "Unspoken Sermons" (1866); "The Miracles" (1870); "The Vicar's Daughter" (1872); "Malcolm" (1874); "St. George and St. Michael" (1875); "Thomas Wingfield, Curate" (1876); "The Marquis of Lossie" (1877); "Paul Faber, Surgeon" (1879); "Mary Marston" (1881); "The Gifts of the Child Christ, and Other Poems" (1882); "Donald Grant" (1883); "What's Mine's Mine" (1886); "Home Again" (1887); "The Elect Lady" (1888); "There and Back" (1891); "A Rough Shaking" (1891); "Poems" (1893); "The Light Princess and other Fairy Tales" (1893); "Heather and Snow" (1893); "Lilith" (1895); "The Lost Princess" (1895); "Salted with Fire" (1897); "Rampolli" (1897).

My First Monday at the Marshmallows.

(From "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.")

The next day I might expect some visitors. It is a fortunate thing that English society now regards the parson as a gentleman, else he would have little chance of being useful to the *upper classes.* But I wanted to get a good start of them, and see some of my poor before my rich came to see me. So after breakfast, on as lovely a Monday in the beginning of autumn as ever came to comfort a clergyman in the reaction of his efforts to feed his flock on the Sunday, I walked out, and took my way to the village. I strove to dismiss from my mind every feeling of *doing duty*, of *performing my part*, and all that. I had a horror of becoming a moral policeman as much as of "doing church." I would simply enjoy the privilege, more open to me in virtue of my office of ministering. But as no servant has a right to force his service, so I would be the *neighbor* only, until such time as the opportunity of being the servant should show itself.

The village was as irregular as a village should be, partly consisting of those white houses with intersecting parallelograms of black which still abound in some regions of our island. Just in the center, however, grouping about an old house of red brick, which had once been a manorial residence, but was now subdivided in all modes that analytic ingenuity could devise, rose a portion of it which, from one point of view, might seem part of an old town. But you had only to pass round any one of three visible corners to see stacks of wheat and a farm-yard; while in another direction the houses went straggling away into a wood that looked very like the beginning of a forest, of which some of the village orchards appeared to form part. From the street the slow-winding, poplar-bordered stream was here and there just visible.

I did not quite like to have it between me and my village. I could not help preferring that homely relation in which the houses are built up like swallow-nests on to the very walls of the cathedrals themselves, to the arrangement here, where the river flowed, with what flow there was in it, between the church and the people.

A little way beyond the farther end of the village appeared an iron gate, of considerable size, dividing a lofty stone wall. And upon the top of that one of the stone pillars supporting the gate which I could see, stood a creature of stone, whether *natant*, *volant*, *passant*, *couchant*, or *rampant*, I could not tell, only it looked like something terrible enough for a quite antediluvian heraldry.

As I passed along the street, wondering with myself what relations between me and these houses were hidden in the future, my eye was caught by the window of a little shop, in which strings of beads and elephants of gingerbread formed the chief samples of the goods within. It was a window much broader than it was high, divided into lozenge-shaped panes. Wondering what kind of old woman presided over the treasures in this cave of Aladdin, I thought to make a first of my visits by going in and buying something. But I hesitated, because I could not think of anything I was in want of — at least that the old woman was likely to have. To be sure I wanted a copy of Bengel's "Gnomon"; but she was not likely to have that. I wanted the fourth plate in the third volume of Law's "Behmen"; she was not likely to have that either. I did not care for gingerbread; and I had no little girl to take home beads to.

But why should I not go in without an ostensible errand? For this reason: there are dissenters everywhere, and I could not tell but I might be going into the shop of a dissenter. Now, though, I confess, nothing would have pleased me better than that all the dissenters should return to their old home in the Church, I could not endure the suspicion of laying myself out to entice them back by canvassing or using any personal influence. Whether they returned or not, however, (and I did not expect many would,) I hoped still, some day, to stand towards every one of them in the relation of the parson of the parish, that is, one of whom each might feel certain that he was ready to serve him or her at any hour when he might be wanted to render a service. In the meantime, I could not help hesitating.

I had almost made up my mind to ask if she had a small pocket compass, for I had seen such things in little country shops — I am afraid only in France, though — when the door opened, and out came the little boy whom I had already seen twice, and who was therefore one of my oldest friends in the place. He came across the road to me, took me by the hand, and said —

"Come and see mother."

"Where, my dear?" I asked.

"In the shop there," he answered.

"Is it your mother's shop?"

"Yes."

I said no more, but accompanied him. Of course my expectation of seeing an old woman behind the counter had vanished, but I was not in the least prepared for the kind of woman I did see.

The place was half a shop and half a kitchen. A yard or so of counter stretched inwards from the door, just as a hint to those who might be intrusively inclined. Beyond this, by the chimney-corner, sat the mother, who rose as we entered. She was certainly one — I do not say of the most beautiful, but, until I have time to explain further — of the most remarkable women I had ever seen. Her face was absolutely white — no, pale cream color — except her lips and a spot upon each cheek, which glowed with a deep carmine. You would have said she had been painting, and painting very inartistically, so little was the red shaded into the surrounding white. Now this was certainly not beautiful. Indeed, it occasioned a strange feeling, almost of terror, at first, for she reminded one of the specter woman in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." But when I got used to her complexion, I saw that the form of her features was quite beautiful. She might indeed have been *lovely* but for a certain hardness which showed through the beauty. This might have been the result of ill health, ill-endured; but I doubted it. For there was a certain modeling of the cheeks and lips which showed that the teeth within were firmly closed; and, taken with the look of the eyes and forehead, seemed the expression of a constant and bitter self-command. But there were indubitable marks of ill health upon her, notwithstanding; for not to mention her complexion, her large dark eye was burning as if the lamp of life had broken and the oil was blazing; and there was a slight expansion of the nostrils, which indicated physical unrest. But her manner was perfectly, almost dreadfully, quiet; her voice soft, low, and chiefly expressive of indifference. She spoke without looking me in the face, but did not seem either shy or ashamed. Her figure was remarkably graceful, though too worn to be beautiful. — Here was a strange parishioner for me! — in a country toy-shop, too!

As soon as the little fellow had brought me in, he shrunk away through a half-open door that revealed a stair behind.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said the mother, coldly, and with a kind of book-propriety of speech, as she stood on the other side of the little counter, prepared to open box or drawer at command.

"To tell the truth, I hardly know," I said. "I am the new vicar; but I do not think that I should have come in to see you just to-day, if it had not been that your little boy there — where is he gone to? He asked me to come in and see his mother."

"He is too ready to make advances to strangers, sir."

She said this in an incisive tone.

"Oh, but," I answered, "I am not a stranger to him. I have met him twice before. He is a little darling. I assure you he has quite gained my heart."

No reply for a moment. Then just "Indeed!" and nothing more.

I could not understand it.

But a jar on a shelf, marked *Tobacco*, rescued me from the most pressing portion of the perplexity, namely, what to say next.

"Will you give me a quarter of a pound of tobacco?" I said.

The woman turned, took down the jar, arranged the scales, weighed out the quantity, wrapped it up, took the money, — and all without one other word than, "Thank you, sir;" which was all I could return, with the addition of, "Good-morning."

For nothing was left me but to walk away with my parcel in my pocket.

The little boy did not show himself again. I had hoped to find him outside.

Pondering, speculating, I now set out for the mill, which, I had already learned, was on the village side of the river. Coming to a lane leading down to the river, I followed it, and then walked up a path outside the row of pollards, through a lovely meadow, where brown and white cows were eating and shining all over the thick deep grass. Beyond the meadow, a wood on the side of a rising ground went parallel with the river a long way. The river flowed on my right. That is, I knew that it was flowing, but I could not have told how I knew, it was so slow. Still swollen, it was of a clear brown, in which you could see the browner trouts darting to and fro with such a slippery gliding, that the motion seemed the result of will, without any such intermediate and complicate arrangement as brain and nerves and muscles. The water-beetles went spinning about over the surface; and one glorious dragon-fly made a mist about him with his long wings. And over all, the sun hung in the sky, pouring down life; shining on the roots of the willows at the bottom of the stream; lighting up the black head of the water-rat as he hurried across to the opposite bank; glorifying the rich green lake of the grass; and giving to the whole an utterance of love and hope and joy, which was, to him who could read it, a more certain and full revelation of God than any display of power in thunder, in avalanche, in stormy sea.

Those with whom the feeling of religion is only occasional, have it most when the awful or grand breaks out of the common; the meek who inherit the earth, find the God of the whole earth more evidently present — I do not say more present, for there is no measuring of His presence — more evidently present in the commonest things. That which is best He gives most plentifully, as is reason with Him. Hence the quiet fullness of ordinary nature; hence the Spirit to them that ask it.

I soon came within sound of the mill; and presently, crossing the stream that flowed back to the river after having done its work on the corn, I came in front of the building, and looked over the half-door into the mill. The floor was clean and dusty. A few full sacks, tied tight at the mouth — they always look to me as if Joseph's silver cup were just inside — stood about. In the farther corner, the flour was trickling down out of two wooden spouts into a wooden receptacle below. The whole place was full of its own faint but pleasant odor. No man was visible. The spouts went on pouring the slow torrent of flour, as if everything could go on with perfect propriety of itself. I could not even see how a man could get at the stones that I heard grinding away above, except he went up the rope that hung from the ceiling. So I walked round the corner of the place, and found myself in the company of the water-wheel, mossy and green with ancient waterdrops, looking so furred and overgrown and lumpy, that one might have thought the wood of it had taken to growing again in its old days, and so the wheel was losing by slow degrees the shape of a wheel, to become some new awful monster of a pollard. As yet, however, it was going round; slowly, indeed, and with a gravity of age, but doing its work, and casting its loose drops in the alms-giving of a gentle rain upon a little plot of Master Rogers's garden, which was therefore full of moisture-loving flowers. This plot was divided from the mill-wheel by a small stream which carried away the surplus water, and was now full and running rapidly.

Beyond the stream, beside the flower bed, stood a dusty young man, talking to a young woman with a rosy face and clear honest eyes. The moment they saw me they parted. The young man came across the stream at a step, and the young woman went up the garden towards the cottage.

"That must be old Rogers's cottage?" I said to the miller.

"Yes, sir," he answered, looking a little sheepish.

"Was that his daughter — that nice-looking young woman you were talking to?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

And he stole a shy, pleased look at me out of the corners of his eyes.

"It's a good thing," I said, "to have an honest experienced old mill like yours, that can manage to go on of itself for a little while now and then."

This gave a great help to his budding confidence. He laughed.

"Well, sir, it's not very often it's left to itself. Jane isn't at her father's above once or twice a week at most."

"She doesn't live with them, then?"

"No, sir. You see they're both hearty, and they ain't over well to do, and Jane lives up at the Hall, sir. She's upper housemaid, and waits on one of the young ladies. — Old Rogers has seen a great deal of the world, sir."

"So I imagine. I am just going to see him. Good morning."

I jumped across the stream, and went up a little gravel walk, which led me in a few yards to the cottage-door. It was a sweet place to live in, with honeysuckle growing over the house, and the sounds of the softly-laboring mill-wheel ever in its little porch and about its windows.

The door was open, and Dame Rogers came from within to meet me. She welcomed me, and led the way into her little kitchen. As I entered, Jane went out at the back-door. But it was only to call her father, who presently came in.

"I'm glad to see ye, sir. This pleasure comes of having no work to-day. After harvest there comes slack times for the likes of me. People don't care about a bag of old bones when they can get hold of young men. Well, well, never mind, old woman. The Lord'll take us through somehow. When the wind blows, the ship goes; when the wind drops, the ship stops; but the sea is His all the same, for He made it; and the wind is His all the same too."

He spoke in the most matter-of-fact tone, unaware of anything poetic in what he said. To him it was just common sense, and common sense only.

"I am sorry you are out of work," I said. "But my garden is sadly out of order, and I must have something done to it. You don't dislike gardening, do you?"

"Well, I beant a right good hand at garden-work," answered the old man, with some embarrassment, scratching his gray head with a troubled scratch.

There was more in this than met the ear; but what, I could not conjecture. I would press the point a little. So I took him at his own word.

"I won't ask you to do any of the more ornamental part," I said, — "only plain digging and hoeing."

"I would rather be excused, sir."

"I am afraid I made you think" —

"I thought nothing, sir. I thank you kindly, sir."

"I assure you I want the work done, and I must employ some one else if you don't undertake it."

"Well, sir, my back's bad now — no, sir, I won't tell a story about it. I would just rather not, sir."

"Now," his wife broke in, "now, old Rogers, why won't 'ee tell the parson the truth, like a man, down-right? If ye won't, I'll do it for 'ee. The fact is, sir," she went on, turning to me, with a plate in her hand, which she was wiping, "the fact is, that the old parson's man for that kind o' work was Simmons, t'other end of the village; and my man is so afeard o' hurtin' e'er another, that he'll turn the bread away from his own mouth and let it fall in the dirt."

"Now, now, old 'oman, don't 'ee belie me. I'm not so bad as that. You see, sir, I never was good at knowin' right from wrong like. I never was good, that is, at tellin' exactly what I ought to do. So when anything comes up, I just says to myself, 'Now, old Rogers, what do you think the Lord would best like you to do?' And as soon as I ax myself that, I know directly what I've got to do; and then my old woman can't turn me no more than a bull. And she don't like my obstinate fits. But you see, I daren't sir, once I axed myself that."

"Stick to that, Rogers," I said.

"Besides, sir," he went on, "Simmons wants it more than I do. He's got a sick wife; and my old woman, thank God, is hale and hearty. And there is another thing besides, sir: he might take it hard of you, sir, and think it was turning away an old servant like; and then, sir, he wouldn't be ready to hear what you had to tell him, and might, mayhap, lose a deal o' comfort. And that I would take worst of all, sir."

"Well, well, Rogers, Simmons shall have the job."

"Thank ye, sir," said the old man.

His wife, who could not see the thing quite from her husband's point of view, was too honest to say anything; but she was none the less cordial to me. The daughter stood looking from one to the other with attentive face, which took everything, but revealed nothing.

I rose to go. As I reached the door, I remembered the tobacco in my pocket. I had not bought it for myself. I never could smoke. Nor do I conceive that smoking is essential to a clergyman in the country; though I have occasionally envied one of my brethren in London, who will sit down by the fire, and, lighting his pipe, at the same time please his host and subdue the bad smells of the place. And I never could hit his way of talking to his parishioners either. He could put them at their ease in a moment. I think he must have got the trick out of his pipe. But in reality, I seldom think about how I ought to talk to anybody I am with.

That I didn't smoke myself was no reason why I should not help old Rogers to smoke. So I pulled out the tobacco.

"You smoke, don't you, Rogers?" I said.

"Well, sir, I can't deny it. It's not much I spend on baccay, anyhow. Is it, dame?"

"No, that it bean't," answered his wife.

"You don't think there's any harm in smoking a pipe, sir?"

"Not the least," I answered, with emphasis.

"You see, sir," he went on, not giving me time to prove how far I was from thinking there was any harm in it, "you see, sir, sailors learns many ways they might be better without. I used to take my pan o' grog with the rest of them; but I give that up quite, 'cause as how I don't want it now."

"'Cause as how," interrupted his wife, "you spend the money on tea for me, instead. You wicked old man to tell stories!"

"Well, I takes my share of the tea, old woman, and I'm sure it's a deal better for me. But, to tell the truth, sir, I was a little troubled in my mind about the baccay, not knowing whether I ought to have it or not. For you see, the parson that's gone didn't more than half like it, as I could tell by the turn of his hawse-holes when he came in at the door and me a-smokin'. Not as he said anything; for, ye see, I was an old man, and I daresay that kep him quiet. But I did hear him blow up a young chap i' the village he come upon promiscus with a pipe in his mouth. He did give him a thunderin' broad-side, to be sure! So I was in two minds whether I ought to go on with my pipe or not."

"And how did you settle the question, Rogers?"

"Why, I followed my own old chart, sir."

"Quite right. One mustn't mind too much what other people think."

"That's not exactly what I mean, sir."

"What do you mean then? I should like to know."

"Well, sir, I mean that I said to myself, 'Now, Old Rogers, what do you think the Lord would say about this here baccay business?'"

"And what did you think He would say?"

"Why, sir, I thought He would say, 'Old Rogers, have yer baccay; only mind ye don't grumble when you 'ain't got none.'"

Something in this — I could not at the time have told what — touched me more than I can express. No doubt it was the simple reality of the relation in which the old man stood to his Father in heaven that made me feel as if the tears would come in spite of me.

"And this is the man," I said to myself, "whom I thought I should be able to teach! Well, the wisest learn most, and I may be useful to him after all."

As I said nothing, the old man resumed —

"For you see, sir, it is not always a body feels he has a right to spend his ha'pence on baccay; and sometimes, too, he 'aint got none to spend."

"In the meantime," I said, "here is some that I bought for you as I came along. I hope you will find it good. I am no judge."

The old sailor's eyes glistened with gratitude. "Well, who'd ha' thought it! You didn't think I was beggin' for it, sir, surely?"

"You see I had it for you in my pocket."

"Well, that *is* good o' you, sir!"

"Why, Rogers, that'll last you a month!" exclaimed his wife, looking nearly as pleased as himself.

"Six weeks at least, wife," he answered. "And ye don't smoke yourself, sir, and yet ye bring baccay to me! Well, it's just like yer Master, sir."

I went away, resolved that Old Rogers should have no chance of "grumbling" for want of tobacco, if I could help it.

SATAN CAST OUT.

I WAS within a mile of the village, returning from my visit to the Misses Crowther, when my horse, which was walking slowly along the soft side of the road, lifted his head, and pricked up his ears at the sound, which he heard first, of approaching hoofs. The riders soon came in sight — Miss Oldcastle, Judy, and Captain Everard. Miss Oldcastle I had never seen on horseback before. Judy was on a little white pony she used to gallop about the fields near the Hall. The Captain was laughing and chatting gayly as they drew near, now to the one, now to the other. Being on my own side of the road I held straight on, not wishing to stop or to reveal the signs of a distress which had almost overwhelmed me. I felt as cold as death, or rather as if my whole being had been deprived of vitality by a sudden exhaustion around me of the ethereal element of life. I believe I did not alter my bearing, but remained with my head bent, for I had been thinking hard just before, till we were on the point of meeting, when I lifted my hat to Miss Oldcastle without drawing bridle, and went on. The Captain returned my salutation, and likewise rode on. I could just see, as they passed me, that Miss Oldcastle's pale face was flushed even to scarlet, but she only bowed and kept alongside of her companion. I thought I had escaped conversation, and had gone about twenty yards farther, when I heard the clatter of Judy's pony behind me, and up she came at full gallop.

"Why didn't you stop to speak to us, Mr. Walton?" she said. "I pulled up, but you never looked at me. We shall be cross all the rest of the day, because you cut us so. What have we done?"

"Nothing, Judy, that I know of," I answered, trying to speak cheerfully. "But I do not know your companion, and I was not in the humor for an introduction."

She looked hard at me with her keen gray eyes; and I felt as if the child was seeing through me.

"I don't know what to make of it, Mr. Walton. You're very different somehow from what you used to be. There's something wrong somewhere. But I suppose you would all tell me it's none of my business. So I won't ask questions. Only I wish I could do anything for you."

I felt the child's kindness, but could only say —

"Thank you, Judy. I am sure I should ask you if there were anything you could do for me. But you'll be left behind."

"No fear of that. My Dobbin can go much faster than their big horses. But I see you don't want me, so good-by."

She turned her pony's head as she spoke, jumped the ditch at the side of the road, and flew after them along the grass like a swallow. I likewise roused my horse and went off at a hard trot, with the vain impulse so to shake off the tormenting thoughts that crowded on me like gadflies. But this day was to be one of more trial still.

As I turned a corner, almost into the street of the village, Tom Weir was at my side. He had evidently been watching for me. His face was so pale, that I saw in a moment something had happened.

"What is the matter, Tom?" I asked, in some alarm.

He did not reply for a moment, but kept unconsciously stroking my horse's neck, and staring at me "with wide blue eyes."

"Come, Tom," I repeated, "tell me what is the matter."

I could see his bare throat knot and relax, like the motion of a serpent, before he could utter the words.

"Kate has killed her little boy, sir."

He followed them with a stifled cry — almost a scream, and hid his face in his hands.

"God forbid!" I exclaimed, and struck my heels in my horse's sides, nearly overturning poor Tom in my haste.

"She's mad, sir; she's mad," he cried, as I rode off.

"Come after me," I said, "and take the mare home; I sha'n't be able to leave your sister."

Had I had a share, by my harsh words, in driving the woman beyond the bounds of human reason and endurance? The thought was dreadful. But I must not let my mind rest on it now, lest I should be unfitted for what might have to be done. Before I reached the door, I saw a little crowd of the villagers, mostly women and children, gathered about it. I got off my horse, and gave him to a woman to hold till Tom should come up. With a little difficulty, I prevailed on the rest to go home at once, and not add to the confusions and terrors of the unhappy affair by the excitement of their presence. As soon as they had yielded to my arguments, I entered the shop, which to my annoyance I found full of the neighbors. These likewise

I got rid of as soon as possible, and locking the door behind them, went up to the room above.

To my surprise, I found no one there. On the hearth and in the fender lay two little pools of blood. All in the house was utterly still. It was very dreadful. I went to the only other door. It was not bolted as I had expected to find it. I opened it, peeped in, and entered. On the bed lay the mother, white as death, but with her black eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling: and on her arm lay little Gerard, as white, except where the blood had flowed from the bandage that could not confine it, down his sweet deathlike face. His eyes were fast closed, and he had no sign of life about him. I shut the door behind me, and approached the bed. When Catherine caught sight of me, she showed no surprise or emotion of any kind. Her lips, with automaton-like movement, uttered the words —

"I have done it at last. I am ready. Take me away. I shall be hanged. I don't care. I confess it. Only don't let the people stare at me."

Her lips went on moving, but I could hear no more till suddenly she broke out —

"Oh! my baby! my baby!" and gave a cry of such agony as I hope never to hear again while I live.

At this moment I heard a loud knocking at the shop-door, which was the only entrance to the house, and remembering that I had locked it, I went down to see who was there. I found Thomas Weir, the father, accompanied by Dr. Duncan, whom, as it happened, he had had some difficulty in finding. Thomas had sped to his daughter the moment he heard the rumor of what had happened, and his fierceness in clearing the shop had at least prevented the neighbors, even in his absence, from intruding further.

We went up together to Catherine's room. Thomas said nothing to me about what had happened, and I found it difficult even to conjecture from his countenance what thoughts were passing through his mind.

Catherine looked from one to another of us, as if she did not know the one from the other. She made no motion to rise from her bed, nor did she utter a word, although her lips would now and then move as if molding a sentence. When Dr. Duncan, after looking at the child, proceeded to take him from her, she gave him one imploring look, and yielded with a moan; then began to stare hopelessly at the ceiling again. The doctor carried the child into the next room, and the grandfather followed.

"You see what you have driven me to!" cried Catherine, the moment I was left alone with her. "I hope you are satisfied."

The words went to my very soul. But when I looked at her, her eyes were wandering about over the ceiling, and I had and still have difficulty in believing that she spoke the words, and that they were not an illusion of my sense, occasioned by the commotion of my own feelings. I thought it better, however, to leave her, and join the others in the sitting-room. The first thing I saw there was Thomas on his knees, with a basin of water, washing away the blood of his grandson from his daughter's floor. The very sight of the child had hitherto been nauseous to him, and his daughter had been beyond the reach of his forgiveness. Here was the end of it — the blood of the one shed by the hand of the other, and the father of both, who had disdained both, on his knees, wiping it up. Dr. Duncan was giving the child brandy; for he had found that he had been sick, and that the loss of blood was the chief cause of his condition. The blood flowed from a wound on the head, extending backwards from the temple, which had evidently been occasioned by a fall upon the fender, where the blood lay both inside and out; and the doctor took the sickness as a sign that the brain had not been seriously injured by the blow. In a few minutes he said —

"I think he'll come round."

"Will it be safe to tell his mother so?" I asked.

"Yes: I think you may."

I hastened to her room.

"Your little darling is not dead, Catherine. He is coming to."

She *threw* herself off the bed at my feet, caught them round with her arms, and cried —

"I will forgive him. I will do anything you like. I forgive George Everard. I will go and ask my father to forgive me."

I lifted her in my arms — how light she was! — and laid her again on the bed, where she burst into tears, and lay sobbing and weeping. I went to the other room. Little Gerard opened his eyes and closed them again, as I entered. The doctor had laid him in his own crib. He said his pulse was improving. I beckoned to Thomas. He followed me.

"She wants to ask you to forgive her," I said. "Do not, in God's name, wait till she asks you, but go and tell her that you forgive her."

"I dare not say I forgive her," he answered. "I have more need to ask her to forgive me."

I took him by the hand, and led him into her room. She feebly lifted her arms toward him. Not a word was said on either side. I left them in each other's embrace. The hard rocks had been struck with the rod, and the waters of life had flowed forth from each and had met between.

I have more than once known this in the course of my experience — the ice and snow of a long estrangement suddenly give way, and the boiling geyser-floods of old affection rush from the hot deeps of the heart. I think myself that the very lastingness and strength of animosity have their origin sometimes in the reality of affection: the love lasts all the while, freshly indignant at every new load heaped upon it: till, at last, a word, a look, a sorrow, a gladness, sets it free; and, forgetting all its claims, it rushes irresistibly towards its ends. Thus was it with Thomas and Catherine Weir.

When I rejoined Dr. Duncan, I found little Gerard asleep, and breathing quietly.

"What do you know of this sad business, Mr. Walton?" said the doctor.

"I should like to ask the same question of you," I returned. "Young Tom told me that his sister had murdered the child. That is all I know."

"His father told me the same; and that is all I know. Do you believe it?"

"At least we have no evidence about it. It is tolerably certain neither of those two could have been present. They must have received it by report. We must wait till she is able to explain the thing herself."

"Meantime," said Dr. Duncan, "all I believe is, that she struck the child, and that he fell upon the fender."

I may as well inform my reader that, as far as Catherine could give an account of the transaction, this conjecture was corroborated. But the smallest reminder of it evidently filled her with such a horror of self-loathing, that I took care to avoid the subject entirely, after the attempt at explanation which she made at my request. She could not remember with any clearness what had happened. All she remembered was that she had been more miserable than ever in her life before;

that the child had come to her, as he seldom did, with some childish request or other; that she felt herself seized with intense hatred of him; and the next thing she knew was that his blood was running in a long red finger towards her. Then it seemed as if that blood had been drawn from her own overcharged heart and brain; she knew what she had done, though she did not know how she had done it; and the tide of her ebbed affection flowed like the returning waters of the Solway. But beyond her restored love, she remembered nothing more that happened till she lay weeping with the hope that the child would yet live. Probably more particulars returned afterwards, but I took care to ask no more questions. In the increase of illness that followed, I more than once saw her shudder while she slept, and thought she was dreaming what her waking memory had forgotten; and once she started awake, crying, "I have murdered him again."

To return to that first evening: — When Thomas came from his daughter's room, he looked like a man from whom the bitterness of evil had passed away. To human eyes, at least, it seemed as if self had been utterly slain in him. His face had that child-like expression in its paleness, and the tearfulness without tears haunting his eyes, which reminds one of the feeling of an evening in summer between which and the sultry day preceding it has fallen the gauzy veil of a cooling shower, with a rainbow in the east.

"She is asleep," he said.

"How is it your daughter Mary is not here?" I asked.

"She was taken with a fit the moment she heard the bad news, sir. I left her with nobody but father. I think I must go and look after her now. It's not the first she's had neither, though I never told any one before. You won't mention it, sir. It makes people look shy at you, you know, sir."

"Indeed, I won't mention it. — Then she mustn't sit up, and two nurses will be wanted here. You and I must take it to-night, Thomas. You'll attend to your daughter, if she wants anything, and I know this little darling won't be frightened if he comes to himself, and sees me beside him."

"God bless you, sir," said Thomas, fervently.

And from that hour to this there has never been a coolness between us.

"A very good arrangement," said Dr. Duncan; "only I feel as if I ought to have a share in it."

"No, no," I said. "We do not know who may want you. Besides, we are both younger than you."

"I will come over early in the morning then, and see how you are going on."

As soon as Thomas returned with good news of Mary's recovery, I left him, and went home to tell my sister, and arrange for the night. We carried back with us what things we could think of to make the two patients as comfortable as possible; for, as regarded Catherine, now that she would let her fellows help her, I was even anxious that she should feel something of that love about her which she had so long driven from her door. I felt towards her somewhat as towards a new-born child, for whom this life of mingled weft must be made as soft as its material will admit of; or rather, as if she had been my own sister, as indeed she was, returned from wandering in weary and miry ways, to taste once more the tenderness of home. I wanted her to read the love of God in the love that even I could show her. And, besides, I must confess that, although the result had been, in God's great grace, so good, my heart still smote me for the severity with which I had spoken the truth to her; and it was a relief to myself to endeavor to make some amends for having so spoken to her. But I had no intention of going near her that night, for I thought the less she saw of me the better, till she should be a little stronger, and have had time, with the help of her renewed feelings, to get over the painful associations so long accompanying the thought of me. So I took my place beside Gerard, and watched through the night. The little fellow repeatedly cried out in that terror which is so often the consequence of the loss of blood; but when I laid my hand on him, he smiled without waking, and lay quite still again for a while. Once or twice he woke up, and looked so bewildered that I feared delirium; but a little jelly composed him, and he fell fast asleep again. He did not seem even to have headache from the blow.

But when I was left alone with the child, seated in a chair by the fire, my only light, how my thoughts rushed upon the facts bearing on my own history which this day had brought before me! Horror it was to think of Miss Oldcastle even as only riding with the seducer of Catherine Weir. There was torture in the thought of his touching her hand; and to think that before the summer came once more, he might be her husband! I will not dwell on the sufferings of that night more than is needful; for even now, in my old age, I cannot recall without renewing them. But I must indicate one train of thought which kept passing through my mind with constant recurrence: — Was it fair to let her marry such a man in ignorance? Would she marry him if she knew what I knew of him? Could I speak against my rival? — blacken him even with the truth — the only defilement that can really cling? Could I for my own dignity do so? And was she therefore to be sacrificed in ignorance? Might not some one else do it instead of me? But if I set it agoing, was it not precisely the same thing as if I did it myself, only more cowardly? There was but one way of doing it, and that was — with the full and solemn consciousness that it was and must be a barrier between us forever. If I could give her up fully and altogether, then I might tell her the truth which was to preserve her from marrying such a man as my rival. And I must do so, sooner than that she, my very dream of purity and gentle truth, should wed defilement. But how bitter to cast away my *chance!* as I said, in the gathering despair of that black night. And although every time I said it — for the same words would come over and over as in a delirious dream — I repeated yet again to myself that wonderful line of Spenser, —

> "It chanced — eternal God that chance did guide,"

yet the words never grew into spirit in me; they remained "words, words, words," and meant nothing to my feeling — hardly even to my judgment meant anything at all. Then came another bitter thought, the bitterness of which was wicked: it flashed upon me that my own earnestness with Catherine Weir, in urging her to the duty of forgiveness, would bear a main part in wrapping up in secrecy that evil thing which ought not to be hid. For had she not vowed — with the same facts before her which now threatened to crush my heart into a lump of clay — to denounce the man at the very altar? Had not the revenge which I had ignorantly combated been my best ally? And for one brief, black, wicked moment I repented that I had acted as I had acted. The next I was on my knees by the side of the sleeping child, and had repented back again in shame and sorrow. Then came the consolation that if I suffered hereby, I suffered from doing my duty. And that was well.

Scarcely had I seated myself again by the fire when the door of the room opened softly, and Thomas appeared.

"Kate is very strange, sir," he said, "and wants to see you."

I rose at once.

"Perhaps, then, you had better stay with Gerard."

"I will, sir; for I think she wants to speak to you alone."

I entered her chamber. A candle stood on the chest of drawers, and its light fell on her face, once more flushed in those two spots with the glow of the unseen fire of disease. Her eyes, too, glittered again, but the fierceness was gone, and only the suffering remained. I drew a chair beside her, and took her hand. She yielded it willingly, even returned the pressure of kindness which I offered to the thin trembling fingers.

"You are too good, sir," she said. "I want to tell you all. He promised to marry me. I believed him. But I did very wrong. And I have been a bad mother, for I could not keep from seeing his face in Gerard's. Gerard was the name he told me to call him when I had to write to him, and so I named the little darling Gerard. How is he, sir?"

"Doing nicely," I replied. "I do not think you need be at all uneasy about him now."

"Thank God. I forgive his father now with all my heart. I feel it easier since I saw how wicked I could be myself. And I feel it easier, too, that I have not long to live. I forgive him with all my heart, and I will take no revenge. I will not tell any one who he is. I have never told any one yet. But I will tell you. His name is George Everard — Captain Everard. I came to know him when I was apprenticed at Addicehead. I would not tell you, sir, if I did not know that you will not tell any one. I know you so well that I will not ask you not. I saw him yesterday, and it drove me wild. But it is all over now. My heart feels so cool now. Do you think God will forgive me?"

Without one word of my own, I took out my pocket Testament and read these words: —

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you."

Then I read to her, from the seventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, the story of the woman who was a sinner and came to Jesus in Simon's house, that she might see how the Lord himself thought and felt about such. When I had finished, I found that she was gently weeping, and so I left her, and resumed my place beside the boy. I told Thomas that he had better not go near her just yet. So we sat in silence together for a while, during which I felt so weary and benumbed, that I neither cared to resume my former train of thought, nor to enter upon the new one suggested by the confession of Catherine. I believe I must have fallen asleep in my chair, for I suddenly returned to consciousness at a cry from Gerard. I started up, and there was the child fast asleep, but standing on his feet in his crib, pushing with his hands from before him, as if resisting some one, and crying —

"Don't. Don't. Go away, man. Mammy! Mr. Walton!"

I took him in my arms, and kissed him, and laid him down again; and he lay as still as if he had never moved. At the same moment, Thomas came again into the room.

"I am sorry to be so troublesome, sir," he said; "but my poor daughter says there is one thing more she wanted to say to you."

I returned at once. As soon as I entered the room, she said eagerly: —

"I forgive him — I forgive him with all my heart; but don't let him take Gerard."

I assured her I would do my best to prevent any such attempt on his part, and making her promise to try to go to sleep, left her once more. Nor was either of the patients disturbed again during the night. Both slept, as it appeared, refreshingly.

In the morning, that is, before eight o'clock, the old doctor made his welcome appearance, and pronounced both quite as well as he had expected to find them. In another hour, he had sent young Tom to take my place, and my sister to take his father's. I was determined that none of the gossips of the village should go near the invalid if I could help it; for, though such might be kind-hearted and estimable women, their place was not by such a couch as that of Catherine Weir. I enjoined my sister to be very gentle in her approaches to her, to be careful even not to seem anxious to serve her, and so to allow her to get gradually accustomed to her presence, not showing herself for the first day more than she could help, and yet taking good care she should have everything she wanted. Martha seemed to understand me perfectly; and I left her in charge with the more confidence that I knew Dr. Duncan would call several times in the course of the day. As for Tom, I had equal assurance that he would attend to orders; and as Gerard was very fond of him, I dismissed all anxiety about both, and allowed my mind to return with fresh avidity to the contemplation of its own cares, and fears, and perplexities.

It was of no use trying to go to sleep, so I set out for a walk.

THE SUMMER HOUSE.

(From "At The Back of The North Wind.")

DIAMOND said nothing to his mother about his adventures. He had half a notion that North Wind was a friend of his mother, and that, if she did not know *all* about it, at least she did not mind his going anywhere with the lady of the wind. At the same time he doubted whether he might not appear to be telling stories if he told all, especially as he could hardly believe it himself when he thought about it in the middle of the day, although when the twilight was once halfway on to night he had no doubt about it, at least for the first few days after he had been with her. The girl that swept the crossing had certainly refused to believe him. Besides, he felt sure that North Wind would tell him if he ought to speak.

It was some time before he saw the lady of the wind again. Indeed nothing remarkable took place in Diamond's history until the following week. This was what happened then. Diamond the horse wanted new shoes, and Diamond's father took him out of the stable, and was just getting on his back to ride him to the forge, when he saw his little boy standing by the pump, and looking at him wistfully. Then the coachman took his foot out of the stirrup, left his hold of the mane and bridle, came across to his boy, lifted him up, and setting him on the horse's back, told him to sit up like a man. He then led away both Diamonds together.

The boy atop felt not a little tremulous as the great muscles that lifted the legs of the horse knotted and relaxed against his legs, and he cowered toward the withers, grasping with his hands the bit of mane worn short by the collar; but when his father looked back at him, saying once more, "Sit up, Diamond," he let the mane go and sat up, notwithstanding that the horse, thinking, I suppose, that his master had said to him, "*Come* up, Diamond," stepped out faster. For both the Diamonds were just grandly obedient. And Diamond soon found that, as he was obedient to his father, so the horse was obedient to him. For he had not ridden far before he found courage to reach forward and catch hold of the bridle, and when his father, whose hand was upon it, felt the boy pull it toward him, he looked up and smiled, and, well pleased, let go his hold, and left Diamond to guide Diamond; and the boy soon found that he could do so perfectly. It was a grand thing to be able to guide a great beast like that. And another discovery he made was that, in order to guide the horse, he had in a measure to obey the horse first. If he did not yield his body to the motions of the horse's body, he could not guide him; he must fall off.

The blacksmith lived at some distance, deeper into London. As they crossed the angle of a square, Diamond, who was now quite comfortable on his living throne, was glancing this way and that in a gentle pride, when he saw a girl sweeping a crossing scuddingly before a lady. The lady was his father's mistress, Mrs. Coleman, and the little girl was she for whose sake he had got off North Wind's back. He drew Diamond's bridle in eager anxiety to see whether her outstretched hand would gather a penny from Mrs. Coleman. But she had given one at the last crossing, and the hand returned only to grasp its broom. Diamond could not bear it. He had a penny in his pocket, the gift of the same lady the day before, and he tumbled off his horse to give it to the girl. He tumbled off, I say, for he did tumble when he reached the ground. But he got up in an instant, and ran, searching his pocket as he ran. She made him a pretty courtesy when he offered his treasure, but with a bewildered stare. She thought first: "Then he *was* on the back of the North Wind after all!" but, looking up at the sound of the horse's feet on the paved crossing, she changed her idea, saying to herself, "North Wind is his father's horse! That's the secret of it! Why couldn't he say so?" And she had a mind to refuse the penny. But his smile put it all right, and she not only took his penny, but put it in her mouth with a "Thank you, mister. Did they wollop you then?"

"Oh no!" answered Diamond. "They never wollops me."

"Lor!" said the little girl, and was speechless.

Meantime his father, looking up, and seeing the horse's back bare, suffered a pang of awful dread, but the next moment catching sight of him, took him up and put him on, saying:

"Don't get off again, Diamond. The horse might have put his foot on you."

"No, father," answered the boy, and rode on in majestic safety.

The summer drew near, warm and splendid. Miss Coleman was a little better in health, and sat a good deal in the garden. One day she saw Diamond peeping through the shrubbery, and called him. He talked to her so frankly that she often sent for him after that, and by degrees it came about that he had leave to run in the garden as he pleased. He never touched any of the flowers or blossoms, for he was not like some boys who cannot enjoy a thing without pulling it to pieces, and so preventing every one from enjoying it after them.

A week even makes such a long time in a child's life, that Diamond had begun once more to feel as if North Wind were a dream of some far-off year.

One hot evening, he had been sitting with the young mistress, as they called her, in a little summer-house at the bottom of the lawn — a wonderful thing for beauty, the boy thought, for a little window in the side of it was made of colored glass. It grew dusky, and the lady began to feel chill, and went in, leaving the boy in the summer-house. He sat there gazing out at a bed of tulips, which, although they had closed for the night, could not go quite asleep for the wind that kept waving them about. All at once he saw a great humble-bee fly out of one of the tulips.

"There! that is something done," said a voice — a gentle, merry, childish voice, but *so* tiny. "At last it was. I thought he would have had to stay there all night, poor fellow! I did."

Diamond could not tell whether the voice was near or far away, it was so small and yet so clear. He had never seen a fairy, but he had heard of such, and he began to look all about for one. And there was the tiniest creature sliding down the stem of the tulip!

"Are you the fairy that herds the bees?" he asked, going out of the summer-house, and down on his knees on the green shore of the tulip-bed.

"I'm not a fairy," answered the little creature.

"How do you know that?"

"It would become you better to ask how *you* are to know it."

"You've just told me."

"Yes. But what's the use of knowing a thing only because you're told it?"

"Well, how *am* I to know you are not a fairy? You do look very like one."

"In the first place, fairies are much bigger than you see me."

"Oh!" said Diamond reflectively; "I thought they were very little."

"But they might be tremendously bigger than I am, and yet not *very* big. Why, *I* could be six times the size I am, and not be very huge. Besides, a fairy can't grow big and little at will, though the nursery-tales do say so: they don't know better. You stupid Diamond! have you never seen me before?"

And, as she spoke, a moan of wind bent the tulips almost to the ground, and the creature laid her hand on Diamond's shoulder. In a moment he knew that it was North Wind.

"I *am* very stupid," he said; "but I never saw you so small before, not even when you were nursing the primrose."

"Must you see me every size that can be measured before you know me, Diamond?"

"But how could I think it was you taking care of a great stupid humble-bee?"

"The more stupid he was the more need he had to be taken care of. What with sucking honey and trying to open the door, he was nearly dazed; and when it opened in the morning to let the sun see the tulip's heart, what would the sun have thought to find such a stupid thing lying there — with wings too?"

"But how do you have time to look after bees?"

"I don't look after bees. I had this one to look after. It was hard work, though."

"Hard work! Why, you could blow a chimney down, or — or — a boy's cap off," said Diamond.

"Both are easier than to blow a tulip open. But I scarcely know the difference between hard and easy. I am always able for what I have to do. When I see my work, I just rush at it — and it is done. But I mustn't chatter. I have got to sink a ship to-night."

"Sink a ship! What! with men in it?"

"Yes, and women, too."

"How dreadful! I wish you wouldn't talk so."

"It is rather dreadful. But it is my work. I must do it."

"I hope you won't ask me to go with you."

"No, I won't ask you. But you must come for all that."

"I won't, then."

"Won't you?"

And North Wind grew a tall lady, and looked him in the eyes, and Diamond said:

"Please take me. You cannot be cruel."

"No; I could not be cruel if I would. I can do nothing cruel, although I often do what looks like cruel to those who do not know what I really am doing. The people they say I drown, I only carry away to — to — to — well, the back of the North Wind — that is what they used to call it long ago, only *I* never saw the place."

"How can you carry them there if you never saw it?"

"I know the way."

"But how is it you never saw it?"

"Because it is behind me."

"But you can look round."

"Not far enough to see my own back. No; I always look before me. In fact, I grow quite blind and deaf when I try to see my back. I only mind my work."

"But how does it be your work?"

"Ah, that I can't tell you. I only know it is, because when I do it I feel all right, and when I don't I feel all wrong. East Wind says — only one does not exactly know how much to believe of what she says, for she is very naughty sometimes — she says it is all managed by a baby; but whether she is good or naughty when she says that, I don't know. I just stick to my work. It is all one to me to let a bee out of a tulip, or to sweep the cobwebs from the sky. You would like to go with me to-night?"

"I don't want to see a ship sunk."

"But suppose I had to take you?"

"Why, then, of course I must go."

"There's a good Diamond — I think I had better be growing a bit. Only you must go to bed first. I can't take you till you're in bed. That's the law about the children. So I had better go and do something else first."

"Very well, North Wind," said Diamond. "What are you going to do first, if you please?"

"I think I may tell you. Jump up on the top of the wall there."

"I can't."

"Ah! and I can't help you — you haven't been to bed yet, you see. Come out to the road with me, just in front of the coach-house, and I will show you."

North Wind grew very small indeed, so small that she could not have blown the dust off a dusty miller, as the Scotch children call a yellow auricula. Diamond could not even see the blades of grass move as she flitted along by his foot. They left the lawn, went out by the wicket in the coach-house gates, and then crossed the road to the low wall that separated it from the river.

"You can get up on this wall, Diamond," said North Wind.

"Yes; but my mother has forbidden me."

"Then don't," said North Wind.

"But I can see over."

"Ah! to be sure. I can't."

So saying, North Wind gave a little bound, and stood on the top of the wall. She was just about the height a dragon-fly would be, if it stood on end.

"You darling!" said Diamond, seeing what a lovely little toy-woman she was.

"Don't be impertinent, Master Diamond," said North Wind. "If there's one thing makes me more angry than another, it is the way you humans judge things by their size. I am quite as respectable now as I shall be six hours after this, when I take an East Indiaman by the royals, twist her round, and push her under. You have no right to address me in such a fashion."

But as she spoke, the tiny face wore the smile of a great grand woman. She was only having her own beautiful fun out of Diamond, and true woman's fun never hurts.

"But look there!" she resumed. "Do you see a boat with one man in it — a green and white boat?"

"Yes; quite well."

"That's a poet."

"I thought you said it was a bo-at."

"Stupid pet! Don't you know what a poet is?"

"Why, a thing to sail on the water in."

"Well, perhaps you're not so far wrong. Some poets do carry people over the sea. But I have no business to talk so much. The man is a poet."

"The boat is a boat," said Diamond.

"Can't you spell?" asked North Wind.

"Not very well."

"So I see. A poet is not a bo-at, as you call it. A poet is a man who is glad of something, and tries to make other people glad of it too."

"Ah! now I know. Like the man in the sweety-shop."

"Not very. But I see it is no use. I wasn't sent to tell you, and so I can't tell you. I must be off. Only first just look at the man."

"He's not much of a rower," said Diamond — "paddling first with one fin and then with the other."

"Now look here!" said North Wind.

And she flashed like a dragon-fly across the water, whose surface rippled and puckered as she passed. The next moment the man in the boat glanced about him, and bent to his oars. The boat flew over the rippling water. Man and boat and river were awake. The same instant, almost, North Wind perched again upon the river wall.

"How did you do that?" asked Diamond.

"I blew in his face," answered North Wind.

"I don't see how that could do it," said Diamond.

"I dare say not. And therefore you will say you don't believe it could."

"No, no, dear North Wind. I know you too well not to believe you."

"Well, I blew in his face, and that woke him up."

"But what was the good of it?"

"Why! don't you see? Look at him — how he is pulling. I blew the mist out of him."

"How was that?"

"That is just what I cannot tell you."

"But you did it."

"Yes. I have to do ten thousand things without being able to tell how."

"I don't like that," said Diamond.

He was staring after the boat. Hearing no answer, he looked down to the wall.

North Wind was gone. Away across the river went a long ripple — what sailors call a cat's paw. The man in the boat was putting up a sail. The moon was coming to herself on the edge of a great cloud, and the sail began to shine white. Diamond rubbed his eyes, and wondered what it was all about. Things seemed going on around him, and all to understand each other; but he could make nothing of it. So he put his hands in his pockets, and went in to have his tea. The night was very hot, for the wind had fallen again.

"You don't seem very well to-night, Diamond," said his mother.

"I am quite well, mother," returned Diamond, who was only puzzled.

"I think you had better go to bed," she added.

"Very well, mother," he answered.

He stopped for one moment to look out of the window. Above the moon the clouds were going different ways. Somehow or other this troubled him, but, notwithstanding, he was soon fast asleep.

He woke in the middle of the night and the darkness. A terrible noise was rumbling overhead, like the rolling of great drums echoing through a brazen vault. The roof of the loft in which he lay had no ceiling; only the tiles were between him and the sky. For awhile he could not come quite awake, for the noise kept beating him down, so that his heart was troubled and fluttered painfully. A second peal of thunder burst over his head, and almost choked him with fear. Nor did he recover until the great blast that followed, having torn some tiles off the roof, sent a spout of wind down into his bed and over his face, which brought him wide awake, and gave him back his courage. The same moment he heard a mighty yet musical voice calling him.

"Come up, Diamond," it said. "It's all ready. I'm waiting for you."

He looked out of the bed, and saw a gigantic, powerful, but most lovely arm — with a hand whose fingers were nothing the less ladylike that they could have strangled a boa-constrictor, or choked a tigress off its prey — stretched down through a big hole in the roof. Without a moment's hesitation he reached out his tiny one, and laid it in the grand palm before him.

OUT IN THE STORM.

THE hand felt its way up his arm, and, grasping it gently and strongly above the elbow, lifted Diamond from the bed. The moment he was through the hole in the roof, all the winds of heaven seemed to lay hold upon him, and buffet him hither and thither. His hair blew one way, his nightgown another, his legs threatened to float from under him, and his head to grow dizzy with the swiftness of the invisible assailant. Cowering he clung with the other hand to the huge hand which held his arm, and fear invaded his heart.

"Oh, North Wind!" he murmured, but the words vanished from his lips as he had seen the soap-bubbles that burst too soon vanish from the mouth of his pipe. The wind caught them, and they were nowhere. They couldn't get out at all, but were torn away and strangled. And yet North Wind heard them, and in her answer it seemed to Diamond that just because she was so big and could not help it, and just because her ear and her mouth must seem to him so dreadfully far away, she spoke to him more tenderly and graciously than ever before. Her voice was like the bass of a deep organ, without the groan in it; like the most delicate of violin tones without the wail in it; like the most glorious of trumpet-ejaculations without the defiance in it; like the sound of falling water without the clatter and clash in it; it was like all of them and neither of them — all of them without their faults, each of them without its peculiarity; after all, it was more like his mother's voice than anything else in the world.

"Diamond, dear," she said, "be a man. What is fearful to you is not in the least fearful to me."

"But it can't hurt you," murmured Diamond, "for you're *it*."

"Then if I'm *it*, and have you in my arms, how can it hurt you?"

"Oh yes! I see," whispered Diamond. "But it looks so dreadful, and it pushes me about so."

"Yes, it does, my dear. That is what it was sent for."

At the same moment, a peal of thunder which shook Diamond's heart against the sides of his bosom hurtled out of the heavens: I cannot say out of the sky, for there was no sky. Diamond had not seen the lightning, for he had been intent on finding the face of North Wind. Every moment the folds of her garment would sweep across his eyes and blind him, but between he could just persuade himself that he saw great glories of woman's eyes looking down through rifts in the mountainous clouds over his head.

He trembled so at the thunder that his knees failed him, and he sunk down at North Wind's feet, and clasped her round the column of her ankle. She instantly stooped and lifted him from the roof — up — up into her bosom, and held him there, saying, as if to an inconsolable child:

"Diamond, dear, this will never do."

"Oh, yes, it will," answered Diamond. "I am all right now — quite comfortable, I assure you, dear North Wind. If you will only let me stay here, I shall be all right indeed."

"But you will feel the wind here, Diamond."

"I don't mind that a bit, so long as I feel your arms through it," answered Diamond, nestling closer to her grand bosom.

"Brave boy!" returned North Wind, pressing him closer.

"No," said Diamond, "I don't see that. It's not courage at all, so long as I feel you there."

"But hadn't you better get into my hair? Then you would not feel the wind; you will here."

"Ah, but, dear North Wind, you don't know how nice it is to feel your arms about me. It is a thousand times better to have them and the wind together, than to have only your hair and the back of your neck and no wind at all."

"But it is surely more comfortable there?"

"Well, perhaps; but I begin to think there are better things than being comfortable."

"Yes, indeed there are. Well, I will keep you in front of me. You will feel the wind, but not too much. I shall only want one arm to take care of you; the other will be quite enough to sink the ship."

"Oh, dear North Wind! how can you talk so?"

"My dear boy, I never talk; I always mean what I say."

"Then you do mean to sink the ship with the other hand?"

"Yes."

"It's not like you."

"How do you know that?"

"Quite easily. Here you are taking care of a poor little boy with one arm, and there you are sinking a ship with the other. It can't be like you."

"Ah, but which is me? I can't be two mes, you know."

"No. Nobody can be two mes."

"Well, which me is me?"

"Now I must think. There looks to be two."

"Yes. That's the very point — You can't be knowing the thing you don't know, can you?"

"No."

"Which me do you know?"

"The kindest, goodest, best me in the world," answered Diamond, clinging to North Wind.

"Why am I good to you?"

"I don't know."

"Have you ever done anything for me?"

"No."

"Then I must be good to you because I choose to be good to you."

"Yes."

"Why should I choose?"

"Because — because — because you like."

"Why should I like to be good to you?"

"I don't know, except it be because it's good to be good to me."

"That's just it; I am good to you because I like to be good."

"Then why shouldn't you be good to other people as well as to me?"

"That's just what I don't know. Why shouldn't I?"

"I don't know either. Then why shouldn't you?"

"Because I am."

"There it is again," said Diamond. "I don't see that you are. It looks quite the other thing."

"Well, but listen to me, Diamond. You know the one *me*, you say, and that is good."

"Yes."

"Do you know the other *me* as well?"

"No. I can't. I shouldn't like to."

"There it is. You don't know the other me. You are sure of one of them?"

"Yes."

"And you are sure there can't be two mes?"

"Yes."

"Then the me you don't know must be the same as the me you do know — else there would be two mes?"

"Yes."

"Then the other me you don't know must be as kind as the me you do know?"

"Yes."

"Besides, *I* tell you that it is so, only it doesn't look like it. That I confess freely. Have you anything more to object?"

"No, no, dear North Wind; I am quite satisfied."

"Then I will tell you something you might object. You might say that the me you know is like the other me, and that I am cruel all through."

"I know that can't be because you are so kind."

"But that kindness might be only a pretense for the sake of being more cruel afterward."

Diamond clung to her tighter than ever, crying:

"No, no, dear North Wind; I can't believe that. I don't believe it. I won't believe it. That would kill me. I love you, and you must love me, else how did I come to love you? How could you know how to put on such a beautiful face if you did not love me and the rest? No. You may sink as many ships as you like, and I won't say another word. I can't say I shall like to see it, you know."

"That's quite another thing," said North Wind; and as she spoke she gave one spring from the roof of the hay-loft, and rushed up into the clouds, with Diamond on her left arm close to her heart. And as if the clouds knew she had come, they burst into a fresh jubilation of thunderous light. For a few moments Diamond seemed to be borne up through the depths of an ocean of dazzling flame; the next, the winds were writhing around him like a storm of serpents. For they were in the midst of the clouds and mists, and they of course took the shapes of the wind, eddying and wreathing and whirling and shooting and dashing about like gray and black water, so that it was as if the wind itself had taken shape, and he saw the gray and black wind tossing and raving most madly all about him. Now it blinded him by smiting him upon the eyes; now it deafened him by bellowing in his ears; for even when the thunder came he knew now that it was the billows of the great ocean of the air dashing against each other in their haste to fill the hollow scooped out by the lightning; now it took his breath quite away by sucking it from his body with the speed of its rush. But he did not mind it. He only gasped first and then laughed, for the arm of North Wind was about him, and he was leaning against her bosom. It is quite impossible for me to describe what he saw. Did you ever watch a great wave shoot into a winding passage among rocks? If you ever did, you would see that the water rushed every way at once, some of it even turning back and opposing the rest; greater confusion you might see nowhere except in a crowd of frightened people. Well, the wind was like that, except that it went much faster, and therefore was much wilder, and twisted and shot and curled and dodged and clashed and raved ten times more madly than anything else in creation except human passions. Diamond saw the threads of the lady's hair streaking it all. In parts indeed he could not tell which was hair and which was black storm and vapor. It seemed sometimes that all the great billows of mist-muddy wind were woven out of the crossing lines of North Wind's infinite hair, sweeping in endless intertwistings. And Diamond felt as the wind seized on his hair, which his mother kept rather long, as if he too was a part of the storm, and some of its life went out from him. But so sheltered was he by North Wind's arm and bosom that only at times, in the fiercer onslaught of some curl-billowed eddy, did he recognize for a moment how wild was the storm in which he was carried, nestling in its very core and formative center.

It seemed to Diamond likewise that they were motionless in this center, and that all the confusion and fighting went on around them. Flash after flash illuminated the fierce chaos, revealing in varied yellow and blue and gray and dusky red the vaporous contention; peal after peal of thunder tore the infinite waste; but it seemed to Diamond that North Wind and he were motionless, all but the hair. It was not so. They were sweeping with the speed of the wind itself toward the sea.

THE CATHEDRAL.

I MUST not go on describing what cannot be described, for nothing is more wearisome.

Before they reached the sea, Diamond felt North Wind's hair beginning to fall about him.

"Is the storm over, North Wind?" he called out.

"No, Diamond. I am only waiting a moment to set you down. You would not like to see the ship sunk, and I am going to give you a place to stop in till I come back for you."

"Oh! thank you," said Diamond. "I shall be sorry to leave you, North Wind, but I would rather not see the ship go down. And I'm afraid the poor people will cry, and I should hear them. Oh, dear!"

"There are a good many passengers on board; and to tell the truth, Diamond, I don't care about your hearing the cry you speak of. I am afraid you would not get it out of your little head again for a long time."

"But how can you bear it then, North Wind? For I am sure you are kind. I shall never doubt that again."

"I will tell you how I am able to bear it, Diamond; I am always hearing, through every noise, through all the noise I am making myself even, the sound of a far-off song. I do not exactly know where it is, or what it means; and I don't hear much of it, only the odor of its music, as it were, flitting across the great billows of the ocean outside this air in which I make such a storm; but what I do hear is quite enough to make me able to bear the cry from the drowning ship. So it would you if you could hear it."

"No, it wouldn't," returned Diamond, stoutly. "For *they* wouldn't hear the music of the far-away song; and if they did, it wouldn't do them any good. You see you and I are not going to be drowned, and so *we* might enjoy it."

"But you have never heard the psalm, and you don't know what it is like. Somehow, I can't say how, it tells me that all is right; that it is coming to swallow up all cries."

"But that won't do them any good — the people, I mean," persisted Diamond.

"It must. It must," said North Wind, hurriedly. "It wouldn't be the song it seems to be if it did not swallow up all their fear and pain too, and set them singing it themselves with the rest. I am sure it will. And do you know, ever since I knew I had hair, that is, ever since it began to go out and away, that song has been coming nearer and nearer. Only I must say it was some thousand years before I heard it."

"But how can you say it was coming nearer when you did not hear it?" asked doubting little Diamond.

"Since I began to hear it, I know it is growing louder, therefore I judge it was coming nearer and nearer until I did hear it first. I'm not so old, you know — a few thousand years only — and I was quite a baby when I heard the noise first, but I knew it must come from the voices of people ever so much older and wiser than I was. I can't sing at all, except now and then, and I can never tell what my song is going to be; I only know what it is after I have sung it. But this will never do. Will you stop here?"

"I can't see anywhere to stop," said Diamond. "Your hair is all down like a darkness, and I can't see through it if I knock my eyes into it ever so much."

"Look then," said North Wind; and, with one sweep of her great white arm, she swept yards deep of darkness like a great curtain from before the face of the boy.

And lo! it was a blue night, lit up with stars. Where it did not shine with stars it shimmered with the milk of the stars, except where, just opposite to Diamond's face, the gray towers of a cathedral blotted out each its own shape of sky and stars.

"Oh! what's that?" cried Diamond, struck with a kind of terror, for he had never seen a cathedral, and it rose before him with an awful reality in the midst of the wide spaces, conquering emptiness with grandeur.

"A very good place for you to wait in," said North Wind. "But we shall go in, and you shall judge for yourself."

There was an open door in the middle of one of the towers, leading out upon the roof, and through it they passed. Then North Wind set Diamond on his feet, and he found himself at the top of a stone stair, which went twisting away down into the darkness. For only a little light came in at the door. It was enough, however, to allow Diamond to see that North Wind stood beside him. He looked up to find her face, and saw that she was no longer a beautiful giantess, but the tall gracious lady he liked best to see. She took his hand, and, giving him the broad part of the spiral stair to walk on, led him down a good way; then, opening another little door, led him out upon a narrow gallery that ran all round the central part of the church, on the ledges of the windows of the clearstory, and through openings in the parts of the wall that divided the windows from each other. It was very narrow, and, except when they were passing through the wall, Diamond saw nothing to keep him from falling into the church. It lay below him like a great silent gulf hollowed in stone, and he held his breath for fear as he looked down.

"What are you trembling for, little Diamond?" said the lady, as she walked gently along, with her hand held out behind her leading him, for there was not breadth enough for them to walk side by side.

"I am afraid of falling down there," answered Diamond. "It is so deep down."

"Yes, rather," answered North Wind; "but you were a hundred times higher a few minutes ago."

"Ah, yes, but somebody's arm was about me then," said Diamond, putting his little mouth to the beautiful cold hand that had a hold of his.

"What a dear little warm mouth you've got!" said North Wind. "It is a pity you should talk nonsense with it. Don't you know I have a hold of you?"

"Yes; but I'm walking on my own legs, and they might slip. I can't trust myself so well as your arms."

"But I have a hold of you, I tell you, foolish child."

"Yes, but somehow I can't feel comfortable."

"If you were to fall, and my hold of you were to give way, I should be down after you in a less moment than a lady's watch can tick, and catch you long before you had reached the ground."

"I don't like it, though," said Diamond.

"*Oh! oh! oh!*" he screamed the next moment, bent double with terror, for North Wind had let go her hold of his hand, and had vanished, leaving him standing as if rooted to the gallery.

She left the words, "Come after me," sounding in his ears.

But move he dared not. In a moment more he would from very terror have fallen into the church, but suddenly there came a gentle breath of cool wind upon his face, and it kept blowing upon him in little puffs, and at every puff Diamond felt his faintness going away, and his fear with it. Courage was reviving in his little heart, and still the cool wafts of the soft wind breathed upon him, and the soft wind was so mighty and strong within its gentleness, that in a minute more Diamond was marching along the narrow ledge as fearless for the time as North Wind herself.

He walked on and on, with the windows all in a row on one side of him, and the great empty nave of the church echoing to every one of his brave strides on the other, until at last he came to a little open door, from which a broader stair led him down and down and down, till at last all at once he found himself in the arms of North Wind, who held him close to her, and kissed him on the forehead. Diamond nestled to her, and murmured into her bosom:

"Why did you leave me, dear North Wind?"

"Because I wanted you to walk alone," she answered.

"But it is so much nicer here!" said Diamond.

"I dare say; but I couldn't hold a little coward to my heart. It would make me so cold!"

"But I wasn't brave of myself," said Diamond, whom my older readers will have already discovered to be a true child in this, that he was given to metaphysics. "It was the wind that blew in my face that made me brave. Wasn't it now, North Wind?"

"Yes: I know that. You had to be taught what courage was. And you couldn't know what it was without feeling it: therefore it was given you. But don't you feel as if you would try to be brave yourself next time?"

"Yes, I do. But trying is not much."

"Yes, it is — a very great deal, for it is a beginning. And a beginning is the greatest thing of all. To try to be brave is to be brave. The coward who tries to be brave is before the man who is brave because he is made so, and never had to try."

"How kind you are, North Wind!"

"I am only just. All kindness is but justice. We owe it."

"I don't quite understand that."

"Never mind; you will some day. There is no hurry about understanding it now."

"Who blew the wind on me that made me brave?"

"I did."

"I didn't see you."

"Therefore you can believe me."

"Yes, yes; of course. But how was it that such a little breath could be so strong?"

"That I don't know."

"But you made it strong?"

"No: I only blew it. I knew it would make you strong, just as it did the man in the boat, you remember. But how my breath has that power I cannot tell. It was put into it when I was made. That is all I know. But really I must be going about my work."

"Ah! the poor ship! I wish you would stop here, and let the poor ship go."

"That I dare not do. Will you stop here till I come back?"

"Yes. You won't be long?"

"Not longer than I can help. Trust me, you shall get home before the morning."

In a moment North Wind was gone, and the next Diamond heard a moaning about the church, which grew and grew to a roaring. The storm was up again, and he knew that North Wind's hair was flying.

The church was dark. Only a little light came through the windows, which were almost all of that precious old stained glass which is so much lovelier than the new. But Diamond could not see how beautiful they were, for there was not enough of light in the stars to show the colors of them. He could only just distinguish them from the walls. He looked up, but could not see the gallery along which he had passed. He could only tell where it was far up by the faint glimmer of the windows of the clearstory, whose sills made part of it. The church grew very lonely about him, and he began to feel like a child whose mother has forsaken it. Only he knew that to be left alone is not always to be forsaken.

He began to feel his way about the place, and for awhile went wandering up and down. His little footsteps waked little answering echoes in the great house. It wasn't too big to mind him. It was as if the church knew he was there, and meant to make itself his house. So it went on giving back an answer to every step, until at length Diamond thought he would like to say something out loud, and see what the church would answer. But he found he was afraid to speak. He could not utter a word for fear of the loneliness. Perhaps it was as well that he did not, for the sound of a spoken word would have made him feel the place yet more deserted and empty. But he thought he could sing. He was fond of singing, and at home he used to sing, to tunes of his own, all the nursery rhymes he knew. So he began to try "Hey diddle diddle," but it wouldn't do. Then he tried "Little Boy Blue," but it was no better. Neither would "Sing a Song of Sixpence" sing itself at all. Then he tried "Poor old Cockytoo," but it wouldn't do. They all sounded so silly! and he had never thought them silly before. So he was quiet, and listened to the echoes that came out of the dark corners in answer to his footsteps.

At last he gave a great sigh, and said, "I'm *so* tired." But he did not hear the gentle echo that answered from far away over his head, for at the same moment he came against the lowest of a few steps that stretched across the church, and fell down and hurt his arm. He cried a little first, and then crawled up the steps on his hands and knees. At the top he came to a little bit of carpet, on which he lay down; and there he lay staring at the dull window that rose nearly a hundred feet above his head.

Now this was the eastern window of the church, and the moon was at that moment just on the edge of the horizon.

The next, she was peeping over it. And lo! with the moon, St. John and St. Paul, and the rest of them, began to dawn in the window in their lovely garments. Diamond *did not know that the wonder-working moon was behind*, and he thought all the light was coming out of the window itself, and that the good old men were appearing to help him, growing out of the night and the darkness, because he had hurt his arm, and was very tired and lonely, and North Wind was so long in coming. So he lay and looked at them backward over his head, wondering when they would come down or what they would do next. They were very dim, for the moonlight was not strong enough for the colors, and he had enough to do with his eyes trying to make out their shapes. So his eyes grew tired, and more and more tired, and his eyelids grew so heavy that they would keep tumbling down over his eyes. He kept lifting them and lifting them, but every time they were heavier than the last. It was no use: they were too much for him. Sometimes before he had got them half up, down they were again; and at length he gave it up quite and the moment he gave it up, he was fast asleep.

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH!

SAD-HEARTED, be at peace; the snowdrop lies
Buried in sepulcher of ghastly snow;
But Spring is floating up the southern skies,
And, darkling, the pale snowdrop waits below.

Let me persuade: in dull December's day
We scarce believe there is a month of June;
But up the stairs of April and of May
The hot sun climbeth to the Summer's noon.

Yet hear me: I love God, and half I rest.
Oh, better! God loves thee, so all rest thou.
He is our Summer, our dim-visioned Best! —
And in His heart thy prayer is resting now.

BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

"Where did you come from, Baby dear?"

. . . .

"God thought about you, and so I am here"

JEAN MACÉ.

Jean Macé, a French educator and general writer, born in Paris, April 22, 1815; died Dec. 13, 1894. He was educated at the Collège Stanislas, and when twenty years of age was appointed a teacher of history there. He retained his position for ten years. In 1848 he became an editor of *La République.* He left Paris after the *coup d'état*, and taught natural science and literature in a girls' school in Alsace. In 1861 he published the "History of a Mouthful of Bread." In 1864 he was one of the founders and directors of the *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, and in 1866 he organized a teachers' league for the promotion of popular education. Among his works are "The Servants of the Stomach" (1866); "The Genie and the Little City" (1868); "The Ideas of Jean François" (1872–1873); a book of "Fairy Tales;" "La Grammaire de Mlle. Lili" (1878); and "La France avant les Francs" (1881).

The Hand.

(From "The History of a Mouthful of Bread.")

At the foot of the mountains, from whence I write to you, my dear child, when we want to show the country to a stranger, we commence by making him climb one of the heights, whence he may take in at a glance the whole landscape below, all the woods and villages scattered over the plain, even up to the blue line of the Rhine which stretches out to the distant horizon. After this he will easily find his way about.

It is to the top of a mountain equally useful that I have just led you. It has cost you some trouble to climb with me. You have had to keep your eyes very wide open that you might see to the end of the road we had to go together. Now then, let us come down and view the country in detail. Then we shall go as if we were on wheels.

And now let us begin at the beginning:

Well, doubtless, as the subject is eating, you will expect me to begin with the mouth.

Wait a moment; there is something else first. But you are so accustomed to make use of it, that you have never given it a thought, I dare say.

It is not enough merely that one should have a mouth, we must be able to put what we want within it. What would you do at dinner, for instance, if you had no hands?

The hand is then the first thing to be considered.

I shall not give you a description of it; you know what it is like. But what, perhaps, you do not know, because you have never thought about it, is, the reason why your hand is a more convenient, and consequently more perfect, instrument than a cat's paw, for instance, which yet answers a similar purpose, for it helps the cat to catch mice.

Among your five fingers there is one which is called the thumb, which stands out on one side quite apart from the others. Look at it with respect; it is to these two little bones, covered over with a little flesh, that man owes part of his physical superiority to other animals. It is one of his best servants, one of the noblest of God's gifts to him. Without the thumb three-fourths (at least) of human arts would yet have to be invented; and to begin with, the art not only of carrying the contents of one's plate to one's mouth, but of filling the plate (a very important question in another way) would, but for the thumb, have had difficulties to surmount of which you can form no idea.

Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything (a piece of bread, we will say, as we are on the subject of eating), have you noticed that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on one side by himself, whilst the rest of the fingers are on the other? If the thumb is not helping, nothing remains in your hand, and you don't know what to do with it. Try, by way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and you will see what a long time it will take you to get through a poor little plateful of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on your hand that it can face each of the other fingers one after another, or all together, as you please; and by this we are enabled to grasp, as if with a pair of pincers, whatever object, whether large or small. Our hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal, except the monkey, our nearest neighbor.

I may even add, while we are about it, that it is this which distinguishes the hand from a paw or a foot. Our feet, which have other things to do than to pick up apples or lay hold of a fork, our feet have also each five fingers, but the largest cannot face the others; it is not a thumb, therefore, and it is because of this that our feet are not hands. Now the monkey has thumbs on the four members corresponding to our arms and legs, and thus we may say that he has hands at the end of his legs as well as of his arms. Nevertheless, he is not on that account better off than we are, but quite the contrary. I will explain this to you presently.

To return to our subject. You see that it was necessary, before saying anything about the mouth, to consider the hand, which is the mouth's purveyor. Before the cook lights the fires the maid must go to market, must she not? And it is a very valuable maid that we have here: what would become of us without her?

If we were in the habit of giving thought to everything, we should never even gather a nut without being grateful to the Providence which has provided us with the thumb, by means of which we are able to do it so easily.

But however well I may have expressed it, I am by no means sure, after all, that I have succeeded in showing you clearly, how absolutely necessary our hand is to us in eating, and why it has the honor to stand at the beginning of the history of what we eat.

It still appears to you, I suspect, that even if you were to lose the use of your hands you would not, for all that, let yourself die of hunger.

This is because you have not attended to another circumstance, which nevertheless demands your notice—namely, that from one end of the world to the other, quantities of hands are being employed in providing you with the wherewithal to eat.

To go on further: Have you any idea how many hands have been put in motion merely to enable you to have your coffee and roll in the morning? What a number, to be sure, over this cup of coffee (which is a trifle in comparison with the other food you will consume in the course of the day); from the hand of the negro who gathered the coffee crop to that of the cook who ground the berries, to say nothing of the hand of the sailor who guided the ship which bore them to our shores. Again, from the hand of the laborer who sowed the corn, and that of the miller who ground it into flour, to the hand of the baker who made it into a roll. Then the hand of the farmer's wife who milked the cow, and the hand of the refiner who made the sugar; to say nothing of the many others who prepared his work for him, and I know not how many more.

How would it be, then, if I were to amuse myself by counting up all the hands that are wanted to furnish —

The sugar-refiner's manufactory,
The milkmaid's shed,
The baker's oven,
The miller's mill,
The laborer's plow,
The sailor's ship?

And even now is there nothing we have forgotten? Ah, yes! the most important of all the hands to you; — the hand which brings together for your benefit the fruits of the labor of all the others — the hand of your dear mother, always active, always ready, that hand which so often acts as yours when your own is awkward or idle.

Now, then, you see how you might really manage to do without those two comparatively helpless little paws of yours (although there is a thumb to each), without suffering too much for want of food. With such an army of hands at work, in every way, to furnish provision for that little mouth, there would not be much danger.

But cut off your cat's fore paws — oh dear! what am I saying? Suppose, rather, that she has not got any, and then count how many mice she will catch in a day. The milk you give her is another matter, remember. Like your cup of coffee, that is provided for her by others.

Believe me, if you were suddenly left all alone in a wood, like those pretty squirrels who nibble hazel-nuts so daintily, you would soon discover, from being thus thrown upon your own resources, that the mouth is not the only thing required for eating, and that whether it be a paw or a hand, there must always be a servant to go to market for Mr. Mouth, and to provide him with food.

Happily, we are not driven to this extremity. We take hold of our coffee-biscuit between the thumb and forefinger, and behold it is on its road — Open the mouth, and it is soon done!

But before we begin to chew, let us stop to consider a little.

The mouth is the door at which everything enters. Now, to every well-kept door there is a doorkeeper, or porter. And what is the office of a well-instructed porter? Well, he asks the people that present themselves, who they are, and what they have come for; and if he does not like their appearance, he refuses them admittance. We too, then, to be complete, need a porter of this sort in our mouths, and I am happy to say we have one accordingly. I wonder whether you know him? You look at me quite aghast! Oh, ungrateful child, not to know your dearest friend! As a punishment, I shall not tell you who he is to-day. I will give you till to-morrow to think about it.

Meanwhile, as I have a little time left, I will say one word more about what we are going to look at together. It would hardly be worth while to tell you this pretty story which we have begun, if from time to time we were not to extract a moral from it. And what is the moral of our history to-day?

It has more than one.

In the first place it teaches you, if you never knew it before, that you are under great obligations to other people, indeed to almost everybody, and most of all perhaps to people whom you may be tempted to look down upon. This laborer, with his coarse smock-frock and heavy shoes, whom you are so ready to ridicule, is the very person who, with his rough hand, has been the means of procuring for you half the good things you eat. That workman, with turned-up sleeves, whose dirty black fingers you are afraid of touching, has very likely blackened and dirtied them in your service. You owe great respect to all these people, I assure you, for they all work for you. Do not, then, go and fancy yourself of great consequence among them — you who are of no use in any way at present, who want everybody's help yourself, but as yet can help nobody.

Not that I mean to reproach you by saying this. Your turn has not come yet, and everybody began like you originally. But I do wish to impress upon you that you must prepare yourself to become some day useful to others, so that you may pay back the debts which you are now contracting.

Every time you look at your little hand, remember that you have its education to accomplish, its debts of honor to repay, and that you must make haste and teach it to be very clever, so that it may no longer be said of you, that you are of no use to anybody.

And then, my dear child, remember that a day will come, when the revered hands that now take care of your childhood

— those hands which to-day are yours, as it were — will become weak and incapacitated by age. You will be strong, then, probably, and the assistance which you receive now, you must then render to her, render it to her as you have received it — that is to say, with your hands. It is the mother's hand which comes and goes without ceasing about her little girl now. It is the daughter's hand which should come and go around the old mother hereafter — her hand and not another's.

Here again, my child, the mouth is nothing without the hand. The mouth says, " I love," the hand proves it.

THE TONGUE.

Now, about this doorkeeper, or porter, as we will call him, of the mouth. I do not suppose you have guessed who he is; so I am going to tell you.

The porter who keeps the door of the mouth is *the sense of taste.*

It is he who does the honors of the house so agreeably to proper visitors, and gives such an unscrupulous dismissal to unpleasant intruders. In other words, it is by his directions that we welcome so affectionately with tongue and lips whatever is good to eat, and spit out unhesitatingly whatever is unpleasant.

I could speak very ill of this porter if I chose; which would not be very pleasant for certain little gourmands that I see here, who think a good deal too much of him. But I would rather begin by praising him. I can make my exceptions afterwards.

In the history I am going to give you, my dear child, there is one thing you must never lose sight of, even when I do not allude to it; and that is, that everything we shall examine into, has been expressly arranged by God for the good and accommodation of our being in this world; just as a cradle is arranged by a mother for the comfort of her baby. We must look upon all these things, therefore, as so many presents from the Almighty himself; and abstain from speaking ill of them, were it only out of respect for the hand which has bestowed them.

Moreover, there is a very easy plan by which we may satisfy ourselves of the usefulness and propriety of these gifts — namely, by considering what would become of us if we were deprived of any one of them.

Suppose, for instance, that you were totally deficient in the sense of taste, and that when you put a piece of cake into your mouth, it should create no more sensation in you than when you held it in your hand?

You would not have thought of imagining such a case yourself, I am aware; for it never comes into a child's head to think that things can be otherwise than as God has made them. And in that respect children are sometimes wiser than philosophers. Nevertheless, we will suppose this for once, and consider what would happen in consequence.

Well, in the first place, you would eat old moldy cake with just the same relish as if it were fresh; and this moldy cake, which now you carefully avoid because it is moldy, is very unwholesome food, and would poison you were you to eat a great deal of it.

I give this merely as an instance, but it is one of a thousand. And although, with regard to eatables, you only know such as have been prepared either in shops or in your mamma's kitchen, still you must be aware there are many we ought to avoid, because they would do no good in our stomachs, and that we should often be puzzled to distinguish these from others, if the sense of taste did not warn us about them. You must admit, therefore, that such warnings are not without their value.

In short, it is a marvelous fact that what is unfit for food, is *almost always* to be recognized as it enters the mouth, by its disagreeable taste; a further proof that God has thought of everything. Medicines, it is true, are unpleasant to the taste, and yet have to be swallowed in certain cases. But we may compare them to chimney-sweepers, who are neither pretty to look at, nor invited into the drawing-room; but who, nevertheless, are from time to time let into the grandest houses by the porters — though possibly with a grimace — because their services are wanted. And in the same way medicines have to be admitted sometimes — despite their unpleasantness — because they, too, have to work in the chimney. Taste does not deceive you about them, however; they are not intended to serve as food. If anyone should try to breakfast, dine, and sup upon physic he would soon find this out.

Besides, I only said *almost* always, in speaking of unwholesome food making itself known to us by its nasty taste; for it is an unfortunate truth that men have invented a thousand plans for baffling their natural guardian, and for bringing thieves secretly into the company of honest people. They sometimes put poison, for instance, into sugar — as is too often done in the case of those horrible green and blue sugar plums, against which I have an old grudge, for they poisoned a friend whom I loved dearly in my youth. Such things as these pass imprudently by the porter, who sees nothing of their real character — Mr. Sugar concealing the rogues behind him.

Moreover, we are sometimes so foolish as not to leave the porter time to make his examination. We swallow one thing after another greedily, without tasting; and such a crowd of arrivals, coming in with a rush, "forces the sentry," as they say; and whose fault is it, if, after this, we find thieves established in the house?

But animals have more sense than we have.

Look at your kitten when you give her some tidbit she is not acquainted with — how cautiously and gently she puts out her nose, so as to give herself time for consideration. Then how delicately she touches the unknown object with the tip of her tongue, once, twice, and perhaps three times. And when the tip of the tongue has thus gone forward several times to make observations (for this is the great post of observation for the cat's porter as well as for ours), she ventures to decide upon swallowing, but not before. If she has the least suspicion, no amount of coaxing makes any difference to her; you may call "puss, puss," forever; all your tender invitations are useless, and she turns away.

Very good; here then is one little animal, at least, who understands for what end she has received the sense of taste, and who makes a reasonable use of it. Very different from some children of my acquaintance, who heedlessly stuff into their mouths whatever comes into their hands, without even taking the trouble to taste it, and who would escape a good many stomach-aches, if nothing else, if they were as sensible as Pussy.

This is the really useful side of *the sense of taste;* but its agreeable side, which is sufficiently well known to you, is not to be despised either, even on the grounds of utility.

You must know, between ourselves, that eating would be a very tiresome business if we did not taste what we are eating; and I can well imagine what trouble mammas would have in persuading their children to come to dinner or tea, if it were only a question of working their little jaws, and nothing further.

What struggles — what tears! And setting aside children, who are by no means always the most disobedient to the will of a good God, how few men would care to stop in the midst of their occupations, to go and grind their teeth one against another for half-an-hour, if there were not some pleasure attached to an exercise not naturally amusing in itself? Ay, ay, my dear child, were it not for the reward in pleasure which is given to men when they eat, the human race, who as a whole do not live too well already, would live still worse. And it is necessary that we should be fed, and well fed too, if we would perform properly here below the mission which we have received from above.

Yes, "reward" was the word I used. Now it seems absurd to you, perhaps, that it should be necessary to reward a man for eating a good dinner? Well, well, God has been more kind to Him then, than you would be. To every duty imposed by Him upon man, He has joined a pleasure as a reward for fulfilling it. How many things should I not have to say to you on this subject if you were older? For the present, I will content myself with making a comparison.

When a mother thinks her child is not reasonable enough to do, of her own accord, something which it is nevertheless important she should do, as learning to read, for instance, or to work with her needle, etc., she comes to the rescue with rewards, and gives her a plaything when she has done well. And thus God, who had not confidence enough in man's reason to trust to it alone for supplying the wants of human nature, has placed a plaything in the shape of pleasure after every necessity; and in supplying the want, man finds the reward.

You will hardly believe that what I have here explained to you so quietly by a childish comparison, has been, and alas! still is, the subject of terrible disputes among grown-up people. If hereafter they reach your ears, remember what I have told you now, viz., that the pleasure lodged in the tongue and its surroundings, is a plaything, but a plaything given to us by God; and that we must use it accordingly.

If a little girl has had a plaything given to her by her mother, would she think to please her by breaking it or throwing it into a corner? No, certainly not: she would know that in so doing she would be going directly against her mother's intentions and wishes. Nevertheless she would amuse herself with it in play hours, with an easy conscience, and, if she is amiable, she will remember while she does so, that it comes to her from her mother, and will thank her at the bottom of her heart.

It is the same with man, of whose playthings we are speaking.

But, moreover, this little girl (it is taken for granted that she is a good little girl) will not make the plaything the business of her whole day, the object of all her thoughts; she will not forget everything for it, she will leave it unhesitatingly when her mamma calls her. Neither will she wish to be alone in her enjoyments, but will gladly see her little friends also enjoy similar playthings, because she thinks that what is good for her must be good for others too.

It is thus that man should do with his playthings; but, alas! this is what he does not by any means always do with them, and hence a great deal has been said against them. Little girls, in particular, are apt to fail on this point, and that is how the dreadful word *gluttony* came to be invented. For the same reason, also, people get punished from time to time; such punishments being the consequence of the misuse I speak of.

If people who call to see your mamma were, instead of going straight up stairs to her, to establish themselves at the lodge with the porter, and stay there chatting with him, do you think she would be much flattered by their visits? And yet this is exactly what people do who, when eating, attend only to the porter. He is so pleasant, this porter; he says such pretty things to you, that you go on talking to him just as if he were the master of the house, who, meanwhile, has quite gone out of your head.

You heap sugar-plums upon sugar-plums, cakes upon cakes, sweetmeats upon sweetmeats — everything that pleases the porter, but is of no use whatever to the master of the house. And then what happens? The master gets angry sometimes, and no wonder. Mr. Stomach grows weary of these visits, which are of no use to him. He rings all the bells, makes no end of a noise in the house, and forces that traitor of a porter who has engrossed all his company, to do penance. You are ill — your mouth is out of order — you have no appetite for anything. The mamma has taken away the plaything which has been misused, and when she gives it back, there must be great care taken not to do the same thing over again.

I have thought it only right, my dear child, in telling you the history of eating, to give to this little detail of its beginning, a place proportioned to your interest in it. You see by what I have said, that you are not altogether wrong in following your taste; but neither must it be forgotten that this part of the business is not in reality the most important; that a plaything is but a plaything, and that the porter is not the master of the house.

Now that we have made our good friend's acquaintance, we will wish him farewell, and I will presently introduce you to his companions of the antechamber, who are ranged on the two sides of the door, to make the toilets for the visitors who present themselves, and to put them in order for being received in the drawing-room. You will see there some jolly little fellows, who are also very useful in their way, and whose history is no less curious. They are called TEETH.

CARBONIC ACID.

WE are going to make acquaintance to-day with a new personage, who well deserves our attention. It is the child of oxygen and carbon, though not in the same way that you are the child of your parents.

To tell you how it is made is more than I am able. It is a *gas*, or if you like the word better, it is an *air;* for when we say "gas," we mean "air"; only it is always a different sort of air from the air of the atmosphere, which learned people are not in the habit of calling *gas.* I cannot, therefore, show you *carbonic acid* itself, for it cannot be seen any more than the air which fills an empty glass. But I can tell you where there is some, and you even probably know it by its effects, although you have never heard its name.

Do you remember on your aunt's wedding-day, that there was a sparkling wine called champagne, at the grand breakfast? You smile, so I conclude somebody gave you a little to taste; and if so, you will remember how sharp it felt to your tongue. Do you remember, too, how the cork flew out when they were opening the bottle, and how the noise of the "pop!" startled more little girls than one? It was *carbonic acid* which sent the cork flying in that wild way; the carbonic acid which was imprisoned in the bottle, in desperately close quarters with the wine, and which accordingly flew out, like a regular goblin, the moment the iron wire which held down the cork was removed.

What sparkled in the glass, making that pretty white froth which phizzed so gently, as if inviting you to drink, was the carbonic acid in the wine, making its escape in thousands of tiny bubbles. What felt so sharp to your tongue was the same carbonic acid, in its quality of acidity, for thence it has its name; the word *acid* being borrowed from a Latin word signifying the sharp pungent taste, almost *fine-pointed* as it were, peculiar to all substances which we call *acids*.

It is carbonic acid also which causes the froth in beer and in new wine when bottled. It is he who makes soda-water sparkle and sting the tongue, and ginger-beer the same, if you happen to like it; and so far you have no particular reason for thinking ill of him. But beware. It is with him as with a good many others who have sparkling spirits, who make conversation effervesce with gayety, and who are very seductive in society when you have nothing else to do but to laugh over your glass, but whose society is fatal to the soul which delivers itself up to them. This charming carbonic acid is a mortal poison to any one who allows it to get into his lungs.

You remember what a violent headache your servant suffered from the other day after ironing all those clothes you had in the wash? She owed that headache entirely to this work which she did for you. She had remained too long standing over the coals over which her flat-irons were being heated. You know already that when charcoal burns, it is from the carbon uniting with the oxygen of the air; from this union proceeds that mischievous child, carbonic acid gas, in torrents, and the poor girl was ill, because she had breathed more of this than was good for her health. Observe well, that the room-door was open to let in the fresh air, and that there was a chimney, to allow the carbonic acid to escape. It was on this account that she got off with only a headache. Unhappily, there have sometimes been miserable people who, weary of life, and knowing this, but not knowing or thinking about the God who overrules every sorrow for good, have shut themselves up in a room with a brazier of burning charcoal, after taking the fatal precaution of stopping up every opening by which air could possibly get in; and when at last, in such a case, uneasy friends have forced open the well-closed door, they have found nothing within but a corpse. Then, too, there are those frightful accidents of which we hear so often, of workmen groping their way down into long disused wells who have died as they reached the bottom; or of sudden deaths in coal-pits. In general these have been owing to the poor victims encountering the long pent-up carbonic acid gas, whose poisonous breath blasted and destroyed them at once.

You may well ask why I am telling you such horrible stories, and what I am coming to with my carbonic acid? But you have more to do with it than you think, dear child. You and I, and everybody we meet, nay, and the very animals themselves, since their machines are of the same sort as ours, are all little manufactories of carbonic acid. The thing is quite clear. Since there is a charcoal fire lit in every part of our body, there always arises from the union of the oxygen brought by the blood with the carbon it meets in our organs, that mischievous child we have been talking about; and our throat is the chimney by which he gets away. He would kill us outright were he to stop in the house.

This is how it comes about: In proportion as the blood loses its oxygen, it picks up in exchange the carbonic acid produced by combustion, so that it is quite loaded with it by the time it returns to the lungs. There it takes in a fresh supply of oxygen, and discharges at the same time its overplus of carbonic acid, which is driven out of the body by the contractions of the chest, pell-mell with the air which has just been made use of in breathing. You are aware that this air is not the same at its exit as at its entrance to the body, and that if you try and breathe it over again it will no longer be of the same use to you. That is because it has lost part of its oxygen and brings back to you the carbonic acid which it had just carried off. If you take it in a third time, it will be still worse for you; and in case you should continue to persist — the oxygen always diminishing, and the carbonic acid always increasing in quantity — the air which was at first the means of your life will at last become the cause of your death. Try, as an experiment, to shut yourself up in a small trunk, where no fresh air can get in; or even in a narrow closely-shut closet, and you will soon tell me strange news. There will be no occasion to light a charcoal fire for you in there. Enough is kept burning in your own little stove, and you will poison yourself.

You see now that the dreadful stories I was telling a short time ago have something to do with you, and that it is a good thing to be warned beforehand. And now tell me, when a hundred people — or I ought to say, a hundred manufactories of carbonic acid — are crowded together for a whole evening, sometimes for a whole night, in a space just big enough to allow them to go in and come out; tell me, I say, if that is a sort of thing which can be beneficial to the health of little girls whose blood flows so fast, and who require so much oxygen; and whether, on the contrary, it is not one's duty to keep them away from such scenes?

There may be amusement there, I know; but the best pleasures are those for which one does not pay too dearly. I have seen the very wax lights faint and turn pale all at once, in the very midst of those murderous assemblies, as if to warn the imprudent guests that there was only just time to open the windows.

And this reminds me of a point I had nearly forgotten. Wax-candles are like ourselves. In order to burn they must have oxygen, and, like us, they are extinguished by carbonic acid. But like us also — and indeed to a greater extent, because they consume much more charcoal at once—they manufacture carbonic acid. Hence that very illumination which affords the company so much pleasure and pride is plainly an additional cause of danger. Each of those wax-lights which are spread around with such a prodigal hand, the only fear being that there may not be enough of them, is a hungry intruder employed in devouring with all his might the scanty amount of oxygen provided for the consumption of the guests.

From each of those cheerful flames — the suns as it were, of the festive assembly — shoots out a strong jet of carbonic acid, contributing by so much to swell out the already formidable streams of poisoned gas, exhaled to the utmost extent by the dancers. And wait — there is still something else I was forgetting. You dance. And I told you last time at what cost you have to dance. You have to make the fire burn much quicker than usual, that is, to consume a great deal more oxygen at once, and so you double and treble the activity of the carbonic acid manufacture: and this just at the moment when it would be so convenient that it should go on as slowly as possible! After this, you need not be surprised that people should look fagged and exhausted next morning. What astonishes me is that they are not obliged to lie in bed altogether, after treating their poor lungs to such an entertainment. And even if you have spared your legs, you are not much better off, as you are sure to find out in time, especially if the thing is repeated too often.

When I told you just now that the dance of labor was worth as much as the dance of the ball-room, was I right or wrong? What do you say yourself?

I could repeat the same of theaters — places of entertainment specially adapted for impoverishing the blood, and ruining the health of the happy mortals who go there, evening after evening, to purchase at the door the right of filling their lungs with carbonic acid, not to speak of other poisons. You must see clearly that such places as those are not fit for little lungs as dainty as yours; and this may help you to submit with a good grace when you see people going there without you. Grown-up people escape moreover, because the human machine possesses a strange elasticity, which enables it to accommodate itself — one scarcely knows how — to the sometimes very critical positions in which its lords and masters place it without a thought. But to do this, it is well that it should be thoroughly formed and established; for you run a risk of injuring it forever, if you misuse it too early in life. Tell this to your dear schoolboy brother, when he wants to smoke his cigar like a man. If his lungs could speak, they would call out to him that it was very hard upon them, at their age, to be so treated, and that he ought at any rate to wait till they had passed their examinations!

But I must not get into a dispute with so important an individual, by throwing stones into a garden which is not under my care. For you, my dear child, the moral of this day's lesson — which to my mind is much more alarming than a hobgoblin tale, since it concerns the realities of every-day life — is clear; and it is this:

Seek your amusements as far as possible in the fresh air. In the summer, when the lamp is lit, bid your mamma a sweet good-night, and go to bed. In the winter do not wait till there is a great quantity of carbonic acid in the room where the grown-up people are sitting, before you retire to your own like a reasonable girl, anxious not to do mischief to that valuable and indefatigable servant, the poor blood! Not to mention that if she were to injure him too much, she would have to bear his grumbling for the rest of her life. We cannot change him as we change other servants.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

Niccolo Machiavelli, an Italian statesman and historian, born at Florence, May 3, 1469; died there, June 22, 1527. In 1498, he entered the service of the Florentine State, and was soon made Secretary to "The Ten of Liberty and Peace." He held this position for fourteen years, whence he is usually designated as "Secretary of the Florentine Republic." Machiavelli was for a time banished from Florence. In 1513 he was accused of a conspiracy against Cardinal de' Medici; was thrown into prison, and put to the torture, but the Cardinal later became convinced of his innocence. Clement VII. employed Machiavelli in several negotiations.

The writings of Machiavelli have been published several times. The fullest Italian edition is that put forth at Florence in 1813, in eight volumes. The most important of these are the "Istorie Fiorentine" ("Florentine Histories") and "Il Principe" ("The Prince"). The latter is the work with which the name of Machiavelli is indissolubly connected. It was written about 1514, but does not appear to have been printed until 1532 — five years after the author's death. From a famous chapter of this work, "Whether Princes should be faithful to their engagements?" the term "machiavellian" has come to be a word of reproach to indicate a crafty, lying, and unscrupulous mode of policy.

Should Princes be Faithful to Their Engagements?

(From "The Prince.")

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day who have performed great exploits few of them have piqued themselves of this fidelity, or have been scrupulous in deceiving those who relied on their good faith. It should therefore be known that there are two methods of warfare; one of which is by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the other is common to us with beasts. But when laws are not powerful enough, it is very necessary to recur to force.

A prince ought to understand how to fight with both these kinds of arms.

This doctrine is admirably displayed to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the Centaur Chiron who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to each of these species, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage.

Now those animals whose forms the prince should know how to assume are the fox and the lion. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the other readily falls into snares that are laid for him. From the first a prince will learn to be dexterous, and avoid the snares; and from the other to be strong, and keep the wolves in awe. Those who despise the part of the fox understand but little of their trade. In other words, a prudent prince cannot nor ought to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious of inculcating such a principle if all men were good: but as they are all wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously — and it is always easy to justify this want of faith. I could give numerous proofs of it, and show how many engagements and treaties have been broken by the infidelity of princes; the most fortunate of whom has always been he who best understood how to assume the character of the fox. The object is to act his part well, and to know how in due time to feign and dissemble. And men are so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient: Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, he was in all his artifices successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing. Never did a Prince so often break his word, or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he knew perfectly well this part of the art of government.

There is, therefore, no necessity for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated; but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even go so far as to say that it is sometimes dangerous to make use of them, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. It is the duty of a prince most earnestly to endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still to retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain it that a prince — and more especially a new prince — cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude while he feels no inconvenience in doing so as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances shall require it. He should, above all, study to utter nothing which does not breathe kindness, justice, good faith, and piety.

The last quality is, however, that which it is the most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more by their eyes than by their other senses. Every man can see, but it is allotted to but few to know how to rectify the errors which they commit by the eyes. We easily discern what a man appears to be, but not what he really is; and the smaller number dare not gainsay the multitude, who besides have with them the strength and the splendor of government.

Now when it is necessary to form a judgment of the minds of men — and more especially of those of princes — as we cannot have recourse to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. The point is to maintain his authority. Let the means be what they may, they will always appear honorable, and everyone will praise them; for the vulgar are always caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. Now, the "vulgar" comprehend almost everyone, and the few are of no consequence except when the multitude know not on whom to rely.

A prince who is now on the throne, but whom I do not choose to name [he refers to Ferdinand V., King of Aragon and Castile, who acquired the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre], always preaches peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would more than once have lost his reputation and his dominions.

How A Prince Ought To Avoid Flatterers.

(From "The Prince.")

I must not forget to mention one evil against which princes should ever be upon their guard, and which they cannot avoid except by the greatest prudence; and this evil is the flattery which reigns in every court. Men have so much self-love, and so good an opinion of themselves, that it is very difficult to steer clear of such contagion; and besides, in endeavoring to avoid it, they run the risk of being despised.

For princes have no other way of expelling flatterers than by showing that the truth will not offend. Yet if every one had the privilege of uttering his sentiments with impunity, what would become of the respect due to the majesty of the sovereign? A prudent prince should take a middle course, and make choice of some discreet men in his State, to whom alone he may give the liberty of telling him the truth on such subjects as he shall request information upon from them. He ought undoubtedly to interrogate them and hear their opinions upon every subject of importance, and determine afterwards according to his own judgment; conducting himself at all times in such a manner as to convince every one that the more freely they speak the more acceptable they will be. After which he should listen to nobody else, but proceed firmly and steadily in the execution of what he has determined.

A prince who acts otherwise is either bewildered by the adulation of flatterers, or loses all respect and consideration by the uncertain and wavering conduct he is obliged to pursue. This doctrine can be supported by an instance from the history of our own times. Father Luke said of the Emperor Maximilian, his master, now on the throne, that "he never took counsel of any person, and notwithstanding he never acted from an opinion of his own;" and in this he adopted a method diametrically opposite to that which I have proposed. For as this prince never intrusted his designs to any of his ministers, their suggestions were not made till the very moment when they should be executed; so that, pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and overwhelmed with obstacles and unforeseen difficulties, he was obliged to yield to whatever opinions his ministers might offer. Hence it happens, that what he does one day he is obliged to cancel the next; and thus nobody can depend on his decisions, for it is impossible to know what will be his ultimate determination.

A prince ought to take the opinions of others in everything, but only at such times as it pleases himself, and not whenever they are obtruded upon him; so that no one shall presume to give him advice when he does not request it. He ought to be inquisitive, and listen with attention; and when he sees any one hesitate to tell him the full truth, he ought to evince the utmost displeasure at such conduct.

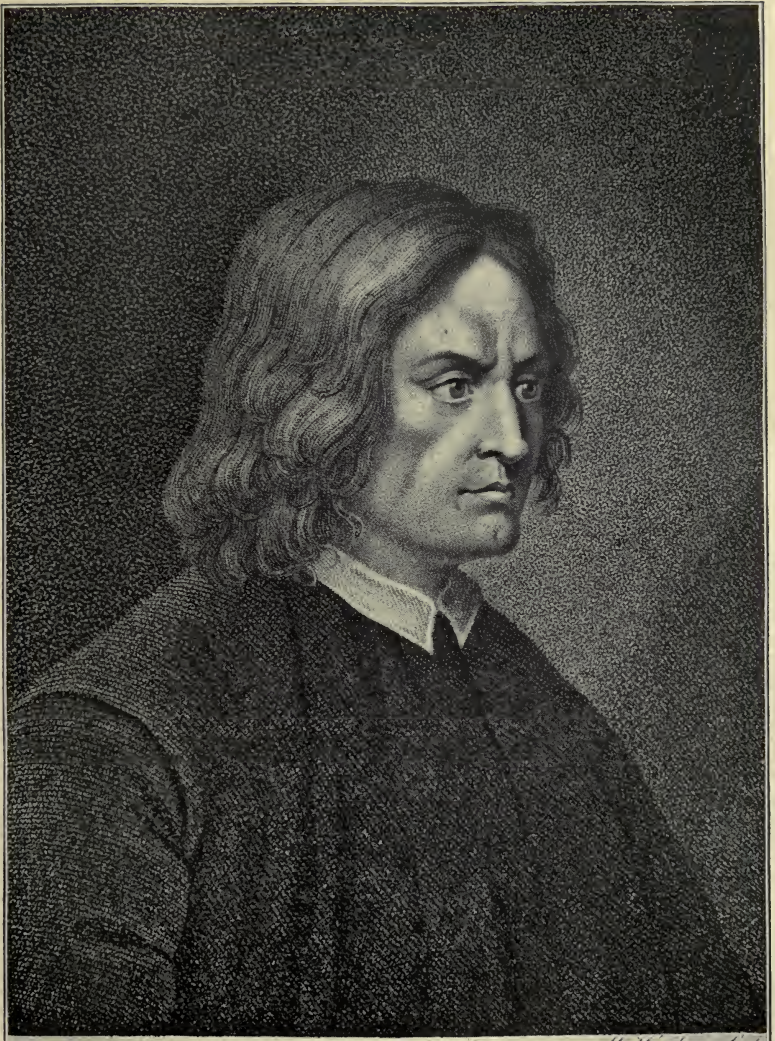
Those are much mistaken who imagine that a prince who listens to the counsel of others will be but little esteemed, and thought incapable of acting on his own judgment. It is an infallible rule that a prince who does not possess an intelligent mind of his own can never be well advised, unless he is entirely governed by the advice of an able minister, on whom he may repose the whole cares of government; but in this case he runs a great risk of being stripped of his authority by the very person to whom he has so indiscreetly confided his power. And if instead of one counselor he has several, how can he, ignorant and uninformed as he is, conciliate the various and opposite opinions of those ministers, — who are probably more intent on their own interests than those of the State, and that without his suspecting it?

Besides, men who are naturally wicked incline to good only when they are compelled to it; whence we may conclude that good counsel, come from what quarter it may, is owing entirely to the wisdom of the prince, and the wisdom of the prince does not arise from the goodness of the counsel.

EXHORTATION TO LORENZO DE' MEDICI TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN DOMINATION.

(From closing chapter of "The Prince.")

If it was needful that Israel should be in bondage to Egypt, to display the quality of Moses; that the Persians should be overwhelmed by the Medes, to bring out the greatness and the valor of Cyrus; that the Athenians should be dispersed, to make plain the superiority of Theseus, — so at present, to illuminate the grandeur of one Italian spirit, it was doubtless needful that Italy should be sunk to her present state, — a worse slavery than that of the Jews, more thoroughly trampled down than the



M. Haughton Sculp

LAURENTIUS MEDICES,

cognomine Magnificus.

Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without a head, without public order, conquered and stripped, lacerated, overrun by her foes, subjected to every form of spoliation.

And though from time to time there has emanated from some one a ray of hope that he was the one ordained by God to redeem Italy, yet we have seen how he was so brought to a standstill at the very height of his success that poor Italy still remained lifeless, so to speak, and waiting to see who might be sent to bind up her wounds, to end her despoilment, — the devastation of Lombardy, the plunder and ruinous taxation of the kingdom of Naples and of Tuscany, — and to heal the sores that have festered so long. You see how she prays to God that he may send her a champion to defend her from this cruelty, barbarity, and insolence. You see her eager to follow any standard, if only there is some one to uprear it. But there is no one at this time to whom she could look more hopefully than to your illustrious house, O magnificent Lorenzo. which, with its excellence and prudence, favored by God and the Church, — of which it is now the head, — could effectively begin her deliverance. . . .

You must not allow this opportunity to pass. Let Italy, after waiting so long, see her deliverer appear at last. And I cannot put in words with what affection he would be received in all the States which have suffered so long from this inundation of foreign enemies! with what thirst for vengeance, with what unwavering loyalty, with what devotion, and with what tears! What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse to obey him? What envy would dare to contest his place? What Italian would refuse him homage? This supremacy of foreign barbarians is a stench in the nostrils of all!

CHARLES MACKAY.

Charles Mackay, a Scottish journalist and poet, born at Perth, March 27, 1814; died in London, Dec. 24, 1889. About 1834 he became connected with the London *Morning Chronicle*, and was subsequently editor of the Glasgow *Argus*. He published "The Salamandrine," a poem, in 1842; "Legends of the Isles" (1845); "Voices from the Crowd" (1846), including a popular song entitled "The Good Time Coming;" "Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature" (1850); "The Lump of Gold" (1856). In 1857 he came to the United States on a lecturing tour, and wrote "Life and Liberty in the United States." From 1862 to 1866 he was the New York correspondent of the London *Times*. He wrote largely for periodicals, and published numerous volumes of verse and prose, among which are "Voices from the Mountain" (1846); "Town Lyrics" (1848); "Under Green Leaves" (1857); "A Man's Heart" (1860); "Studies from the Antique" (1864); "Under the Blue Sky" (1871); "Lost Beauties of the English Language" (1874); "The Founders of the American Republic" (1885); "A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch" (1888).

The Good Time Coming.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
  Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
  But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid; —
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
  In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
  And be acknowledged stronger;

The proper impulse has been given; —
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
  In the good time coming:
Nations shall not quarrel then
  To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake; —
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
  In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
  And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp; —
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
  In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help,
  To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has; —
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
  In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
  Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And everyone shall read and write; —
  Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
  A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
  In the good time coming.

They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun; —
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day; —
Wait a little longer.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn for one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than *this*, my suffering brother —
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other!

HENRY MACKENZIE.

Henry Mackenzie, a Scottish lawyer and novelist, born at Edinburgh in August, 1745; died there, Jan. 14, 1831. He studied law at Edinburgh and London, and was made Attorney for the Crown at Edinburgh. His first novel, "The Man of Feeling," was published anonymously in 1771. His second novel, "The Man of the World," appeared in 1773, and was followed in 1777 by "Julia de Roubigné." He edited *The Mirror* and *The Lounger*, for which he wrote many papers, among which is "The Story of La Roche." He wrote political essays in favor of the Government, for which he was in 1804 rewarded with the position of Comptroller of Taxes for Scotland.

Harley Meets an Old Acquaintance.

(From "The Man of Feeling.")

When the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind: but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of traveling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric: and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travelers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but his hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself, "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well, to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man readjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveler. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley, (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him) "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, thither I am going." "I am going there, too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly, too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for. — I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honorable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger, "'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards." — "Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards! — I shall never forget that fireside, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?" — "'Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighborhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor, who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under £300 a-year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavorable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry-bush; that you may remember, stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighborhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labor and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighboring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the gamekeeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the gamekeeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the butt end of it, felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived however to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality: but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press-orders came down to our county, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

"'Twas on a Christmas eve, and the birthday too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blind man's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.' — At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards's sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung around him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a sergeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labor for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the sergeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?' 'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand; and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I stayed, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.' 'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; heaven forbid, that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.' 'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you, it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the sergeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighborhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a sergeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shriveled cheeks, and wet his gray beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a seaport, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: 'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me:—'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted; and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fullness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honored veteran! let me endeavor to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity: call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked steadfastly on the moldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the roadside. "Oh heavens!" he cried, "what do I see: silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all thy gay tenants gone? do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with cherubs; that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now plowed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plow."

"Dear sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good." "They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest — Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "Alack a day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, Sir, the squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects." — "What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green where the children used to play he has plowed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it." — "Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

'And from his derogate body never spring
A babe to honor him!' —

But I need not, Edwards, I need not (recovering himself a little), he is cursed enough already: to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!" "If you want anything with the school-mistress, Sir," said the woman "I can show you the way to her house." He followed her without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, Sir, is the school-mistress." — "Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago?" — "Yes, Sir, he was; poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the meantime." — "And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?" — "Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw." "Orphans!" said Harley. "Yes, Sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them." — "Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children.

"Their father, Sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighborhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck, and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses." "What Edwardses?" cried the old soldier hastily. "The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were." — "South-hill!" said he, in languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's gray hairs to the grave! and these little ones" — his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

"My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you." — "Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was a-dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us." — "Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. — "In the Old Churchyard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother." — "I will show it you," answered the boy, "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the churchyard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a ciphered R. E. plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither." — The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

He Returns Home.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighboring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon ton, and Vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul; in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran upstairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travelers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards therefore with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grandchildren: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favors; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children" — said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her Bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him a-bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavored to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children; I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighborhood is now vacant; if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbor, and be able in some measure to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards's tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant, and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards's infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eyes fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to Heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

IAN MACLAREN.

Ian Maclaren, pseudonym of Rev. John Watson, a Scottish clergyman and novelist, born in Manningtree, Essex, England, in 1849. Though born in England, he is of pure Scotch blood. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and studied for the ministry at New College, Edinburgh. His first pastorate was in the Free Church in Logiealmond, Perthshire, now known as Drumtochty. He is now the minister of a Presbyterian church in Sefton Park, Liverpool. It was not until 1893 that Mr. Watson became known as a writer. He has published: "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" (1893); "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" (illustrated ed., 1896), both very popular; "The Upper Room" (1895); "Kate Carnegie" (1896); "The Cure of Souls" (1896); "Home Making;" "The Mind of the Master" (1896); "Ideals of Strength" (1897); "The Potter's Wheel" (1897).

A Grand Inquisitor.

(From "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.")[1]

The Free Kirk of Drumtochty had no gallery, but a section of seats at the back was raised two feet, and any one in the first pew might be said to sit in the "briest o' the laft." When Lachlan Campbell arrived from the privileged parish of Auchindarroch, where the "Men" ruled with iron hand and no one shaved on Sabbath, he examined the lie of country with the eye of a strategist, and seized at once a corner seat on the crest of the hill. From this vantage ground, with his back to the wall and a clear space left between himself and his daughter Flora, he had an easy command of the pulpit, and within six months had been constituted a court of review neither minister nor people could lightly disregard. It was not that Lachlan spoke hastily or at length, for his policy was generally a silence pregnant with judgment, and his deliverances were for the most part in parables, none the less awful because hard of interpretation. Like every true Celt, he had the power of reserve, and knew the

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REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.

("*Ian Maclaren*")

value of mystery. His voice must not be heard in irresponsible gossip at the Kirk door, and he never condescended to the level of Mrs. MacFadyen, our recognized sermon taster, who criticised everything in the technique of the pulpit, from the number of heads in a sermon to the air with which a probationer used his pocket-handkerchief. She lived in the eye of the public, and gave her opinions with the light heart of a newspaper writer; but Lachlan kept himself in the shadow and wore a manner of studied humility as became the administrator of the Holy Office in Drumtochty.

Lachlan was a little man, with a spare, wiry body, iron gray hair and whiskers carefully arranged, a keen, old-fashioned face sharpened by much spiritual thinking, and eyes that looked at you from beneath shaggy eyebrows as from some other world. His face had an irresistible suggestion of a Skye terrier, the most serious of animals, with the hair reduced, and Drumsheugh carried us all with him when, in a moment of inspiration, he declared that "the body looks as if he hed juist come oot o' the Ark." He was a shepherd to trade, and very faithful in all his work, but his life business was theology, from Supralapsarianism in Election to the marks of faith in a believer's heart. His library consisted of some fifty volumes of ancient divinity, and lay on an old oak kist close to his hand, where he sat beside the fire of a winter night. When the sheep were safe and his day's labor was over, he read by the light of the fire and the "crusie"(oil-lamp) overhead, "Witsius on the Covenants," or Rutherford's "Christ Dying," or Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," or Owen's "130th Psalm," while the collies slept at his feet, and Flora put the finishing stroke to some bit of rustic finery. Worship was always colored by the evening's reading, but the old man never forgot to pray that they both might have a place in the everlasting covenant, and that the backslidings of Scotland might be healed.

As our inquisitor, Lachlan searched anxiously for sound doctrine and deep experience, but he was not concerned about learning, and fluency he regarded with disgust. When a young minister from Muirtown stamped twice in his prayer at the Drumtochty Fast, and preached with great eloquence from the words, "And there was no more sea," repeating the text at the end of each paragraph, and concluding the sermon with "Lord Ullin's Daughter," the atmosphere round Lachlan became electric, and no one dared to speak to him outside. He never expressed his mind on this melancholy exhibition, but the following Sabbath he explained the principle on which they elected ministers at Auchindarroch, which was his standard of perfection.

"Six young men came, and they did not sing songs in the pulpit. Oh no, they preached fery well, and I said to Angus Bain, 'They are all goot lads, and there is nothing wrong with their doctrine.'

"Angus wass one of the 'Men,' and saw what wass hidden from me, and he will be saying, 'Oh yes, they said their lesson fery pretty, but I did not see them tremble, Lachlan Campbell. Another iss coming, and seven is a goot number.'

"It wass next Sabbath that he came, and he wass a white man, giving out his text, 'Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb,' and I wass thinking that the Lord had laid too great a burden on the lad, and that he could not be fit for such a work. It wass not more than ten minutes before he will be trying to tell us what he wass seeing, and will not hef the words. He had to go down from the pulpit as a man that had been in the heavenly places and was stricken dumb.

"'It iss the Lord that has put me to shame this day,' he said to the elders, 'and I will nefer show my face again in Auchindarroch, for I ought not to have meddled with things too high for me.'

"'You will show your face here every Sabbath,' answered Angus Bain, 'for the Lord said unto me, "Wait for the man that trembles at the word, and iss not able to speak, and it will be a sign unto you,"' and a fery goot minister he wass, and made the hypocrites in Zion to be afraid."

Lachlan dealt tenderly with our young Free Kirk minister, for the sake of his first day, and passed over some very shallow experience without remark, but an autumn sermon roused him to a sense of duty. For some days a storm of wind and rain had been stripping the leaves from the trees and gathering them in sodden heaps upon the ground. The minister looked out on the garden where many holy thoughts had visited him, and his heart sank like lead, for it was desolate, and of all its beauty there remained but one rose clinging to its stalk, drenched and faded. It seemed as if youth, with its flower of promise and hope, had been beaten down, and a sense of loneliness fell on his soul. He had no heart for work, and crept to bed broken and dispirited. During the night the rain ceased, and the north wind began to blow, which cleanses nature in every pore, and braces each true man for his battle. The morrow was one of those glorious days which herald winter, and as the minister tramped along the road, where the dry leaves crackled beneath his feet, and climbed to the moor with head on high, the despair of yesterday vanished. The wind had ceased, and the glen lay at his feet, distinct in the cold, clear air, from the dark mass of pines that closed its upper end to the swelling woods of oak and beech that cut it off from the great Strath. He had received a warm welcome from all kinds of people, and now he marked with human sympathy each little homestead with its belt of firs against the winter's storms, and its stackyard where the corn had been gathered safe; the plowman and his horses cutting brown ribbons in the bare stubble; dark squares where the potato stalks have withered to the ground, and women are raising the roots, and here and there a few cattle still out in the fields. His eye fell on the great wood through which he had rambled in August, now one blaze of color, rich green and light yellow, with patches of fiery red and dark purple. God seemed to have given him a sermon, and he wrote that evening, like one inspired, on the same parable of nature Jesus loved, with its subtle interpretation of our sorrows, joys, trust, and hope. People told me that it was a "rael bonnie sermon," and that Netherton had forgotten his after-sermon snuff, although it was his turn to pass the box to Burnbrae.

The minister returned to his study in a fine glow of body and soul, to find a severe figure standing motionless in the middle of the room.

"Wass that what you call a sermon?" said Lachlan Campbell, without other greeting.

John Carmichael was still so full of joy that he did not catch the tone, and explained with college pedantry that it was hardly a sermon, nor yet a lecture.

"You may call it a meditation."

"I will be calling it an essay without one bite of grass for starving sheep."

Then the minister awoke from a pleasant dream, as if one had flung cold water on his naked body.

"What was wrong?" with an anxious look at the stern little man who of a sudden had become his judge.

"There wass nothing right, for I am not thinking that trees and leaves and stubble fields will save our souls, and I did not hear about sin and repentance and the work of Christ. It iss sound doctrine that we need, and a great peety you are not giving it."

The minister had been made much of in college circles, and had a fair idea of himself. He was a kindly lad, but he did not see why he should be lectured by an old Highlandman who read nothing except Puritans, and was blind with prejudice. When they parted that Sabbath afternoon it was the younger man that had lost his temper, and the other did not offer to shake hands.

Perhaps the minister would have understood Lachlan better if he had known that the old man could not touch food when he got home, and spent the evening in a fir wood praying for the lad he had begun to love. And Lachlan would have had a lighter heart if he had heard the minister questioning himself whether he had denied the Evangel or sinned against one of Christ's disciples. They argued together; they prayed apart.

Lachlan was careful to say nothing, but the congregation felt that his hand was against the minister, and Burnbrae took him to task.

"Ye maunna be ower hard on him, Maister Campbell, for he's but young, and comin' on fine. He hes a hearty word for ilka body on the road, and the sicht o' his fresh young face in the poopit is a sermon itsel'."

"You are wrong, Burnbrae, if you will be thinking that my heart iss not warm to the minister, for it went out unto him from the day he preached his first sermon. But the Lord regardeth not the countenance of man."

"Nae doot, nae doot, but I canna see onything wrang in his doctrine; it wudna be reasonable tae expect auld-fashioned sermons frae a young man, and I wud coont them barely honest. A'm no denying that he gaes far afield, and taks us tae strange lands when he's on his travels, but ye 'ill acknowledge that he gaithers mony treasures, and he aye comes back tae Christ."

"No, I will not be saying that John Carmichael does not love Christ, for I hef seen the Lord in his sermons like a face through a lattice. Oh yes, and I hef felt the fragrance of the myrrh. But I am not liking his doctrine, and I wass thinking that some day there will be no original sin left in the parish of Drumtochty."

It was about this time that the minister made a great mistake, although he was trying to do his best for the people, and always obeyed his conscience. He used to come over to the Cottage for a ramble through my books, and one evening he told me that he had prepared what he called a "course" on Biblical criticism, and was going to place Drumtochty on a level with Germany. It was certainly a strange part for me to advise a minister, but I had grown to like the lad, because he was full of enthusiasm and too honest for this world, and I implored him to be cautious. Drumtochty was not anxious to be enlightened about the authors of the Pentateuch, being quite satisfied with Moses, and it was possible that certain good men in Drumtochty might resent any interference with their hereditary notions. Why could he not read this subject for his own pleasure, and teach it quietly in classes? Why give himself away in the pulpit? This worldly counsel brought the minister to a white heat, and he rose to his feet. Had he not been ordained to feed his people with truth, and was he not bound to tell them all he knew? We were living in an age of transition, and he must prepare Christ's folk that they be not taken unawares. If he failed in his duty through any fear of consequences, men would arise afterwards to condemn him for cowardice, and lay their unbelief at his door. When he ceased I was ashamed of my cynical advice, and resolved never again to interfere with "courses" or other matters above the lay mind. But greater knowledge of the world had made me a wise prophet.

Within a month the Free Kirk was in an uproar, and when I dropped in one Sabbath morning the situation seemed to me a very pathetic tragedy. The minister was offering to the honest country folk a mass of immature and undigested details about the Bible, and they were listening with wearied, perplexed faces. Lachlan Campbell sat grim and watchful, without a sign of flinching, but even from the Manse pew I could detect the suffering of his heart. When the minister blazed into polemic against the bigotry of the old school, the iron face quivered as if a father had been struck by his son. Carmichael looked thin and nervous in the pulpit, and it came to me that if new views are to be preached to old-fashioned people it ought not to be by lads who are always heady and intolerant, but by a stout man of middle age, with a rich voice and a good-natured manner. Had Carmichael rasped and girded much longer, one would have believed in the inspiration of the vowel points, and I left the church with a low heart, for this was a woful change from his first sermon.

Lachlan would not be pacified, not even by the plea of the minister's health.

"Oh yes, I am seeing that he is ill, and I will be as sorry as any man in Drumtochty. But it iss not too much work, as they are saying; it iss the judgment of God. It iss not goot to meddle with Moses, and John Carmichael will be knowing that. His own sister wass not respectful to Moses, and she will not be feeling fery well next day."

But Burnbrae added that the "auld man cudna be mair cast doon if he hed lost his dochter."

The peace of the Free Kirk had been broken, and the minister was eating out his heart, when he remembered the invitation of Marget Howe, and went one sweet spring day to Whinnie Knowe.

Marget met him with her quiet welcome at the garden gate.

"Ye hae dune me a great kindness in comin', Maister Carmichael, and if ye please we 'ill sit in this sunny corner which is dear tae me, and ye 'ill tell me yir troubles."

So they sat down together beside the brier bush, and after one glance at Marget's face the minister opened his heart, and told her the great controversy with Lachlan.

Marget lifted her head as one who had heard of some brave deed, and there was a ring in her voice.

"It maks me prood before God that there are twa men in Drumtochty who follow their conscience as king, and coont truth dearer than their ain freends. It's peetifu' when God's bairns fecht through greed and envy, but it's hertsome when they are wullin' tae wrestle aboot the Evangel, for surely the end o' it a' maun be peace.

"A've often thocht that in the auld days baith the man on the rack and the inqueesitor himself micht be gude men and accepted o' God, and maybe the inqueesitor suffered mair than the martyr. A'm thinkin', Maister Carmichael, that it's been hardest on Lachlan."

The minister's head was buried in his hands, but his heart was with Marget.

"It's a strange buik the Bible, and no the buik we wud hae made, tae judge by oor bit creeds and confessions. It's like a head o' aits in the harvest time. There's the ear that hauds the grain and keeps it safe, and that's the history, and there's often no mickle nutriment in it; then there's the corn lying in the ear, which is the Evangel frae Eden tae Revelation, and that is the bread o' the soul. But the corn maun be threshed first and the cauf (chaff) cleaned aff. It's a bonnie sicht tae see the pure grain fallin' like a rinnin' burn on the corn-room floor, and a glint o' the sun through the window turning it intae gold. But the stour (dust) o' the cauf room is mair than onybody can abide, and the cauf's worth naethin' when the corn's awa."

"Ye mean," said the minister, "that my study is the threshin' mill, and that some of the chaff has got into the pulpit."

"Yir no offended," and Marget's voice trembled.

Then the minister lifted his head and laughed aloud with joy, while a swift flash of humor lit up Marget's face.

"You've been the voice of God to me this day, Mrs. Howe, but if I give up my 'course,' the people will misunderstand, for I know everything I gave was true, and I would give it all again if it were expedient."

"Nae fear, Maister Carmichael, naebody misunderstands luves, and the fouk all luve ye, and the man that hauds ye dearest is Lachlan Campbell. I saw the look in his een that canna be mista'en."

"I'll go to him this very day," and the minister leaped to his feet.

"Ye 'ill no regret it," said Marget, "for God will give ye peace."

Lachlan did not see the minister coming, for he was busy with a lamb that had lost its way and hurt itself. Carmichael marked with a growing tenderness at his heart how gently the old man washed and bound up the wounded leg, all the time crooning to the frightened creature in the sweet Gaelic speech, and also how he must needs give the lamb a drink of warm milk before he set it free.

When he rose from his work of mercy, he faced the minister.

For an instant Lachlan hesitated, and then at the look on Carmichael's face he held out both his hands.

"This iss a goot day for me, and I bid you ten thousand welcomes."

But the minister took the first word.

"You and I, Lachlan, have not seen eye to eye about some things lately, and I am not here to argue which is nearer the truth, because perhaps we may always differ on some lesser matters. But once I spoke rudely to you, and often I have spoken unwisely in my sermons. You are an old man and I am a young, and I ask you to forgive me and to pray that both of us may be kept near the heart of our Lord, whom we love, and who loves us."

No man can be so courteous as a Celt, and Lachlan was of the pure Highland breed, kindest of friends, fiercest of foes.

"You hef done a beautiful deed this day, Maister Carmichael; and the grace of God must hef been exceeding abundant in your heart. It iss this man that asks your forgiveness, for I wass full of pride, and did not speak to you as an old man should; but God iss my witness that I would hef plucked out my right eye for your sake. You will say every word God gives you, and I will take as much as God gives me, and there will be a covenant between us as long as we live."

They knelt together on the earthen floor of that Highland cottage, the old school and the new, before one Lord, and the only difference in their prayers was that the young man prayed they might keep the faith once delivered unto the saints, while the burden of the old man's prayer was that they might be led into all truth.

Lachlan's portion that evening ought to have been the slaying of Sisera from the Book of Judges, but instead he read, to Flora's amazement — it was the night before she left her home — the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians, and twice he repeated to himself, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

JOHN BACH MACMASTER.

MacMaster, John Bach, a prominent American historian; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1852. He was graduated at the College of the City of New York in 1872, taught there for several years; was appointed Professor of Civil Engineering at Princeton in 1873, and in 1883 Professor of American History in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1873 he began writing his "History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War." Of this work, four volumes have appeared, bringing the "History" down to the Missouri Compromise (1821). He has also written many magazine articles, and the "Life of Benjamin Franklin" in the "Men of Letters" series (1887).

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most widely read of English essayists and historians, was born near London on the 25th of October, 1800. His early education was received at private schools; but in 1818 he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated with honor, and was elected a fellow in 1824. Out of deference to the wishes of his father he thought for a while of becoming an attorney, read law, and was called to the bar in 1826. But the labors of the profession were little to his liking; no business of consequence came to him, and he was soon deep in literature and politics, for the pursuit of which his tastes, his habits, and his parts pre-eminently fitted him.

His nephew and biographer has gathered a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences, which go far to show that while still a lad Macaulay displayed in a high degree many of the mental characteristics which later in life made him famous. The eagerness with which he devoured books of every sort; the marvellous memory which enabled him to recall for years whole pages and poems, read but once; the quickness of perception by the aid of which he could at a glance extract the contents of a printed page; his love of novels and poetry; his volubility, his positiveness of assertion, and the astonishing amount of information he could pour out on matters of even trivial importance, — were as characteristic of the boy as of the man.

As might have been expected from one so gifted, Macaulay began to write while a mere child; but his first printed piece was an anonymous letter defending novel-reading and lauding Fielding and Smollett. It was written at the age of sixteen; was addressed to his father, then editor of the "Christian Observer," was inserted in utter ignorance of the author, and brought down on the periodical the wrath of a host of subscribers. One declared that he had given the obnoxious number to the flames, and should never again read the magazine. At twenty-three Macaulay began to write for "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," and contributed to it articles some of which — as "The Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War;" his criticism of Dante and Petrarch; that on Athenian Orators; and the "Fragments of a Roman Tale" — are still given a place in his collected writings. In themselves these pieces are of small value; but they served to draw attention to the author just at the time when Jeffrey, the editor of the great Whig "Edinburgh Review," was eagerly and anxiously searching for "some clever young man" to write for it. Macaulay was such a clever young man. Overtures were therefore made to him; and in 1825, in the August number of the "Review," appeared his essay on John Milton. The effect was immediate. Like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous; was praised and complimented on every hand, and day after day saw his table covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every part of London. And well he might be praised; for no English magazine had ever before published so readable, so eloquent, so entertaining an essay. Its very faults are pleasing. Its merits are of a high order; but the passage which will best bear selection as a specimen of the writing of Macaulay at twenty-five is the description of the Puritan.

Macaulay had now found his true vocation, and entered on it eagerly and with delight. In March, 1827, came the essay on Machiavelli; and during 1828 those on John Dryden, on History, and on Hallam's "Constitutional History." During 1829 he wrote and published reviews of James Mill's "Essay on Government" (which involved him in an unseemly wrangle with the "Westminster Review," and called forth two more essays on the Utilitarian Theory of Government), Southey's "Colloquies on Society," Sadler's "Law of Population," and the reviews of Robert Montgomery's Poems. The reviews of Moore's "Life of Byron" and of Southey's edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" appeared during 1830. In that same year Macaulay entered Parliament, and for a time the essays came forth less frequently. A reply to a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler written in reply to Macaulay's review, the famous article in which Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson was pilloried, and the essay on John Hampden, were all he wrote in 1831. In 1832 came Burleigh and his Times, and Mirabeau; in 1833 the War of the Succession in Spain, and Horace Walpole; in 1834 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; in 1835 Sir James Mackintosh; in 1837 Lord Bacon, the finest yet produced; in 1838 Sir William Temple; in 1839 Gladstone on Church and State; and in 1840 the greatest of all his essays, those on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes" and on Lord Clive. The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, Warren Hastings, and a short sketch of Lord Holland, were written in 1841; Frederic the Great in 1842; Madame D'Arblay and Addison in 1843; Barère and the Earl of Chatham in 1844: and with these the long list closes.

Never before in any period of twenty years had the British reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of essays. Taken as a whole the series falls naturally into three classes: the critical, the biographical, and the historical. Each has merits and peculiarities of its own; but all have certain characteristics in common which enable us to treat them in a group.

Whoever will take the pains to read the six-and-thirty essays we have mentioned — and he will be richly repaid for his pains — cannot fail to perceive that sympathy with the past is Macaulay's ruling passion. Concerning the present he knew little and cared less. The range of topics covered by him was enormous; art, science, theology, history, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy — all were passed in review. Yet he has never once failed to treat his subject historically. We look in vain for the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytical treatment. He reviewed Mill's essay on Government, and Hallam's "Constitutional History;" but he made no observations on government in the abstract, nor expressed any opinions as to what sort of government is best suited for civilized communities in general. He wrote about Bacon; yet he never attempted to expound the principles or describe the influence of the Baconian philosophy. He wrote about Addison and Johnson, Hastings and Clive, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay; yet in no case did he analyze the works, or fully examine the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas, of one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splendid historical picture of the times in which these people lived. Thus the essay on Milton is a review of the Cromwellian period; Machiavelli, of Italian morals in the sixteenth century; that on Dryden, of the state of poetry and the drama in the days of Charles the Second; that on Johnson, of the state of English literature in the days of Walpole. In the essays on Clive and Hastings, we find little of the founders of British India beyond the enumeration of their acts. But the Mogul empire, and the rivalries and struggles which overthrew it, are all depicted in gorgeous detail. No other writer has ever given so fine an account of the foreign policy of Charles the Second as Macaulay has done in the essay on Sir William Temple; nor of the Parliamentary history of England for the forty years preceding our Revolution, as is to be found in the essays on Lord Chatham. In each case the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct. We are told of the trial of John Hampden; but we do not see the fearless champion of popular liberty as he stood before the judges of King Charles. We are introduced to Frederic the Great, and are given a summary of his characteristics and a glowing narrative of the wars in which he won fame; but the real Frederic, the man contending "against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune," is lost in the mass of accessories. He describes the outward man admirably: the inner man is never touched.

But however faulty the Essays may be in respect to the treatment accorded to individual men, they display a prodigious knowledge of the facts and events of the periods they cover. His wonderful memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources, his astonishing power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, joined with a clear and vigorous style, enabled him to produce historical scenes with a grouping, a finish, and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His picture of the Puritan in the essay on Milton, and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the essay on the Popes; his description of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and magnificence of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the essay on Sir James Mackintosh, — are but a few of many of his bits of word-painting which cannot be surpassed. What is thus true of particular scenes and incidents in the Essays is equally true of many of them in the whole. Long periods of time, great political movements, complicated policies, fluctuations of ministries, are sketched with an accuracy, animation, and clearness not to be met with in any elaborate treatise covering the same period.

While Macaulay was writing two and three essays a year, he won renown in a new field by the publication of "The Lays of Ancient Rome." They consist of four ballads, — "Horatius;" "The Battle of the Lake Regillus;" "Virginius;" and "The Prophecy of Capys," — which are supposed to have been sung by Roman minstrels, and to belong to a very early period in the history of the city. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the Essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents: but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. The setting of Horatius, which belongs to the earliest days of Rome, is totally different from the setting of the Prophecy of Capys, which belongs to the time when Rome was fast acquiring the mastery over Italy; and in each case the setting is studiously and remarkably exact. In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious learning, the same richness of illustration, which distinguish the essays; and they are adorned with a profusion of metaphor and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

The "Lays" appeared in 1842, and at once found their way into popular favor. Macaulay's biographer assures us that in ten years 18,000 copies were sold in Great Britain; 40,000 copies in twenty years; and before 1875 nearly 100,000 had passed into the hands of readers.

Meantime the same popularity attended the "Essays." Again and again Macaulay had been urged to collect and publish them in book form, and had stoutly refused. But when an enterprising publisher in Philadelphia not only reprinted them, but shipped copies to England, Macaulay gave way; and in the early months of 1843 a volume was issued. Like the "Lays," the "Essays" rose at once into popular favor, and in the course of thirty years 120,000 copies were sold in the United Kingdom by one publisher.

But the work on which he was now intent was the "History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." The idea of such a narrative had long been in his mind; but it was not till 1841 that he began seriously to write, and not till 1848 that he published the first and second volumes. Again his success was instant. Nothing like it had been known since the days of Waverley. Of "Marmion" 2000 were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's History 3000 copies were sold in ten days. Of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" 2250 copies were disposed of in course of the first year; but the publishers sold 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. In the United States the success was greater yet.

"We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work," wrote Harper & Brothers in 1849. "There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is now in preparation; so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm."

Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year the London publisher disposed of the work at the rate of seventy sets a week. In November, 1855, the third and fourth volumes were issued. Confident of an immense sale, 25,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and were taken by the trade before a copy was bound. In the United States the sale, he was assured by Everett, was greater than that of any book ever printed, save the Bible and a few school books in universal use. Prior to 1875, his biographer states, 140,000 copies of the History were sold in the United Kingdom. In ten weeks from the day of the issue 26,500 copies were taken, and in March, 1856, $100,000 was paid him as a part of the royalty due in December.

Honors of every sort were now showered on him. He was raised to the peerage; he was rich, famous, and great. But the enjoyment of his honors was short-lived; for in December, 1859, he was found in his library, seated in his easy-chair, dead. Before him on the table lay a copy of the "Cornhill Magazine," open at the first page of Thackeray's story of "Lovel the Widower."

All that has been said regarding the Essays and the Lays applies with equal force to the "History of England." No historian who has yet written has shown such familiarity with the facts of English history, no matter what the subject in hand may be: the extinction of villeinage, the Bloody Assizes, the appearance of the newspaper, the origin of the national debt, or the state of England in 1685. Macaulay is absolutely unrivalled in the art of arranging and combining his facts, and of presenting in a clear and vigorous narrative the spirit of the epoch he treats. Nor should we fail to mention that both Essays and History abound in remarks, general observations, and comment always clear, vigorous, and shrewd, and in the main very just.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

James Macpherson, a Scottish poet, born at Ruthven, Inverness-shire, Oct. 27, 1738; died Feb. 17, 1796. His claim to a place in literature rests solely upon his connection with the so-called "Ossianic Poems." In 1760 he published a small volume entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands." In 1762 he put forth "Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, in six Books; together with several other Poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic." This was followed the next year by "Temora, in eight Books, with other Poems by Ossian." The genuineness of these works was eagerly impugned and no less eagerly maintained. Macpherson promised to put forth the Gaelic originals from which he professed to have made his translations, but the manuscripts were not forthcoming. Ten years after his death they were published, all being in the handwriting of Macpherson or of his own amanuenses; from which it has been inferred that these alleged Gaelic originals had no existence, but were translated into Gaelic from Macpherson's own English. He made a fortune, entered Parliament, and wrote several other works, among which are a "History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover" (1775), and a prose translation of the "Iliad."

The Death of Oscar.

(From "Poems of Ossian.")

My son, I shall not call my sovereign, though Ossian should be offended at it this night. Oscar, and the strong Cairbre, fell in the battle of Gabra: the sharp pointed spear in the hand of Cairbre, he would shake in the ire of battle: he who tells the truth, says that by it Oscar was slain. Maid, who washes thy garment? To us prophesy without falsehood; shall any man of them fall by us: or shall we be victorious over Uladh? There shall fall, said she, by Oscar, many hundreds, and the king, himself, by him shall be wounded; and many of the warriors he brought with him over the sea.

Have you heard of Fingal's expedition, when he departed towards Erin? Cairbre came with his host, and took possession of Erin, as sole monarch. We, as many as there were of the Fingalians, moved forward, strong and valiant: armies and troops of his, we have slain on the north side of Erin. By red Cairbre, a message was sent to the hardy Oscar, of the Fingalians, to go to the feast of the king, and that he would obtain a boon accordingly. The fairer Oscar, since he never refused a foe, departed to the hall of the king; and with him went three hundred valiant heroes, to wait upon his will and deeds. Greatly honored and feasted we were, as we ever were in the times that are past: and joyful and merry amongst the heroes of Cairbre in Temora.

On the last day of the feast of shells, with a bold voice Cairbre thus exclaimed: Change of spears I would have from thee, brown-haired Oscar from Albin. What change of spears dost thou want, red Cairbre of the havens of ships: since in the day of battle and conflict, myself and my spear are thine? It would not be too much for me to obtain any tribute, amercement, or rarity, in thy land. During all my life and age, whatever choice thing I asked, I must obtain it.

Any gold or precious wares, the king would ask from us, without offering us any disrespect or insult, would be under thy dominion: but exchange of spears, without exchange by lot, would be unjust to demand; and the cause for which thou would ask it is, that I am without Fingalians, and without father. Though your father and the Fingalians were as powerful as ever they were, it would not have been too much for me all my days, whatever I ask to obtain. Were the Fingalians and my father as powerful as they were, scarcely couldst thou obtain that, or the breadth of thy two soles in Ireland.

Enmity by degrees filled the breasts of the heroes, listening to the long strife: fierce words on both sides passed between Cairbre and Oscar. I shall give you my steady word, said the red-haired Cairbre, that the sharp-pointed spear that is in thy hand, shall be the cause of thy death. Said the red Cairbre, I shall give you my lasting warrants, that I shall thrust the spear of seven points, between thy kidneys and thy navel. Other words against these I shall give, says the valiant Oscar; that I shall thrust the spear of the nine points into thy hair and face. Fierce and steady words, gave the red-haired Cairbre, that he would carry off venison and booty from Albin in a few days. That night we passed without aid, on each side of the river; a pool of water lay half way between Cairbre and Oscar.

A chief bard, with mournful music, was heard on the sweet harp, with the lament of grief; and up rose Oscar in rage, and took his arms in his victorious hands. We rose up valiant and strong, as many of our army as we had. That Oscar was discomfited and overwhelmed, we clearly understood when we heard the music of the harp. We ascended, as many of our army as were together, the mountain of Gaul. Caoilte and young Fergus by Oscar were placed in the front of the battle. The king of Laighinn, of swords, and his bloody heroes, fell by the edge of our steel a while before the fierce combat began. When we arrived at the place, and the gallant hero in a narrow valley, Cairbre was on high, opposing us as he came forth to meet us.

Five score fierce valiant heroes, by the hand of Oscar fell, on the other side, when he was designated to force his way forward to the king of Erin. Seven score sons of chiefs, of the most puissant valor and mighty deeds, fell by the hands of Oscar, when forcing his way towards the king of Erin. Mungan, the son of Seirc the foe, who would vanish a hundred blue swords, fell on the other side by the hands of Oscar, briskly pushing on to the king of Erin. Five score strong hardy heroes, like Cairbre, of the armies, fell on the other side by the hands of Oscar, sallying violently to the king of Erin. When the red-haired Cairbre saw his forces hewed down by Oscar, at him he darted the sharp spear that was in his hand, and pierced him between the kidneys and the navel. On his right knee Oscar fell, with the sharp-pointed spear through his skin. Another cast he darted to the other side, and by him fell the king of Erin. Raise Airt, said the king, take thy sword, and firmly stand in thy father's stead: if thou shalt live long, I think thou wilt prove thyself the son of a noble king. He darted another throw on high, deemed by us a happy deed; by adventure, the second cast, Airt, the son of Cairbre, fell.

They sent to the king in the south, Cairbre's forces, strong in fight, that they might keep the field of victory; as they observed that Oscar was tormented. But he lifted up a smooth, hard stone, from the ground, red with blood, and broke the head of Cairbre through the helmet: the last exploit of my kind and fair son.

Rise, Oscar, with thy victorious slaughter; with thy high banner, strength and victory may attend thee. The king of Laighinn and his bands to us have drawn near. — Fix the edge of the spear in the ground, and let it support my white ribs; and if the foe shall discern me standing on my feet, farther they shall not venture to advance. O Fergus, tell us thy tale, and falsely do not deal with us: how many dauntless chiefs of war that fell in the conflict of Cairbre? The fair and beautiful Oscar is no more, who performed deeds of valor in slaying the foe: nor Colla, the son of Caoilte: nor the chiefs of the Fingalians, from Albin. How did Oscar slaughter heads? King of the Fingalians, hard it is for me to relate how many Oscar, of the strong limbs, had slain in the battle? Lift me off with you now, O Fingalians; never had you lifted me up before; carry me to Fingal's sacred hill, that you may strip me of my armor! On the shore of the north, was heard the tumult of armies, and the clanging of arms. Nimbly up skipped our heroes, when Oscar was found dead. Maid unhappy to us; twice a lie thou hadst told us; they are the ships of my grandfather coming to our aid, thou hast seen? Fingal we all saluted; although he had not saluted us; but went to the sacred hill of tears, where Oscar, of the sharp arms, lay dead? Art thou, my son, in a worse state, than on the day of Beinneadan's battle, when the cranes could swim through thy skin, and my hand had healed thee? My remedy is not ordained, and Oscar shall never be healed. Cairbre thrusted the spear of seven points, between my kidneys and my navel. I thrusted the spear of nine points into his forehead; and had my fists reached his skin, no physician could ever cure him? Is thy state more dangerous, my son, than on the day of the battle of Dundealgan? The geese could have swam through thy skin, and it was my hand that cured thee. My cure, the fates have not decreed; and my soundness shall be restored no more: the deep wound of the spear, in my right side, no physician can cure. Then it was that Fingal retired to the sacred hill above us; from his eyes the tears streamed down in torrents, so he turned his back, and thus exclaimed: My own love, and the love of my love, son of my son, mild and fair. My heart leaps quick as the ouzle; never more shall Oscar arise. O! that I had fallen in thy stead, in the furious unkind battle of Cairbre; and thou, O Oscar, hadst lived to advance the front of the Fingalians east and west. It was not like even the Fingalians, that the heart of flesh in thy breast was: but like a heart of the stones of the river covered with steel.

The mournful howlings of the dogs by my side, and the groanings of the old heroes: the bewailing of the people alternately, is what sadly torments my heart.

Away we lifted the fair Oscar on the shoulders, by the tallest spears; and him with serious and deliberate carriage we did bear, until we came to Fingal's sacred hill. A woman could not lament for her son; a man could not lament for his valiant brother — with a deeper grief, than every one about the hall: and all of us lamenting for Oscar. It is the death of Oscar that grieves my heart. Oscar, first of Albin's race, without thee, great is our want. Where was ever seen in thy time one hero so hardy as thee behind a sword? Trembling and gloom never departed from Fingal, from that day to the day of his death. Though I should say it, the third part of a man's food he would not relish nor desire.

The Virgin, or Nymph.

Noble Ossian, son of Fingal, sitting upon a joyful hill; great warlike hero, without dismay, I see grief on thy mind. The cause of my grief to thee, O Patrick, I would unfold; if thou art willing to hear it. It is that, I remember when the Fingalians sat on this sacred hill, in harmony of one mind. Upon this hill, as one man we were, Patrick, of the noble liberal sentiments? I saw once the Fingalian family cheerful, great, vigorous, and joyful. Upon this hill were the Fingalians spending the time with mirth, according to our pleasure.

When we saw a young maid on the plain, coming toward us, and she alone. A courteous virgin, of the most beautiful form; of the fairest and reddest cheek; whiter than the beam-rays of the sun was the upper part of her breast, under her handsome shift. Two clear mild eyes were in her head; with beautiful robes she was clothed; bands of gold were round her neck; and a chain of gold under her precious jewels. From that family of Fingal in Albin, we all upon her fixed our hearts in love; none of us loving his own wife, but all our love centered in the virgin.

She sought the protection of Oscar, the son of the generous Ossian; and of Caoilte, chief of the clan of Retha. I claim your aid, generous Fingalians, whether sons of kings, or high powerful chiefs.

Who is in pursuit of thee, said they, maid of the most beautiful form? In pursuit of me, fair hero of the noblest race of Fingalians, is the great Iolunn, warlike and quick; the son of the king of Spain. I much fear, liberal Fingalians, that you shall be slain and destroyed by the tall, strong, warlike hero: his arms are sharp pointed and strong.

Up rose the four sons of Fingal — Carrul, and red-haired Raoine, Faolan, and young Feargus; and with their high and mighty voice thus began: Where did ever that man travel, east or west, or in the four quarters of the globe, the brains of whose head we would not see before we would suffer him to take thee off with him, O nymph! Clean branch, white palmed, sweet voiced, noble virgin of the pleasant, delightful, blue eyes, sit thou here under our protection. Though bold be thy pursuer, the tall hero shall not take thee off, great and valiant as thou deemest him.

O Ossian, of the profound dark sayings, at what distance was the tall hero from you? or did the smoke of ire appear in his face in the pursuit of the nymph? We saw the tall proud hero coming to a haven from the ocean, and drawing his ship on shore; and with dire inclination coming towards us. He was a tall, white-palmed, bold hero; with fierce, wild, terrible foreign spears, and with furious rage, like a firebrand, coming forwards to the Fingalians. A great, victorious, deadly sword, for dreadful massacre, the valiant hero had; a shield of gold, of the largest form, was in the warrior's left hand. His mail was high, long, and superb: his strong breastplate spotted and puissant: his helmet hardy, and fettered above the steady face of the hero. Vestments of silk clothed him, bound by ornaments of satin: his two spears, from their bottom of hardest steel, rising up, like strong pointed bristles, upon his shoulders. Like a man without judgment, he skirmished forward, and did not salute Fingal or the Fingalians. Of Fingal's heroes three hundred fell by him, and also the nymph. The four sons of Fingal he bound, and nine nines of their followers, of the great, warlike, magnanimous race, the children of Baoisge, offspring of Trenmor: he threatened the sons of Morna, and the race of Morven from Selma's tower.

When the generous Oscar heard that the sons of Baoisge had met with abusive contempt, he took his arms in his prosperous hands, and no longer listened to the miserable tale. My son turned to him upon the heath: Oscar, full of heroic rage, combated the fierce champion of direful mind. Iolunn turned to my son, who strenuously fought against the great boned, wounding, nimble, quick-handed, high-leaping hero. As a torrent of a river in a valley, the destruction of their blood was so violent: as firebrands from the hearth, such was the din of the bloody heroes. Oscar made a clean manly stroke towards the brave hero of undaunted heart, and by that stroke of his steel severed from the body the head of the king of Spain. Ulin, and all our bards, sung the lament of grief on the sloping side of the mountain: the victory and fame of Oscar was sung; and to him was given the right hand of the seven armies. The funeral of a king's son we gave to Iolunn, of the fiercest mind; and every one of the Fingalians lamented, with tears, the death of the maid.

Upon this sacred hill is his grave-stone, Patrick: it is a true tale: the maid's stone is on the other side. Good and great were they all in their time; every one of them was a valuable jewel. Peace be to their souls together; and may blessing attend you, Ossian.

Address to the Rising Sun.

O thou that rollest above, round as the full-orbed hard shield of the mighty! whence is thy unsullied beam? whence, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in the strength of thy beauty; the stars hide their motions from our view; the moon darkens in the sky, concealing herself in the eastern wave. Thou art on thy journey alone; who will presume to attend thy course? The oaks fall on the high precipice; the stony heap and the hoary cliff sink under age: Ocean ebbs and flows again; the moon herself is lost in the sky: Thou alone triumphest in the undecaying joys of thy light. When tempests darken round the world, with angry thunders, and sharp-edged lightnings, thou lookest in thy beauty from the storm, smiling amidst the disorder of the sky. But to me thy light is vain, whether thou spreadest thy gold-yellow curls on the face of the eastern cloud (banishing night from every place, except from the eye of the bard that never shall see thy light); or when thou tremblest in the west, at the dusky doors of the Ocean. (But thus aged, feeble, and gray, thou shalt yet be alone; thy progress in the sky shall be slow, and thou shalt be blind like me on the hill. Dark as the changeful moon, shall be thy wandering in the heavens; thou shalt not hear the awakening voice of the Morning, like the heroes that rise no more. The hunter shall survey the plain, but shall not behold thy coming form. Sad he will return, his tears pouring forth: — "My favorite hound! the sun has forsaken us!") — Perhaps thou art like me, at times strong, feeble at times; our years descending from the sky, and hastening together towards their end. Rejoice, O Sun! as thou advancest in the vigor of thy youth. Age is sad and unlovely: it is like the useless moon in the sky, gliding through a dark cloud on the field, when the gray mist is by the side of the stony heaps; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveler is languid and slow. (The light of the night will then rejoice, when the Son of brightness has departed.)

ADDRESS TO THE SETTING SUN.

HAST thou left thy blue course in the sky, blameless Sun of the gold-yellow locks? the doors of Night open before thee; and the pavilion of thy repose is in the west. The billows crowd slowly around to view thy bright cheeks: they lift their heads in fear, when they behold thee so lovely in thy sleep, and shrink away with awe from thy sides. Sleep thou on in thy cave, O Sun; and let thy return again be with joy.

[As a beam of the wintry Sun, swift-gliding over the plain of Leno, so are the days of Fingal's race, like the Sun gleaming by fits through the shower. The dark gray clouds of the sky have descended, and snatched the cheering beam from the hunter: the leafless branches of the wood are mourning, and the tender herbs of the mountain droop in sadness. But the Sun will yet revisit the fair grove, whose boughs shall bloom anew; and the trees of the young summer shall look up smiling, to the son of the sky.]

MOR-GLAN AND MIN-ONN.

WHO is this that descendeth from the mist, and poureth forth his wounds on the wind? Oh! deep is that wound in his breast, and dim is yonder deer by his side! Yonder is the ghost of the fair Mor-glan, the king of Lia'-glas of many streams; he came to Morven with his love, the daughter of Sora, of the pleasant and gentle countenance. He ascended the mountain to the summit, and Min-onn he left behind in his house; thick mist descended with the night of the clouds; the streams roared, and the ghosts shrieked. The young maid again ascended the mountain, and saw the deer through the mist; with choice aim she drew the string, and the arrow is fixed in the breast of the youth. In the sacred hill, we entombed the hero, together with his arrow and dart in his narrow house, and gladly would Min-onn lie under the same clod, but she returned with sorrow to her own land. Heavy was her grief and sad, but the stream of years have rolled along, and she is now cheerful with the virgins of Sora.

Fierce to me is the roaring of thy waves, and the gray-headed seas beating against the bottom of thy hills, and the swelling fierce blasts from the south; it is not for my profit that you have blown.

Now the heroes drew to close fight, like two opposite streams in strong conflict, and every wind strengthening their labor; their strokes were fierce, loud-sounding, and deadly; heavy, quick and bloody were the valiant heroes, like waves meeting from opposite sides, when they are driven to flight by the howling storm, upon a hard cliff half-way between two points. Their long tough spears were broke asunder, their darts fled off in pieces; their polished swords were in their hands, valiantly and bloodily they fought, like dangerous, leaping bears; like two fiery meteors nimbly running along the sky, or like two strong ghosts contending with one another. As falls the lofty green pine-tree by the strong blast of the desert in Morven, so the echoing rock yielded and shook, the earth moved underneath and trembled; thus did the noble hero fall under the hard-tearing steel of Ca-huil.

I fell in the beginning of the conflict, and my fame will not rise in the song; but it is by the sword of the hero I fell, and my valor shall become renowned by his fame; it was the sword of the king of Innis-torc, that wounded in the kidneys the mighty hero. Happy be thy soul, O bard, let me hear thy loud voice on high, and let me ride on thy storm, clothed with the gray mist of the forest. Yonder flat stone at the green morass, raise up at my head. Let it be carried over the sloping feeble rivulets, in which the aged shall sing when he shall not find it there.

Maid of Sora, my love, though in this field fell thy chosen lover, let thy tears fall in streams; martial eye of the hot battles, my spear hang up in thy hall, the spear of my love, though it wounded me, upon which I sailed through the high billows of the ocean. When Ca-huil heard that speech, sadness and sorrow sat heavy on his mind: he fell upon the face of his son, for the shield of his forefathers he knew. Alas! and alas, my beloved son, thou shalt wake no more forever! Alas! and alas, alas! my tormenting pain, pity it is that it is I who remains after thee!

THE DEATH-SONG OF OSSIAN.

SUCH were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the Voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of the bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

JAMES MADISON.

James Madison, fourth President of the United States, born at Port Conway, Va., March 16, 1751; died at Montpelier, Va., June 28, 1836. He entered the college at Princeton, N. J., where he was graduated in 1772.

Early in 1776 he was elected a member of the Virginia Convention. In 1777 he was elected a member of the Council of State; and in 1780 he was chosen delegate to Congress, in which body he remained until 1784.

Madison was one of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, which resulted in the formation of the present Constitution of the United States. He took copious notes of the debates in this Convention; and these form our best source of information respecting the proceedings.

For the ensuing twenty years Madison occupied a prominent place in our political history, and in 1809 became President of the United States, succeeding Thomas Jefferson and serving for two terms, ending in 1817. During his incumbency occurred the second war (1812–1815) with Great Britain. After the close of his second term he retired to his estate at Montpelier.

Madison was a voluminous writer, as is shown by the *Madison Papers*, a portion of which were published in 1840, by order of Congress, in 3 vols. 8vo. His "Life" has been written by William C. Rives (3 vols., 1859–1869), and more recently by Sidney H. Gay in the series of "American Statesmen" (1884). As a man of letters he is to be remembered mainly by his papers in *The Federalist.*

An Objection Drawn from the Extent of Country Answered.

(From *The Federalist.*)

We have seen the necessity of the Union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World;

HOME OF MADISON

(*Montpelier, Va.*)

and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the Union embraces. A few observations on this subject will be the more proper, as it is perceived that the adversaries of the new Constitution are availing themselves of a prevailing prejudice with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections which they endeavor in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy, and applying to the former, reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is, that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects either of an absolute or limited monarchy, they have endeavored to heighten the advantages or palliate the evils of those forms, by placing in comparison with them the vices and defects of the republican; and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic, observations applicable to a democracy only; and among others, the observation that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular and founded at the same time wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which the will of the largest political body may be concentered, and its force directed to any object which the public good requires, America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions, so the natural limit of a republic is that distance from the center which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the Union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the States have been almost continually assembled; and that the members from the most distant States are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance than those from the States in the neighborhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the Union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are — on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred and sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred and sixty-eight miles and three fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet representing the whole empire is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the Union.

Favorable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place it is to be remembered that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws: its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other States as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighborhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory which lie on our northwestern frontier must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the Union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will everywhere be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travelers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy by those numerous canals with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth and still more important consideration is, that as almost every State will on one side or other be a frontier, and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of general protection, so the States which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the States forming our western or northeastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions which may be dictated by the neighborhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union, in some respects, than the less distant States, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects; and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen: shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theater in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered, — no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, — the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, — happily, we trust, for the whole human race, — they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

INTERFERENCE TO QUELL DOMESTIC INSURRECTION.

AT first view, it might seem not to square with the republican theory to suppose either that a majority have not the right, or that a minority will have the force, to subvert a government; and consequently, that the Federal interposition can never be required but when it would be improper. But theoretic reasoning, in this as in most other cases, must be qualified by the lessons of practice. Why may not illicit combinations, for purposes of violence, be formed as well by a majority of a State, especially a small State, as by a majority of a county or a district of the same State; and if the authority of the State ought in the latter case to protect the local magistracy, ought not the Federal authority, in the former, to support the State authority? Besides, there are certain parts of the State constitutions which are so interwoven with the federal Constitution, that a violent blow cannot be given to the one without communicating the wound to the other. Insurrections in a State will rarely induce a Federal interposition, unless the number concerned in them bear some proportion to the friends of government. It will be much better that the violence in such cases should be repressed by the superintending power, than that the majority should be left to maintain their cause by a bloody and obstinate contest. The existence of a right to interpose will generally prevent the necessity of exerting it.

Is it true that force and right are necessarily on the same side in republican governments? May not the minor party possess such a superiority of pecuniary resources, of military talents and experience, or of secret succors from foreign powers, as will render it superior also in an appeal to the sword? May not a more compact and advantageous position turn the scale on the same side, against a superior number so situated as to be less capable of a prompt and collected exertion of its strength? Nothing can be more chimerical than to imagine that in a trial of actual force, victory may be calculated by the rules which prevail in a census of the inhabitants, or which determine the event of an election! May it not happen, in fine, that the minority of *citizens* may become a majority of *persons*, by the accession of alien residents, of a casual concourse of adventurers, or of those whom the constitution of the State has not admitted to the rights of suffrage? I take no notice of an unhappy species of population abounding in some of the States, who, during the calm of regular government, are sunk below the level of men; but who, in the tempestuous scenes of civil violence, may merge into the human character, and give a superiority of strength to any party with which they may associate themselves.

In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies, what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions, flying to arms and tearing a State to pieces, than the representatives of confederate States not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges they would unite the affection of friends. Happy would it be if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed by all free governments; if a project equally effectual could be established for the universal peace of mankind!

Should it be asked, what is to be the redress for an insurrection pervading all the States, and comprising a superiority of the entire force, though not a constitutional right, — the answer must be that such a case, as it would be without the compass of human remedies, so it is fortunately not within the compass of human probability; and that it is a sufficient recommendation of the Federal Constitution, that it diminishes the risk of a calamity for which no possible constitution can provide a cure.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Maurice Maeterlinck, a Belgian dramatist, born at Ghent in 1864. His studies being completed, he devoted himself exclusively to letters. In 1891, after the appearance of his "Princess Maleine," he was awarded the prize for literary drama, which he refused. "L'Intruse," one of his first pieces, has been played at Paris at the Théâtre d'Art. A representation of "L'Aveugle" was organized in December of the same year. "L'Intruse" was given in Brussels toward the close of March, 1892. These two pieces were reproduced in German at Vienna, and in Danish at Copenhagen. Among his other works are "Les Sept Princesses," "Pelléas and Méllisande," and some verses entitled "Les Serres Chaudes." He also translated "L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles de Ruysbroeck," "L'Incomparable," "Le Tresor des Humbles," mystical essays, and "Le Barbare." His "Treasure of the Humble," and "Aglevaine and Selysette," have been well rendered in English by Alfred Sutro.

JEAN VON RUYSBROECK.

(From "Ruysbroeck and the Mystics.")

The life of Jean von Ruysbroeck, like that of most of the great thinkers of this world, is entirely an inner life. Nearly all his biographers wrote nearly two centuries after his death, and their work seems much intermixed with legend. They show us a holy hermit, silent, ignorant, amazingly humble, amazingly good, who was in the habit of working miracles unawares. The trees beneath which he prayed were illumined by an aureole; the bells of a Dutch convent tolled without hands on the day of his death. His body, when exhumed five years after his death, was found in perfect preservation, and from it rose wonderful perfumes, which cured the sick who were brought from neighboring villages. A few lines will give the positively ascertained facts of his career. He was born in 1274 at Ruysbroeck, a little village between Hal and Brussels. He was first a priest in the Church of Sainte-Gadule; then by the advice of the hermit Lambert, he left the Brabant town and retired to Grönendal, in the forest of Soignes, in the neighborhood of Brussels. Holy companions joined him there, and they founded the abbey of Grönendal, whose ruins may still be seen. Attracted by the strange renown of his supernatural visions, pilgrims from Germany and Holland, among them the Dominican Jean Tauler and Gerhard Groot, came to this retreat to visit the humble old man, and went away filled with an admiration, of which the memory still lingers in their writings. He died Dec. 2, 1381, and his companions gave him the title of "*L'admirable.*" It was the century of the mystics and the period of the gloomy wars in Brabant and Flanders, of stormy nights of blood and prayers under the wild reigns of the three Johns, of battles extending into the very forests where the saints were kneeling. St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas had just died, Thomas à Kempis was about to study God in that mirror of the absolute which the inspired Fleming had left in the depths of the Green Valley; while first Jehan de Bruges, and afterwards the Van Eycks, Roger van der Weyden, Hugues van der Goes, Thierry Bonts and Hans Memlinck were to people with images the lonely *Word* of the hermit.

Every language thinks always more than the man, even the man of genius, who employs it, and who is only its heart for the time being, and this is the reason why an ignorant monk like this mysterious Ruysbroeck was able, by gathering up his scanty forces in prayers so many centuries ago, to write works which hardly correspond to our senses in the present day. Many of Ruysbroeck's phrases float almost like transparent icicles on the colorless sea of silence, but still they exist; they have been separated from the waters, and that is sufficient. I am aware, finally, that the strange plants which he cultivated on the high peaks of the spirit are surrounded by clouds of their own, but these clouds annoy only gazers from below. Those who have the courage to climb see that they are the very atmosphere of these plants, the only atmosphere in which they can blossom in the shade of non-existence. For this is a vegetation so subtle that it can scarcely be distinguished from the silence from which it has drawn its juices and into which it seems ready to dissolve.

THE INNER BEAUTY.

(From "The Treasure of the Humble.")

THERE is nothing in the whole world that can vie with the soul in its eagerness for beauty, or in the ready power wherewith it adopts beauty unto itself. There is nothing in the world capable of such spontaneous uplifting, of such speedy ennoblement; nothing that offers more scrupulous obedience to the pure and noble commands it receives. There is nothing in the world that yields deeper submission to the empire of a thought that is loftier than other thoughts. And on this earth of ours there are but few souls that can withstand the dominion of the soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful.

In all truth might it be said that beauty is the unique aliment of our soul; for in all places does it search for beauty, and it perishes not of hunger even in the most degraded of lives. For indeed nothing of beauty can pass by and be altogether unperceived. Perhaps does it never pass by save only in our unconsciousness: but its action is no less puissant in gloom of night than by light of day; the joy it procures may be less tangible, but other difference there is none. Look at the most ordinary of men, at a time when a little beauty has contrived to steal into their darkness. They have come together, it matters not where, and for no special reason; but no sooner are they assembled than their very first thought would seem to be to close the great doors of life. Yet has each one of them, when alone, more than once lived in accord with his soul. He has loved perhaps, of a surety he has suffered. Inevitably must he too have heard the "sounds that come from the distant country of Splendor and Terror"; and many an evening has he bowed down in silence before laws that are deeper than the sea. And yet when these men are assembled, it is with the basest of things that they love to debauch themselves. They have a strange indescribable fear of beauty; and as their number increases, so does this fear become greater, resembling indeed their dread of silence or of a verity that is too pure. And so true is this, that were one of them to have done something heroic in the course of the day, he would ascribe wretched motives to his conduct, thereby endeavoring to find excuses for it, and these motives would lie readily to his hand in that lower region where he and his fellows were assembled. And yet listen: a proud and lofty word has been spoken, a word that has in a measure undammed the springs of life. For one instant has a soul dared to reveal itself, even such as it is in love and sorrow, such as it is in face of death and in the solitude that dwells around the stars of night. Disquiet prevails; on some faces there is astonishment, others smile. But have you never felt at moments such as those how unanimous is the fervor wherewith every soul admires, and how unspeakably even the very feeblest, from the remotest depths of its dungeon, approves the word it has recognized as akin to itself? For they have all suddenly sprung to life again in the primitive and normal atmosphere that is their own; and could you but hearken with angels' ears, I doubt not but you would hear mightiest applause in that kingdom of amazing radiance wherein the souls do dwell. Do you not think that even the most timid of them would take courage unto themselves were but similar words to be spoken every evening? Do you not think that men would live purer lives? And yet though the word come not again, still will something momentous have happened, that must leave still more momentous trace behind. Every evening will its sisters recognize the soul that pronounced the word; and henceforth, be the conversation never so trivial, its mere presence will, I know not how, add thereto something of majesty. Whatever else betide, there has been a change that we cannot determine. No longer will such absolute power be vested in the baser side of things, and henceforth even the most terror-stricken of souls will know that there is somewhere a place of refuge.

Certain it is that the natural and primitive relationship of soul to soul is a relationship of beauty. For beauty is the only language of our soul; none other is known to it. It has no other life, it can produce nothing else, in nothing else can it take interest. And therefore it is that the most oppressed, nay, the most degraded of souls, — if it may truly be said that a soul can be degraded, — immediately hail with acclamation every thought, every word or deed, that is great and beautiful. Beauty is the only element wherewith the soul is organically connected, and it has no other standard or judgment. This is brought home to us at every moment of our life, and is no less evident to the man by whom beauty may more than once have been denied, than to him who is ever seeking it in his heart. Should a day come when you stand in profoundest need of another's sympathy, would you go to him who was wont to greet the passage of beauty with a sneering smile? Would you go to him whose shake of the head had sullied a generous action or a mere impulse that was pure? Even though perhaps you had been of those who commended him, you would none the less, when it was truth that knocked at your door, turn to the man who had known how to prostrate himself and love. In its very depths had your soul passed its judgment; and it is this silent and unerring judgment that will rise to the surface, after thirty years perhaps, and send you towards a sister who shall be more truly you than you are yourself, for that she has been nearer to beauty.

There needs but so little to encourage beauty in our soul; so little to awaken the slumbering angels; or perhaps is there no need of awakening, — it is enough that we lull them not to sleep. It requires more effort to fall, perhaps, than to rise. Can we, without putting constraint upon ourselves, confine our thoughts to every-day things at times when the sea stretches before us and we are face to face with the night? And what soul is there but knows that it is ever confronting the sea, ever in presence of an eternal night? Did we but dread beauty less, it would come about that naught else in life would be visible; for in reality it is beauty that underlies everything, it is beauty alone that exists. There is no soul but is conscious of this; none that is not in readiness; but where are those that hide not their beauty? And yet must one of them "begin." Why not dare to be the one to "begin"? The others are all watching eagerly around us like little children in front of a marvelous palace. They press upon the threshold, whispering to each other and peering through every crevice; but there is not one who dares put his shoulder to the door. They are all waiting for some grown-up person to come and fling it open. But hardly ever does such a one pass by.

And yet what is needed to become the grown-up person for whom they lie in wait? So little! The soul is not exacting. A thought that is almost beautiful — a thought that you speak not, but that you cherish within you at this moment — will irradiate you as though you were a transparent vase. They will see it, and their greeting to you will be very different than had you been meditating how best to deceive your brother. We are surprised when certain men tell us that they have never come across real ugliness, that they cannot conceive that a soul can be base. Yet need there be no cause for surprise. These men had "begun." They themselves had been the first to be beautiful, and had therefore attracted all the beauty that passed by, as a light-house attracts the vessels from the four corners of the horizon. Some there are who complain of women, for instance; never dreaming that the first time a man meets a woman, a single word or thought that denies the beautiful or profound will be enough to poison forever *his existence* in her soul. "For my part," said a sage to me one day, "I have never come across a single woman who did not bring to me something that was great." He was great himself first of all; therein lay his secret. There is one thing only that the soul can never forgive: it is to have been compelled to behold, or share, or pass close to an ugly action, word, or thought. It cannot forgive, for forgiveness here were but the denial of itself. And yet with the generality of men, ingenuity, strength, and skill do but imply that the soul must first of all be banished from their life, and that every impulse that lies too deep must be carefully brushed aside. Even in love do they act thus; and therefore it is that the woman, who is so much nearer the truth, can scarcely ever live a moment of the true life with them. It is as though men dreaded the contact of their soul, and were anxious to keep its beauty at immeasurable distance. Whereas, on the contrary, we should endeavor to move in advance of ourselves. If at this moment you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true in you — if you have but endeavored to think or say it to-day, on the morrow it will be true. We must try to be more beautiful than ourselves; we shall never distance our soul. We can never err when it is question of silent or hidden beauty. Besides, so long as the spring within us be limpid, it matters but little whether error there be or not. But do any of us ever dream of making the slightest unseen effort? And yet in the domain where we are, everything is effective; for that, everything is waiting. All the doors are unlocked; we have but to push them open, and the palace is full of manacled queens. A single word will very often suffice to clear the mountain of refuse. Why not have the courage to meet a base question with a noble answer? Do you imagine it would pass quite unnoticed, or merely arouse surprise? Do you not think it would be more akin to the discourse that would naturally be held between two souls? We know not where it may give encouragement, where freedom. Even he who rejects your words will in spite of himself have taken a step towards the beauty that is within him. Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years: but like the diamond, it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go his way rejoicing. Then why keep back a lofty, beautiful word, for that you doubt whether others will understand? An instant of higher goodness was impending over you: why hinder its coming, even though you believe not that those about you will profit thereby? What if you are among men of the valley: is that sufficient reason for checking the instinctive movement of your soul towards the mountain peaks? Does darkness rob deep feeling of its power? Have the blind naught but their eyes wherewith to distinguish those who love them from those who love them not? Can the beauty not exist that is not understood? and is there not in every man something that does understand, in regions far beyond what he seems to understand, — far beyond, too, what he believes he understands? "Even to the very wretchedest of all," said to me one day the loftiest-minded creature it has ever been my happiness to know, — "even to the very wretchedest of all, I never have the courage to say anything in reply that is ugly or mediocre." I have for a long time followed that man's life, and have seen the inexplicable power he exercised over the most obscure, the most unapproachable, the blindest, even the most rebellious of souls. For no tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actively beautiful in itself. And indeed, is it not the quality of this activity that renders a life either miserable or divine?

If we could but probe to the root of things, it might well be discovered that it is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. Is it not the idea we each form of certain chosen ones that constitutes the only living, effective morality? But in this idea how much is there of the soul that is chosen, how much of him who chooses? Do not these things blend very mysteriously, and does not this ideal morality lie infinitely deeper than the morality of the most beautiful books? A far-reaching influence exists therein whose limits it is indeed difficult to define, and a fountain of strength whereat we all of us drink many times a day. Would not any weakness in one of those creatures whom you thought perfect, and loved in the region of beauty, at once lessen your confidence in the universal greatness of things, and would your admiration for them not suffer?

And again, I doubt whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing that one exhibits to the stranger; for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore you will do well to think it over; for none are alone, and those who are good must watch.

Plotinus, in the eighth book of the fifth "Ennead," after speaking of the beauty that is "intelligible," — i.e., Divine, — concludes thus: "As regards ourselves, we are beautiful when we belong to ourselves, and ugly when we lower ourselves to our inferior nature. Also are we beautiful when we know ourselves, and ugly when we have no such knowledge." Bear it in mind, however, that here we are on the mountains, where not to know oneself means far more than mere ignorance of what takes place within us at moments of jealousy or love, fear or envy, happiness or unhappiness. Here not to know oneself means to be unconscious of all the divine that throbs in man. As we wander from the gods within us, so does ugliness inwrap us; as we discover them, so do we become more beautiful. But it is only by revealing the divine that is in us that we may discover the divine in others. Needs must one god beckon to another; and no signal is so imperceptible but they will every one of them respond. It cannot be said too often, that be the crevice never so small, it will yet suffice for all the waters of heaven to pour into our soul. Every cup is stretched out to the unknown spring, and we are in a region where none think of aught but beauty. If we could ask of an angel what it is that our souls do in the shadow, I believe the angel would answer, after having looked for many years perhaps, and seen far more than the things the soul seems to do in the eyes of men, "They transform into beauty all the little things that are given to them." Ah! we must admit that the human soul is possessed of singular courage! Resignedly does it labor, its whole life long, in the darkness whither most of us relegate it, where it is spoken to by none. There, never complaining, does it do all that in its power lies, striving to tear from out the pebbles we fling to it the nucleus of eternal light that peradventure they contain. And in the midst of its work it is ever lying in wait for the moment when it may show to a sister who is more tenderly cared for, or who chances to be nearer, the treasures it has so toilfully amassed. But thousands of existences there are that no sister visits; thousands of existences wherein life has infused such timidity into the soul that it departs without saying a word, without even once having been able to deck itself with the humblest jewels of its humble crown.

And yet, in spite of all, does it watch over everything from out its invisible heaven. It warns and loves, it admires, attracts, repels. At every fresh event does it rise to the surface, where it lingers till it be thrust down again, being looked upon as wearisome and insane. It wanders to and fro, like Cassandra at the gates of the Atrides. It is ever giving utterance to words of shadowy truth, but there are none to listen. When we raise our eyes, it yearns for a ray of sun or star that it may weave into a thought, or haply an impulse, which shall be unconscious and very pure. And if our eyes bring it nothing, still will it know how to turn its pitiful disillusion into something ineffable, that it will conceal even till its death. When we love, how eagerly does it drink in the light from behind the closed door! — keen with expectation, it yet wastes not a minute, and the light that steals through the apertures becomes beauty and truth to the soul. But if the door open not, (and how many lives are there wherein it does open?) it will go back into its prison, and its regret will perhaps be a loftier verity that shall never be seen; — for we are now in the region of transformations whereof none may speak; and though nothing born this side of the door can be lost, yet does it never mingle with our life.

I said just now that the soul changed into beauty the little things we gave to it. It would even seem, the more we think of it, that the soul has no other reason for existence, and that all its activity is consumed in amassing, at the depths of us, a treasure of indescribable beauty. Might not everything naturally turn into beauty were we not unceasingly interrupting the arduous labors of our soul? Does not evil itself become precious so soon as it has gathered therefrom the deep-lying diamond of repentance? The acts of injustice whereof you have been guilty, the tears you have caused to flow, will not these end too by becoming so much radiance and love in your soul? Have you ever cast your eyes into this kingdom of purifying flame that is within you? Perhaps a great wrong may have been done you to-day, the act itself being mean and disheartening, the mode of action of the basest, and ugliness wrapped you round as your tears fell. But let some years elapse, — then give one look into your soul, and tell me whether, beneath the recollection of that act, you see not something that is already purer than thought: an indescribable, unnamable force that has naught in common with the forces of this world; a mysterious inexhaustible spring of the other life, whereat you may drink for the rest of your days. And yet will you have rendered no assistance to the untiring queen; other thoughts will have filled your mind, and it will be without your knowledge that the act will have been purified in the silence of your being, and will have flown into the precious waters that lie in the great reservoir of truth and beauty, which, unlike the shallower reservoir of true or beautiful thought, has an ever ruffled surface, and remains for all time out of reach of the breath of life. Emerson tells us that there is not an act or event in our life but sooner or later casts off its outer shell, and bewilders us by its sudden flight, from the very depths of us, on high into the empyrean. And this is true to a far greater extent than Emerson had foreseen; for the further we advance in these regions, the diviner are the spheres we discover.

We can form no adequate conception of what this silent activity of the souls that surround us may really mean. Perhaps you have spoken a pure word to one of your fellows, by whom it has not been understood. You look upon it as lost, and dismiss it from your mind. But one day, peradventure, the word comes up again extraordinarily transformed, and revealing the unexpected fruit it has borne in the darkness; then silence once more falls over all. But it matters not; we have learned that nothing can be lost in the soul, and that even to the very pettiest there come moments of splendor. It is unmistakably borne home to us that even the unhappiest and the most destitute of men have at the depths of their being, and in spite of themselves, a treasure of beauty that they cannot despoil. They have but to acquire the habit of dipping into this treasure. It suffices not that beauty should keep solitary festival in life; it has to become a festival of every day. There needs no great effort to be admitted into the ranks of those "whose eyes no longer behold earth in flower, and sky in glory, in infinitesimal fragments, but indeed in sublime masses"; — and I speak here of flowers and sky that are purer and more lasting than those that we behold.

Thousands of channels there are through which the beauty of our soul may sail even unto our thoughts. Above all is there the wonderful central channel of love.

Is it not in love that are found the purest elements of beauty that we can offer to the soul? Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other. And to love thus means that, little by little, the sense of ugliness is lost; that one's eyes are closed to all the littlenesses of life, to all but the freshness and virginity of the very humblest of souls. Loving thus, we have no longer even the need to forgive. Loving thus, we can no longer have anything to conceal, for that the ever present soul transforms all things into beauty. It is to behold evil in so far only as it purifies indulgence, and teaches us no longer to confound the sinner with his sin. Loving thus, do we raise on high within ourselves all those about us who have attained an eminence where failure has become impossible; heights whence a paltry action has so far to fall, that touching earth it is compelled to yield up its diamond soul. It is to transform, though all unconsciously, the feeblest intention that hovers about us into illimitable movement. It is to summon all that is beautiful in earth, heaven, or soul, to the banquet of love. Loving thus, we do indeed exist before our fellows as we exist before God. It means that the least gesture will call forth the presence of the soul with all its treasure. No longer is there need of death, disaster, or tears, for that the soul shall appear: a smile suffices. Loving thus, we perceive truth in happiness as profoundly as some of the heroes perceived it in the radiance of greatest sorrow. It means that the beauty that turns into love is undistinguishable from the love that turns into beauty. It means to be able no longer to tell where the ray of a star leaves off and the kiss of an ordinary thought begins. It means to have come so near to God that the angels possess us. Loving thus, the same soul will have been so beautified by us all that it will become little by little the "unique angel" mentioned by Swedenborg. It means that each day will reveal to us a new beauty in that mysterious angel, and that we shall walk together in a goodness that shall ever become more and more living, loftier and loftier. For there exists also a lifeless beauty made up of the past alone; but the veritable love renders the past useless, and its approach creates a boundless future of goodness, without disaster and without tears. To love thus is but to free one's soul, and to become as beautiful as the soul thus freed. "If, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee," says the great Plotinus, when dealing with kindred matters, — and of all the intellects known to me, that of Plotinus draws the nearest to the divine, — "if, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee, thou proclaimest not that it is beautiful; and if, plunging thine eyes into thyself, thou dost not then feel the charm of beauty, — it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the intelligible beauty; for thou wouldst seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. Therefore it is that the discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men. But if thou hast recognized beauty within thyself, see that thou rise to the recollection of the intelligible beauty."

(FROM "THE TRAGICAL IN DAILY LIFE."

In "The Treasure of the Humble.")

THERE is a tragic element in the life of every day that is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true self that is in us than the tragedy that lies in great adventure. . . .

Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element, normal, deep-rooted, and universal, — that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? Is the arm of happiness not longer than that of sorrow, and do not certain of its attributes draw nearer to the soul? Must we indeed roar like the Atridæ, before the Eternal God will reveal himself in our life? and is he never by our side at times when the air is calm, and the lamp burns on unflickering? . . . Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time — ay, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still — is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger-stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments, when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul only flower on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly may one say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. . . .

Indeed, when I go to a theater, I feel as though I were spending a few hours with my ancestors, who conceived life as something that was primitive, arid, and brutal; but this conception of theirs scarcely even lingers in my memory, and surely it is not one that I can share. I am shown a deceived husband killing his wife, a woman poisoning her lover, a son avenging his father, a father slaughtering his children, children putting their father to death, murdered kings, ravished virgins, imprisoned citizens — in a word, all the sublimity of tradition, but alas, how superficial and material! Blood, surface-tears, and death! What can I learn from creatures who have but one fixed idea, and who have no time to live, for that there is a rival, or a mistress, whom it behooves them to put to death? . . .

I admire Othello, but he does not appear to me to live the august daily life of a Hamlet, who has the time to live, inasmuch as he does not act. Othello is admirably jealous. But is it not perhaps an ancient error to imagine that it is at the moments when this passion, or others of equal violence, possesses us, that we live our truest lives? I have grown to believe that an old man, seated in his arm-chair, waiting patiently, with his lamp beside him; giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house; interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of the light; submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny, — an old man, who conceives not that all the powers of this world, like so many heedful servants, are mingling and keeping vigil in his room, who suspects not that the very sun itself is supporting in space the little table against which he leans, or that every star in heaven and every fiber of the soul are directly concerned in the movement of an eyelid that closes, or a thought that springs to birth, — I have grown to believe that he, motionless as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or "the husband who avenges his honor."

William Maginn

"THE DOCTOR"

WILLIAM MAGINN.

William Maginn, an Irish poet and general writer, born at Cork, July 10, 1794; died at Walton-on-Thames, Aug. 21, 1842. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1811, and in 1819 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., he being then only twenty-five — the youngest man who had ever received that dignity. About this time he began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine* over several *noms de plume.* In 1823 he went to London, and engaged in journalism. In 1830 he, with Mr. Hugh Fraser, set up *Fraser's Magazine,* of which, as "Oliver Yorke," he acted for a while as ostensible editor. His irregular way of life lost him position, notwithstanding his brilliant genius and varied attainments. He was in 1842 imprisoned for debt, passed through the Insolvency Court and fell into great poverty.

The Irishman.

There was a lady lived at Leith,
  A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
  She fell in love with an Irishman —
    A nasty, ugly Irishman —
    A wild, tremendous Irishman —
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman.

His face was noways beautiful,
  For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
  Were almost double a yard across.
    Oh, the lump of an Irishman —
    The whisky-devouring Irishman —
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue — the fighting, rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
  And the other was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
  Were more than two feet about, my dear!

Oh, the great big Irishman —
The rattling, battling Irishman —
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman!

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle, Oh;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as broad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman —
The thundering, blundering Irishman —
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman!

His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman —
The 'toxicated Irishman —
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman!

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality.
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman —
The barbarous, savage Irishman —
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

(From "Miscellaneous Prose and Verse.")

IN my younger days bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —— than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practices it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied and, mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart, I believe; but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once — it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive, effort I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths; and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered, for fear is quick in recollection, how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen and, bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. There was not a fiber of my body it did not thrill through: it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes — I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death — followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then, reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me, at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath or fiery glance of that fabled animal wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me nearly with the violence and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last the Devil himself, accoutered, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal luster, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise; to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it; and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate; — I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted: but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour.

The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him; and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand Furies were howling about you, a deafening uproar banishing reason and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation, the other half appeared an age. When it ceased I became gradually more quiet; but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing; but at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced; in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupefying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clinched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armor of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily; but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringers' room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought; in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might be, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupefied eyes were fixed with a lack-luster gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding, my hair disheveled, and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings; and, if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but even long after recovery, if the gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it cures the most of our follies; but even at the present day, if by chance my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

The Night Walker.

In a crowded and highly cultivated state of society like that of London, the race of exertion against time is incessant. Take a distant village, although a populous one (as in Devonshire or Cornwall), and even discord, during the hours of darkness, is found forgetting herself in rest. The last alehouse closes before the clock strikes ten, sending the very scapegraces of the hamlet in summer to bed by daylight; no lady would choose after curfew hour (even by beating her husband) to disturb her neighbors; and unless some tailor happens to be behindhand with a wedding pair of small clothes, or some housewife prolongs the washing-day and gives an extra hour to her lace caps, or unless the village be a post-stage, where the "first-turn-boy" must sleep in his spurs, or where, the mail changing horses, some one sits up to give the guard his glass of rum, no movable probably like a lighted candle is known to such a community from eleven o'clock on the Saturday night, to six o'clock on the Monday morning. In London, however, the course of affairs is widely different. As the broad glare of gas drives darkness even from our alleys, so multitudinous avocations keep rest forever from our streets. By an arrangement the opposite to that of Queen Penelope, it is during the night that the work of regeneration in our great capital goes on; it is by night that the great reservoirs which feed London and Westminster repair the vast expenditure which they make during the day. As the wants of twelve hundred thousand persons are not ministered to with a wet finger, this operation of replenishment does not proceed in silence. Its action is best observable (as regards the season) towards the end of spring; when, the town being at the fullest, the markets are most abundantly supplied. Then every succeeding hour of the four-and-twenty brings its peculiar business to be performed, and sets its peculiar agents into motion.

Between half-past eleven and twelve o'clock at night the several theaters of the metropolis discharge themselves of their loads, and at that hour it is (unless the House of Commons happens to sit late) that the last *flush* of passengers is seen in the streets of London. The forth-rushing multitudes of Covent Garden and Drury Lane pass westward in divisions by King Street and Leicesterfields, eastward by Catherine Street, the

Strand, and Temple Bar; they are crossed at the points of Blackfriars and St. Martin's Lane by the Middlesex-dwelling visitors of Astley's and the Circus, and may be distinguished from the chance travelers (pedestrians) of the same direction by their quick step, hilarious mood, and still more by that style of *shouldering* in which Englishmen when they walk in a body always indulge towards the single-handed. About this time, too, the hackney horses put their best feet (where there is a choice) foremost, knowing of old that whence comes one lash there as easily come two. The less public and more peaceful districts of town are next flattered for some twenty minutes by the loud knocks of coachmen, occasionally commuted into "touches of the bell" for the sake of "the lodgers," or "the children," or sometimes "the old lady opposite." And before the stroke of midnight, in these comparatively pacific regions the tomcats and the watchmen reign with undisputed sway.

In the greater thoroughfares of London, however, and especially about Fleet Street and the Strand, the tumult of evening does not subside so easily. From twelve by Paul's clock until after two in the morning the Gates of the Temple, and the nooks under St. Dunstan's Church, the corners of Bell Yard, Star Court, and Chancery Lane, the doors of the Rainbow, the Cock, and the other minor coffee-houses of Fleet Street are beset by habitual idlers or late-stirring "professional people," members of spouting-clubs and second-rate actors, barristers without law and medical students guiltless of physic; besides these, there flourish a set of City "choice spirits," who can't get so far west as "Pedley's Oyster-rooms," or "The Saloon," in Piccadilly, but must take their "lark" (moving homewards) between the Adelphi Theater and Whitechapel; and now and then, perhaps, some grocer of Farringdon falls (*vino gravidus*) into the irregularity of a "set-to," and pays thirty shillings "making-up" money to his Jew antagonist at St. Bride's Watch-house, to save a *jobation* at Guildhall from the sitting alderman next day.

This is the very "witching time," *par excellence*, of night,

> "When graves yield up their dead"

(because resurrection-men will have it so), when lamps are "rifled at," and sots pushed out of public-houses; and when the sober wayfarer starts ever and anon at the prolonged hilly-oh-ho-ho! that bellow, as it were, *crescendo*, peculiar I think to the throats of the English, which frightens watchmen into their hutches and quiet citizens into the kennel. This whoop by the way prolonged, which invites MANKIND, as it were, to clear the way, is with us a pure national, and not a local, characteristic. Both high and low affect the practice; both "good men" and bullies. We have it at Oxford and at Cambridge, where the gownsmen if opposed strip and buff to their work like stout "forty minutes" fellows; and again in London, where your flustered haberdasher, after defying perhaps a whole street, at last provokes somebody to thrash him, and is beat without a blow in his defense.

By two o'clock, however, the riotous get pretty well disposed of; some snug and flea-bitten in their own personal garrets, more (and still flea-bitten) in the compters of the police. The wickets of the night-houses after this open only to known customers, and the flying pieman ceases his call. The pickpockets, linked with the refuse of another pestilence of the town, are seen sauntering lazily towards their lurking places in gangs of five and six together. And when these last stragglers of darkness have swept over the *pavé*, the *débris* of the evening may be considered as cleared off; and except an occasional crash of oyster-shells cast (*maugre* Angelo Taylor) from some lobster-shop, or the sharp rattle of a late billiard-ball echoing from the rooms over Mrs. Salmon's, silence, or something like it, obtains for some brief minutes, while the idlers of night give place to the dark-working men of business.

The earliest disturbers of London until within these few years were the market gardeners, who rolled lazily through the suburbs about three with their filled up carts and wagons, some "well to do" and pompous, parading their four high-fed horses apiece, others poor (and modest) drawing with a single quadruped, and he, God wot, looking as though stray cabbage leaves were his holiday-fare, that is, supposing (what is not supposable) that such a thing as a holiday ever happened to him; all the *spring* vehicles, however, top-heavy with baskets of raspberries, strawberries, and currants; and followed by heavier machines bearing gooseberries, or frame potatoes; the cauliflowers, peas, and such more ponderous and plebeian esculents having creaked into town (as they might) in the course of the preceding evening.

But two or three mild winters of late in succession have brought a new article of foreign trade into England. Ice, for the use of the confectioners, comes now to us all the way from

Norway, where a gentleman, we understand, is making arrangements to send over even snow, at a far cheaper rate than it can afford to fall in this country; so that frost, in fact (as regards Great Britain and Ireland), may consider itself discharged from further attendance; and, with the help of a few more devices in the way of commercial arrangement, and perhaps a new improvement or two as to the application of steam, it shall go hard but we will shortly turn the seasons out-of-doors altogether. And this imported ice (jealous of sunshine) is foremost in our streets now of mornings, moving along, in huge cartloads, from the below-bridge wharfs; and looking, as it lies in bulk, like so much conglutinated Epsom salts.

Meantime the river above bridge is not suffered to lie idle; but the fruits of Putney and Fulham walk upon the shoulders of porters, from Hungerford and the Adelphi stairs, to the great mart of vegetable matter, Covent Garden. And upon this spot (Covent Garden), which circumstances seem to have erected into a sort of museum for all the varied staple of a crowded capital city; to which all the patron friends of all the ills that scourge mankind seem to have rushed with one consent, day and night, to hold divan; where Luxury roams gorgeous through her long range of lighted taverns, and brims the bowl with wine, which Discord waits to dash with blood; where hunger, squalor, nakedness, and disease dance, antic, round our NATIONAL MONUMENTS of national wealth and superfluity; where vices, too hideous to be contemplated in detail, assert their royalty over us, alike in every class and every condition, blazing in transient luster amid the splendid hotels of the Piazza, starving, in rags (yet scarce more abject) amongst the horrid fastnesses of Bedford Court! — upon this spot, where all things monstrous are crowded and jumbled together; where the sounds seem all confused, and the sights all anomalous; where the wild laugh of revelry, and the low moan of suffering, the subdued whisper of entreaty, and the hoarse bark of execration mingle and mix and blend, and half neutralize each other; upon this spot, Covent Garden — jovial Covent Garden, the darling haunt alike of folly and of wit, the great mart of all London for oranges, outcasts, and old clothes, where the jokes are mostly good, where the cookery is always excellent, where the claret is commonly the best in England, and the morality never failingly the worst — on this spot, one continued uproar of labor or dissipation has endured without intermission for nearly a century gone by; and here, so long as London shall keep her holding as a city, silence, probably, by night or day, shall never find a resting-place.

But we will tear ourselves from Covent Garden even in "the sweet" (as Falstaff calls it) "of the night," for we must take a peep at the other points of *provisional* concentration about town. We must look towards Cockspur Street, where the hay collects itself in such quantities that nothing but the stomach of a horse could ever hope to make away with it. And we must cross, too, into Smithfield, where herds of cattle keep coming in all night, and where it is amazing how anybody can get a wink of sleep for the barking of the dogs and the bellowing of the bulls, and, louder than all, the swearing of the drovers, against whom Heaven, Richard Martin, strengthen thine arm! Smithfield, however, to be seen to advantage, should be taken from its eastern bearing through the fogs of a November morning, when the lights in the west quadrangle at "The Ram," "The Goat," and "The Bull's Head" show like beacons (though they shine but dimly) amid the total darkness on all sides of them; and when, looking at the hubbub of traffic which roars through the outward street against the deep unheeding silence that reigns within the houses, a man might fancy he witnessed the rush of an invading army, or division, into a town which the inhabitants had the night before abandoned. Then pick your way round (for there is no venturing to cross) and peep through the steaming window-panes into the parlor of an inn, where graziers and salesmen, in their fantastic "auld world" dresses, flop-hatted and top-coated, booted and waist-be-girt; knee-capped, twenty-handkerchiefed, mud-be-splashed, and spurred, snore or smoke in arm-chairs; and, between whiles, drive bargains for thousands. Mark the huge bulk of these men, their bluff bearing and English countenances. Hark to their deep voices, strange dialects, and uncouth expression. Then take their attendant demons, the badged drovers, each his goad and cord in hand; and with garb so pieced together, patched, and tattered that it might pass for the costume of any age, being like the costume of none. Catch the style of the old-fashioned building before you, with its latticed windows and pent-house roof. Take the low ceiling of the sitting apartment, and the huge sea-coal fire that glows in it. Take the figures of the farmers within doors, and of the drovers hovering without; of the gaitered, smock-frocked hostlers, carriers, and carmen: of the ragged, patient, waiting ponies, and the still more ragged and patient sheep-dogs — the most faithful, intelligent, and ill-used beings of their species; take these objects amid the darkness of the hour and the exaggeration of the fog, and then, with a little natural romance and a lively recollection of Shakspeare, you may (almost) fancy yourself thrown back into the glorious rudeness of the thirteenth century, arriving from a recent robbery (ah! those indeed were days) rich with the spoils of "whoreson caterpillars," and calling for a light to walk between tavern and tavern!

But the sober clearness of a summer's morning is no nurse for these wild fancies. It shows all objects too plainly and distinctly for picturesque effect, the true secret of which lies in never exhibiting anything *fully*, but in showing just enough to excite the imagination, and in then leaving it room enough to act. So we will turn back from Smithfield, just in the cold gray light of daybreak, and cross Holborn to Chancery Lane, where the kennels by this time are overflowing; and rogues, with scoops, are watering the roads — that is, "making the *dust* one *mud!*" Now watchmen congregate round posts for a little sober conversation; old women make to their respective standings with hot saloop and bread and butter; and presently the light hung caravans of the fishmongers — built at first in imitation of the hearses, and now re-imitated into Paddington stage-coaches — begin to jingle along at a trot by Thames Street towards Billingsgate.

As the last stars fade in the horizon and the sun coquets with the church spires, new actors in sundry shapes appear upon the scene. Milkwomen in droves clank along with their (to be filled) pails. The poorer fish-dealers, on their own heads, undertake the "care of *soles*." Chimney-sweepers shuffle on, straining out a feeble cry. And parties walk home (rather chilly) from Vauxhall, flaunting in satin shoes, silk stockings, and ostrich feathers; stared at now and then by some gaping, slipshod baker, who fetches spring water from the pump to cool his *sponge*, and looks like the statue in Don Juan, or a sack of flour truant from the kneading-trough; or hooted by some lost thing, all mad, and pale, and ghastly — some *creation* of gin, and carmine, and soiled muslin, which shows by daylight as a being of other time and place — an apparition, a prodigy, a denizen of some forbidden sphere — a foul lamp, thickly glimmering out its dregs, which the sun's light by some accident has omitted to extinguish.

Five o'clock, and the world looks as if stretching itself to awake. Coal-wagons and drays start forth upon "long turns," their country intent denoted by the truss of hay placed above the load. Butchers step sturdily towards Islington or Smithfield. Anglers, children of hope! stride fieldwards with baskets on their backs. And Holborn and Snow Hill are crowded with pony-carts (since the Chancellor of the Exchequer rides nothing under fourteen hands) bearing butter, cheese, poultry, sucking-pork, and eggs from Newgate market to the distant parishes of Marylebone and Pancras.

Six! And 'prentices begin to rub their eyes and curse their indentures. Maid-servants at "the Piccadilly end" of the town are not bound to stir just yet, but Russell Square and its dependencies set their spider-killers in motion betimes; for courts of law and counting-houses both sit at nine o'clock, and an advocate in practice of ten thousand a year must step into his carriage at five-and-thirty minutes past eight in the morning.

And now the different shops begin to open themselves for action. Our friend the baker is first, for he has been up all night, and he has to cool his loaves at the open windows as he draws them from the oven. Next comes the pastry-cook, lotting his remnant of cheese-cake, selling yesterday's dainties at half-price to-day, and still making money (as it is said) by the dealing. Then coaches, splashed and dirty, come laboring into town; and coaches, fresh and clean, drive out; and by this time the mercers and jewelers set their portals wide, in favor of sweeping, sprinkling, and window-cleaning; for the show-glasses (and here again sigh our friends the apprentices) must be emptied all, and polished and refurnished before breakfast.

The clock strikes eight, and the night-walker must be seen no more. Hurry and bustle and breakfast are on foot. The milkman cries in haste, and yet can scarce make his rounds fast enough. Maids with clean aprons (and sometimes with clean plates) step forth, key in hand, for the modicum of fresh butter; and hot rolls (walk as you will) run over you at every corner. By nine the clerks have got down to their offices — the attorneys have opened their bags, and the judges are on their benches; and the business of the *day* in London may now be said to have begun, which varies from hour to hour as strangely as the business of the night, and (to the curious observer) presents even a more ample field for speculation.

AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

"LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry,
Theorbo and voice."
So sings the old song,
And a good one it is;
Few better were written
From that day to this:
And I hope I may say it,
And give no offense,
Few more will be better
An hundred years hence.

In this year eighteen hundred
And twenty and two,
There are plenty of false ones
And plenty of true:
There are brave men and cowards,
And bright men and asses;
There are lemon-faced prudes,
There are kind-hearted lasses.
He who quarrels with this
Is a man of no sense,
For so 'twill continue
An hundred years hence.

There are people who rave
Of the National Debt:
Let them pay off their own
And the nation's forget.
Others bawl for reform,
Which were easily done,
If each would resolve
To reform Number One.
For *my* part to wisdom
I make no pretense:
I'll be as wise as my neighbors
An hundred years hence.

I only rejoice that
My life has been cast
On the gallant and glorious
Bright days which we've past;
When the flag of Old England

Waved lordly in pride,
Wherever green Ocean
Spreads his murmuring tide:
And I pray that unbroken
Her watery fence
May still keep off invaders
An hundred years hence.

I rejoice that I saw her
Triumphant in war,
At sublime Waterloo,
At dear-bought Trafalgar;
On sea and on land,
Wheresoever she fought,
Trampling Jacobin tyrants
And slaves as she ought:
Of CHURCH and of KING
Still the firmest defense:
So may she continue
An hundred years hence.

Why then need I grieve if
Some people there be,
Who, foes to their country,
Rejoice not with me?
Sure I know in my heart
That Whigs ever have been
Tyrannic, or turnspit,
Malignant, or mean:
THEY WERE AND ARE SCOUNDRELS
IN EVERY SENSE,
AND SCOUNDRELS THEY WILL BE
AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

So let us be jolly,
Why need we repine?
If grief is a folly,
Let's drown it in wine!
As they scared away fiends
By the ring of a bell,
So the ring of the glass
Shall blue devils expel:
With a bumper before us
The night we'll commence
By toasting true Tories
An hundred years hence.

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY.

John Pentland Mahaffy, an Irish classical scholar and historian, born at Chapponnaire, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, Feb. 26, 1839. He was educated in Germany till he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1856. He gained his fellowship by competition in 1864, and became Professor of Ancient History in 1871. He was decorated with the gold cross of the Order of the Saviour by the King of Greece in 1877; and became an Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1882. He is examiner and lecturer in Trinity College, Dublin, in classics, philosophy, music, and modern languages. Besides many papers in periodicals and reviews, he has published a translation of Kuno Fischer's "Commentary on Kant" (1866); "Twelve Lectures on Primitive Civilization" (1868); "Prolegomena to Ancient History" (1871); "Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers" (1871); "Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander" (1874); "Greek Antiquities" (1876); "Rambles and Studies in Greece" (1876); "Greek Education" (1881); "History of Classical and Greek Literature" (1880); "Report on the Irish Grammar Schools" (1880); "The Decay of Modern Preaching" (1882); "The Story of Alexander's Empire" (1886); "Greek Life and Thought" (1887); "Art of Conversation" (1887); "The Greek World Under Roman Sway" (1890); "Greek Pictures" (1890); "Problems in Greek History" (1892); "Life and Teaching of Descartes" (1894); "The Empire of the Ptolemies" (1895); "Survey of Greek Civilization" (1896); and is editor of the English edition of Duruy's "Roman History."

Childhood in Ancient Life.

(From "Old Greek Education.")

We find in Homer, especially in the "Iliad," indications of the plainest kind that Greek babies were like the babies of modern Europe: equally troublesome, equally delightful to their parents, equally uninteresting to the rest of society. The famous scene in the sixth book of the "Iliad," when Hector's infant, Astyanax, screams at the sight of his father's waving crest, and the hero lays his helmet on the ground that he may laugh and weep over the child; the love and tenderness of Andromache, and her pathetic laments in the twenty-second book, — are familiar to all. She foresees the hardships and unkindnesses to her orphan boy, "who was wont upon his father's knees to eat the purest marrow and the rich fat of sheep, and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased his childish play, he would lie in the arms of his nurse, on a soft cushion, satisfied with every comfort." So again, a protecting goddess is compared to a mother keeping the flies from her sleeping infant; and a pertinacious friend, to a little girl who, running beside her mother, begs to be taken up, holding her mother's dress and delaying her, and with tearful eyes keeps looking up till the mother denies her no longer. These are only stray references, and yet they speak no less clearly than if we had asked for an express answer to a direct inquiry. So we have the hesitation of the murderers sent to make away with the infant Cypselus, who had been foretold to portend danger to the Corinthian Herods of that day. The smile of the baby unmans — or should we rather say unbrutes? — the first ruffian, and so the task is passed on from man to man. This story in Herodotus is a sort of natural Greek parallel to the great Shakspearean scene, where another child sways his intended torturer with an eloquence more conscious and explicit, but not perhaps more powerful, than the radiant smile of the Greek baby. Thus Euripides, the great master of pathos, represents Iphigenia bringing her infant brother Orestes to plead for her, with that unconsciousness of sorrow which pierces us to the heart more than the most affecting rhetoric. In modern art a little child playing about its dead mother, and waiting with contentment for her awaking, is perhaps the most powerful appeal to human compassion which we are able to conceive.

On the other hand, the troubles of infancy were then as now very great. We do not indeed hear of croup, or teething, or measles, or whooping-cough. But these are occasional matters, and count as nothing beside the inexorable tyranny of a sleepless baby. For then as now, mothers and nurses had a strong prejudice in favor of carrying about restless children, and so soothing them to sleep. The unpractical Plato requires that in his fabulous Republic two or three stout nurses shall be in readiness to carry about each child; because children, like gamecocks, gain spirit and endurance by this treatment! What they really gain is a gigantic power of torturing their mothers. Most chil-

CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE

From a Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton

dren can readily be taught to sleep in a bed, or even in an arm-chair, but an infant once accustomed to being carried about will insist upon it; and so it came that Greek husbands were obliged to relegate their wives to another sleeping-room, where the nightly squalling of the furious infant might not disturb the master as well as the mistress of the house. But the Greek gentleman was able to make good his damaged rest by a midday siesta, and so required but little sleep at night. The modern father in northern Europe, with his whole day's work and waking, is therefore in a more disadvantageous position.

Of course very fashionable people kept nurses; and it was the highest tone at Athens to have a Spartan nurse for the infant, just as an English nurse is sought out among foreign noblesse. We are told that these women made the child hardier, that they used less swathing and bandaging, and allowed free play for the limbs; and this, like all the Spartan physical training, was approved of and admired by the rest of the Greek public, though its imitation was never suggested save in the unpractical speculations of Plato.

Whether they also approved of a diet of marrow and mutton suet, which Homer, in the passage just cited, considers the luxury of princes, does not appear. As Homer was the Greek Bible, — an inspired book containing perfect wisdom on all things, human and divine, — there must have been many orthodox parents who followed his prescription. But we hear no approval or censure of such diet. Possibly marrow may have represented our cod-liver oil in strengthening delicate infants. But as the Homeric men fed far more exclusively on meat than their historical successors, some vegetable substitute, such as olive oil, must have been in use later on. Even within our memory, mutton suet boiled in milk was commonly recommended by physicians for the delicacy now treated by cod-liver oil. The supposed strengthening of children by air and exposure, or by early neglect of their comforts, was as fashionable at Sparta as it is with many modern theorists; and it probably led in both cases to the same result, — the extinction of the weak and delicate. These theorists parade the cases of survival of stout children — that is, their exceptional soundness — as the effect of this harsh treatment, and so satisfy themselves that experience confirms their views. Now with the Spartans this was logical enough; for as they professed and desired nothing but physical results, as they despised intellectual qualities and esteemed obedience to be the highest of moral ones, they were perhaps justified in their proceeding. So thoroughly did they advocate the production of healthy citizens for military purposes, that they were quite content that the sickly should die. In fact, in the case of obviously weak and deformed infants, they did not hesitate to expose them in the most brutal sense, — not to cold and draughts, but to the wild beasts in the mountains.

This brings us to the first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours. We cannot really doubt, from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedies, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy, that the exposing of new-born children was not only sanctioned by public feeling, but actually practiced throughout Greece. Various motives combined to justify or to extenuate this practice. In the first place, the infant was regarded as the property of its parents, indeed of its father, to an extent inconceivable to most modern Europeans. The State only, whose claim overrode all other considerations, had a right for public reasons to interfere with the dispositions of a father. Individual human life had not attained what may be called the exaggerated value derived from sundry superstitions, which remains even after those superstitions have decayed. And moreover, in many Greek States, the contempt for commercial pursuits, and the want of outlet for practical energy, made the supporting of large families cumbersome, or the subdivision of patrimonies excessive. Hence the prudence or the selfishness of parents did not hesitate to use an escape which modern civilization condemns as not only criminal but as horribly cruel. How little even the noblest Greek theorists felt this objection appears from the fact that Plato, the Attic Moses, sanctions infanticide under certain circumstances or in another form, in his ideal State. In the genteel comedy it is often mentioned as a somewhat painful necessity, but enjoined by prudence. Nowhere does the agony of the mother's heart reach us through their literature, save in one illustration used by the Platonic Socrates, where he compares the anger of his pupils, when first confuted out of their prejudices, to the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant. There is something horrible in the very allusion, as if in after life Attic mothers became hardened to this treatment. We must suppose the exposing of female infants to have been not uncommon, until the just retribution of barrenness fell upon the nation, and the population dwindled away by a strange atrophy.

In the many family suits argued by the Attic orators, we do not (I believe) find a case in which a large family of children is concerned. Four appears a larger number than the average. Marriages between relations as close as uncle and niece, and even half-brothers and sisters, were not uncommon ; but the researches of modern science have removed the grounds for believing that this practice would tend to diminish the race. It would certainly increase any pre-existing tendency to hereditary disease ; yet we do not hear of infantile diseases any more than we hear of delicate infants. Plagues and epidemics were common enough ; but as already observed, we do not hear of measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlatina, or any of the other constant persecutors of our nurseries.

As the learning of foreign languages was quite beneath the notions of the Greek gentleman, who rather expected all barbarians to learn *his* language, the habit of employing foreign nurses, so useful and even necessary to good modern education, was well-nigh unknown. It would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up speaking Thracian or Egyptian. Accordingly foreign slave attendants, with their strange accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children till they were able to go to school and had learned their mother tongue perfectly.

But the women's apartments, in which children were kept for the first few years, are closed so completely to us that we can but conjecture a few things about the life and care of Greek babies. A few late epigrams tell the grief of parents bereaved of their infants. Beyond this, classical literature affords us no light. The backwardness in culture of Greek women leads us to suspect that then, as now, Greek babies were more often spoilt than is the case among the serious northern nations. The term "Spartan mother" is, however, still proverbial; and no doubt in that exceptional State, discipline was so universal and so highly esteemed that it penetrated even to the nursery. But in the rest of Greece, we may conceive the young child arriving at his schoolboy age more willful and headstrong than most of our more watched and worried infants. Archytas the philosopher earned special credit for inventing the rattle, and saving much damage to household furniture by occupying children with this toy.

The external circumstances determining a Greek boy's education were somewhat different from ours. We must remember that all old Greek life — except in rare cases, such as that of Elis, of which we know nothing — was distinctly *town life;* and so, naturally, Greek schooling was day-schooling, from which the children returned to the care of their parents. To hand over boys, far less girls, to the charge of a boarding-school, was perfectly unknown, and would no doubt have been gravely censured. Orphans were placed under the care of their nearest male relative, even when their education was provided (as it was in some cases) by the State. Again, as regards the age of going to school, it would naturally be early, seeing that the day-schools may well include infants of tender age, and that in Greek households neither father nor mother was often able or disposed to undertake the education of the children. Indeed, we find it universal that even the knowledge of the letters and reading were obtained from a schoolmaster. All these circumstances would point to an early beginning of Greek school life; whereas, on the other hand, the small number of subjects required in those days, the absence from the programme of various languages, of most exact sciences, and of general history and geography, made it unnecessary to begin so early, or work so hard, as our unfortunate children have to do. Above all, there was no competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. The Greeks never thought of promoting a man for "dead knowledge," but for his living grasp of science or of life.

Owing to these causes, we find the theorists discussing, as they now do, the expediency of waiting till the age of seven before beginning serious education: some advising it, others recommending easy and half-playing lessons from an earlier period. And then, as now, we find the same curious silence on the really important fact that the exact number of years a child has lived is nothing to the point in question; and that while one child may be too young at seven to commence work, many more may be distinctively too old.

At all events, we may assume in parents the same varieties of over-anxiety, of over-indulgence, of nervousness, and of carelessness, about their children; and so it doubtless came to pass that there was in many cases a gap between infancy and school life which was spent in playing and doing mischief. This may be fairly inferred, not only from such anecdotes as that of Alcibiades playing with his fellows in the street, evidently without the protection of any pedagogue, but also from the large nomenclature of boys' games preserved to us in the glossaries of later grammarians.

These games are quite distinct from the regular exercises in the palæstra. We have only general descriptions of them, and these either by Greek scholiasts or by modern philologists. But in spite of the sad want of practical knowledge of games shown by both, the instincts of boyhood are so uniform that we can often frame a very distinct idea of the sort of amusement popular among Greek children. For young boys, games can hardly consist of anything else than either the practicing of some bodily dexterity, such as hopping on one foot higher or longer than is easy, or throwing farther with a stone; or else some imitation of war, such as snowballing, or pulling a rope across a line, or pursuing under fixed conditions; or lastly, the practice of some mechanical ingenuity, such as whipping the top or shooting with marbles. So far as climate or mechanical inventions have not altered our little boys' games, we find all these principles represented in Greek games. There was the hobby or cock horse (*kálamon*, *parabênai*); standing or hopping on one leg (*askōliázein*), which, as the word *askos* implies, was attempted on a skin bottle filled with liquid and greased; blindman's buff (*chalkê muîa*, literally "brazen fly"), in which the boy cried, "I am hunting a brazen fly," and the rest answered, "You will not catch it"; games of hide-and-seek, of taking and releasing prisoners, of fool in the middle, of playing at king: in fact there is probably no simple child's game now known which was not then in use.

A few more details may, however, be interesting. There was a game called *kyndalismós* [Drive the peg], in which the *kyndalon* was a peg of wood with a heavy end sharpened, which boys sought to strike into a softened place in the earth so that it stood upright and knocked out the peg of a rival. This reminds us of the peg-top splitting which still goes on in our streets. Another, called *ostrakinda*, consisted of tossing an oyster shell in the air, of which one side was blackened or moistened and called night, the other, day, — or sun and rain. The boys were divided into two sides with these names; and according as their side of the shell turned up, they pursued and took prisoners their adversaries. On the other hand, *epostrakismós* was making a shell skip along the surface of water by a horizontal throw, and winning by the greatest number of skips. *Eis ōmillan* [At strife], though a general expression for any contest, was specially applied to tossing a knuckle-bone or smooth stone so as to lie in the center of a fixed circle, and to disturb those which were already in good positions. This was also done into a small hole (*trópa*). They seem to have shot dried beans from their fingers as we do marbles. They spun coins on their edge (*chalkismós*) [game of coppers].

Here are two games not perhaps so universal nowadays: *pentalithizein* [Fives, Jackstones] was a technical word for tossing up five pebbles or astragali, and receiving them so as to make them lie on the back of the hand. *Mēlolónthē*, or the beetle game, consists in flying a beetle by a long thread, and guiding him like a kite but by way of improvement they attached a waxed splinter, lighted, to his tail, — and this cruelty is now practiced, according to a good authority (Papasliotis), in Greece, and has even been known to cause serious fires. Tops were known under various names (*bembix*, *strómbos*, *stróbilos*), one of them certainly a humming-top. So were hoops (*trochoí*).

Ball-playing was ancient and diffused, even among the Homeric heroes. But as it was found very fashionable and carefully practiced by both Mexicans and Peruvians at the time of the conquest, it is probably common to all civilized races. We have no details left us of complicated games with balls; and the mere throwing them up and catching them one from the other, with some rhythmic motion, is hardly worth all the poetic fervor shown about this game by the Greeks. But possibly the musical and dancing accompaniments were very important, in the case of grown people and in historical times. Pollux, however, — our main authority for most of these games, — in one place distinctly describes both football and hand-ball. "The names," he says, "of games with balls are — *epískyros*, *phainínda*, *apórraxis*, *ouranía*. The first is played by two even sides, who draw a line in the center which they call *skyros*, on which they place the ball. They draw two other lines behind each side; and those who first reach the ball throw it (*rhíptousin*) over the opponents, whose duty it is to catch it and return it, until one side drives the other back over their goal line." Though Pollux makes no mention of kicking, this game is evidently our football in substance. He proceeds: "*Phainínda* was called either from Phainindes, the first discoverer, or from *phenakízein* [to play tricks]," etc., — we need not follow his etymologies; "and *apórraxis* consists of making a ball bound off the ground, and sending it against a wall, counting the number of hops according as it was returned." And as if to make the anticipations of our games more curiously complete, there is cited from the history of Manuel, by the Byzantine Cinnamus (A.D. 1200), a clear description of the Canadian lacrosse, a sort of hockey played with rackets: —

> "Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point [a goal]. Each of them has in his right hand a racket (*rhábdon*) [wand, staff] of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the rackets (*rhábdoi*) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Two games which were not confined to children — and which are not widely diffused, though they exist among us — are the use of astragali, or knuckle-bones of animals, cut so nearly square as to serve for dice; and with these children threw for luck, the highest throw (sixes) being accounted the best. In later Greek art, representations of Eros and other youthful figures engaged with astragali are frequent. It is to be feared that this game was an introduction to dice-playing, which was so common, and so often abused that among the few specimens of ancient dice remaining, there are some false and some which were evidently loaded. The other game to which I allude is the Italian *morra*, the guessing instantaneously how many fingers are thrown up by the player and his adversary. It is surprising how fond southern men and boys still are of this simple game, chiefly however for gambling purposes.

Most unfortunately there is hardly a word left of the nursery rhymes, and of the folk-lore, which are very much more interesting than the physical amusements of children. Yet we know that such popular songs existed in plenty; we know too, from the early fame of Æsop's fables, from the myths so readily invented and exquisitely told by Plato, that here we have lost a real fund of beautiful and stimulating children's stories. And of course, here too the general character of such stories throughout the human race was preserved.

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN.

Alfred Thayer Mahan, a distinguished American naval officer and writer on naval history, born at West Point, N.Y., Sept. 27, 1840. He served in the Civil War; and was president of the Naval War College, Newport, in 1886–1889 and 1890–1893. Visiting Europe in command of the *Chicago* in 1893, he received many honors, among them degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge. His chief work, "Influence of Sea Power upon History" (1890), with its continuation, "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire" (1892), gave him a world-wide reputation. He has published also: "The Gulf and Inland Waters" (1883); "Life of Admiral Farragut" (1892); "The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future" (1897), a compilation of his magazine articles; "Life of Nelson" (1897).

The Mutual Relations of Army and Navy in Transmarine War and in Colonial Policy.

The recent campaign of the United States Navy and Army in the Caribbean region, while instructive from many points of view, has especial value at the present moment to the people of the United States, as illustrative of certain necessary outlines of our future naval and military policy. Estimating at the lowest the permanent results of the late war, the nation finds itself charged with valuable transmarine possessions, which have not merely to receive the local defense which is — or should be — common to the country in general, but must also, for the welfare of the Commonwealth, be knit to the home body by the only military bonds that can cross the stretch of the seas. Local protection is indeed imperative; but from the military point of view national defense, in any real sense, cannot be said to exist, when the localized defenses are not knit together, and coördinated into a system, which insures freedom of communication and thereby mutual support. Gibraltar and its Rock are the proverbial synonym of impregnability; yet Gibraltar in its time not only has fallen by local neglect, but has more than once narrowly escaped a like fate through inferiority of naval force — through severance of communications with the body of which it is a member.

The fortified places upon which a system of defense rests are stationary. They contribute to the general safety, directly, only so far as their guns can range, or as conducive to delay in case of attack, but when to them is added a mobile force, which either issues from them to assume the offensive, or which, in its movements in the open, knows that in them security can be found in case of reverse, the various members are brought into a living union, wherein each contributes its proportion to the strength of the whole. On land such mobile force is represented by the active army in the field; at sea by the fleet. Both need the support of stationary fortifications; and both, as has just been said, are essential in turn to the fortresses themselves. Jomini has truly said, "When a state depends wholly upon fortified places for its safety, it has touched the verge of ruin."

It may be deemed fortunate, that at the moment of starting upon a new career, the United States has received an object lesson in the mutual relations of army and navy, of stationary defenses to mobile force; a dramatic presentation of the part played by each, not only on the field of battle, but in the general maintenance of national security and power. Upon this living picture the eyes of the whole nation have been fixed, with the vivid interest which always follows the progress of arms. The recent campaign against Cuba — and especially against Santiago — by sea and by land, has for us the particular value that it lies wholly within our own experience, and speaks to us therefore with the force which belongs to experience alone among the teachers of mankind. Whether our new acquisitions stop short with Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and a naval station in Luzon; or whether further responsibilities await us in the Philippines, and in the necessity of assuring to Cuba the repose needed for her future organization upon a stable political basis; in either event, the military and naval occurrences have for us lessons, both as to the usefulness and the dangers of maritime possessions, and as to the powers and limitations of land and sea forces — what each can do, and what each cannot do.

Having been asked to contribute an article introductory to those which compose the body of this book, it has seemed to the writer that he could scarcely do better than call the attention of readers to lessons involved in the several occurrences, taken as a whole; and especially to point out that in the comparatively narrow range of the recent campaign, restricted as it was both in space and time, are involved nevertheless the broad outlines of the policy, naval and military, which the United States will be compelled henceforth to adopt, in order to maintain the positions which she has so unexpectedly found thrust upon her. For unexpected, certainly, to the mass of our people, have been the rapid and irrevocable strides of the past half-year. There were those among us, doubtless, who dimly foresaw and proclaimed, some with joyful anticipation, others with dread and aversion, that the nation in its progress was reaching a point where it could scarcely fail to abandon its traditional policy of aloofness and isolation, and launch out into the deep to join in the struggle of its peers. The signs of the times were indisputably there, for those who had the will and took the time to read them; but very few did, and many of those most capable of doing so refused with angry vehemence to admit what they could have seen to be inevitable, but viewed with terrified apprehension. They shared the feelings of one who is being swept along by some quiet, but irresistible, stream to the ocean, and upon whose ears fall the sounds that tell of the approaching change.

O end to which our currents tend,
    Inevitable sea!
To which we flow, what do we know,
    What shall we guess of thee?
A roar we hear upon thy shore
    As we our course fulfill;
Scarce we divine the Sun will shine
    And be above us still.

To these men the coming change portended nothing less than the destruction of the nation, not merely as to its received traditions, but as to its healthy political life. They trembled and fluttered like a timid mother over the boy, who leaves behind the tradition of the nursery and the restrictions of the home, to enter the struggle of life. Needless to say, if the boy's training has been sound, it will abide with him in substance in the new life, although the accidents of the old fall away; either that, or the boy is not worth saving. The United States under its new tests may prove not worth saving; it would certainly have been not worth saving had it refused to go out from home and take a nation's part in the world's progress. Let us, however, have courage. The roar we hear is that of the great sea, not of Niagara.

It is wise, says an old proverb, to learn from one's enemy. Let us, for our instruction, turn our eyes for a moment upon our recent enemy, upon him who four hundred years ago, in the heyday of Europe's adolescence, went forth, a youth among other youths, to possess the land, and who now returns a discomfited prodigal, abandoning the last of the fair heritage upon which he, favored above his fellows, then entered. It is not indeed admissible in a short article, dealing avowedly with a particular brief episode of history, to attempt to trace the general causes of Spain's downfall. Suffice it to note, in pursuance of our previous allegory, that from the beginning Spain's ideas, both individual and national, carried within them the seeds of inevitable and early blight. She shared with her contemporaries the restless ebullience of early manhood, as the nations were breaking out of the nursery of tradition and authority, in which the Roman Church had held, and still sought to hold them: but she went forth imbued, not with principles of action, but with mere habits of thought, externally imposed, and accepted without the self-questioning that comes with the collision of mind with mind. So, while the world was growing, Spain grew not. A century after America was discovered, she was in thought and method just where Ferdinand and Isabella were; as it is recommended to us now to remain just where Washington and Jefferson, under different conditions, stood a hundred years ago. The colonial system of Spain, which gasped its last this year, continued essentially the same from the beginning to the end; even as foreigners familiar with the peninsula tell us that people there live for the most part in the ideas of centuries ago. Shock after shock failed to loosen the hold of tradition, and it may be doubted whether even the final crash will penetrate through men's ears to the brain.

One thing Spain has never been since the time that the unity of the peninsula was achieved — a maritime nation. Seamen, doubtless, she has had; it would be rash indeed to deny that name to the men who accompanied Columbus, although the great adventurer was himself Italian; but for all that, as a nation, the heart of Spain has never turned to the sea. Yet

Great Britain herself was scarcely more favorably situated for the development of maritime instincts and maritime power. Like France, Spain borders the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; but above France she possessed the advantage that her only land frontier (leaving little Portugal out of the account) was a lofty and difficult mountain range. Like the United States of to-day, which borders the Atlantic and the Pacific, Spain was practically an insular power; for, unlike the United States in the days of Washington, she had not dangerous continental frontiers. In this security from attack by land, in the power of her sovereigns, unrivaled in the sixteenth century, in her remoteness from the turmoil of Central Europe, and in the one single danger to which she was exposed — the ravaging of the coasts by the Mohammedan pirates — was found a combination of circumstances, which, so far as external pressure molds character, should have made Spain a respectable, if not a great naval state. From the resources and exposure of her extensive and lucrative colonies, there arose an additional incentive to commercial and naval development; but none followed. The root of the matter was not in her. What was she, that she remained. Often rebuked by disaster, she hardened herself against change; until, in the end, she has suddenly been destroyed and that without remedy.

Yet no people more than the Spaniards understood and practiced the art of fortification, as it existed in the days of their power. It was not lack of local defenses that enfeebled the colonial empire of Spain, and so often caused particular localities to fall before an invader. It was the lack of control over the communications — over the sea, by which alone communication could be had, — which permitted the enemy to assemble his forces with impunity, and prevented the Spaniards from reinforcing where needed; in a word, it was defect in the sea power, which insures mutual support and the possibility of offensive action. Defense, whether greater or less, only imposes delay; and delay must be improved, or it is useless. Like a burglar at a safe, so is the besieger; except that interruption may come, the time more or less does not matter. The essential thing for the party who, as regards the war, is on the defensive — who has the most to lose — is to retain in his hands the power to move at will and rapidly from point to point; not merely to defend locally, but to attack the assailant either in transit, or at his point of destination; or, it may be, even, by offensive operations on the enemy's own coasts. Such power — sea power — Spain has never had. The material elements she did indeed from time to time create. "I never saw finer ships," said Nelson a century ago. "The dons make fine ships; they cannot, however, make men." This manifests again the impotence of mere government, of external compulsion, to impress upon man or people qualities which find within no root of life, native or implanted. In the inward realm of ideas, diffused among the people, is the true strength of nations to be found. May we heed the warning.

The history of four centuries only repeats itself in miniature, when the final scene in the long drama of Spain's colonial history is critically regarded. The last Cuban revolt had continued already three years when the United States intervened. During that period Spain had sent over 200,000 soldiers to her colonies, and had incurred an extraordinary expenditure of some four hundred millions of dollars for the campaigns; an immense effort, whether regarded in itself alone, or relatively to the resources of the mother-country. Yet, although the mutterings that ran throughout the United States were audible in Europe, and it could have been plainly recognized that behind a mere political bluster there was unquestionable popular impulse — a most dangerous condition — no important addition was made to the fleet. Even the vessels on hand, antiquated though some were, were not brought up to the full efficiency they might have received. Cervera sailed with but four ships. Not till six weeks later was Camara able to get away, and then there went with him only two armored vessels. The inference is reasonable that such others as there were — and there were others — could not be got ready; that even the nominal force was not available. Yet one thing demonstrably certain is, that had the Spaniards maintained a navy superior to our own, the expense of which would have been far less than the cost of their troops in Cuba, it would have excluded us from the island, which otherwise its fortifications and armies could not do. It may be assumed, indeed, that had the Spanish navy been decisively superior to our own, we would have refrained from war, unless determined to it by the loss of the *Maine;* for nothing so certainly maintains the peace as the evident readiness of the enemy. This the great armies of Europe now show. As it was, when Cervera was shut up in Santiago, we dared to send 15,000 men, a thousand miles by sea, to land at the very mouth of the harbor; and after this squadron was destroyed, we were quite at our ease as regards the rest of the task. Utterly undeveloped as our military preparations were, we could take our time. The Spanish force in Cuba must waste; ours could not but increase. The end was thenceforth predetermined, and Spain wisely asked for peace.

Yet while this lesson is clear, and in the opinion of the writer is the one of primary importance to ourselves, — as to any nation undertaking to have colonies, — it would be a most incomplete and misleading view did we not further recognize the complementary element of land forces and fortifications, in deciding the issue of the war. Had there remained to Spain a fleet — a "fleet in being" to use a phrase now widely accepted as technical — at all equal to our own, and able shortly to get to sea, our advantage at Santiago would have been but momentary and undecisive. The presence of the Spanish army, a hundred thousand strong, of as good fighting quality as the Santiago garrison is said to have shown, while it would not have controlled the whole island, would have effectually excluded us from the more important part, until the Spanish navy, temporarily eliminated by Cervera's defeat, could have again been brought into play. The coördinate value of mere defense would have received conspicuous illustration. The Spanish army in Cuba, and its fortifications of every kind, seacoast or otherwise, were, as regards the general war, strictly limited to the defense of the island. The communications between it and the United States — the roads — were in our hands, to transport troops as we pleased; but only temporarily so, on the present hypothesis, namely, that Spain had still a fleet which, upon arrival in the Caribbean, would have a fighting equality or superiority to ours. The question therefore at such a stage would be one of delay. Can the Spanish army keep the field until its fleet appears, and exclude us from the control of the vital center of the island? Failing this, can it even, by retiring to its fortresses, preserve its integrity, and prevent our obtaining that essential foothold for maritime enterprise, a fortified seaport close to the scene of operation — a bridgehead for entrance when ready? If so, it secures the necessary delay until the all-important, decisive factor in maritime wars, the navy, can make itself again felt.

It is clear, therefore, that while an incontestable and inalienable primacy belongs to the navy in all cases of transmarine warfare, the maintenance of an adequate territorial army, resting upon proper fortified bases, is likewise indispensable, if secondary. And indeed, this hypothetical case, of a fleet remaining to Spain *after* Cervera's mishap, was the actual condition *before* that event; to the extent at least of our certain knowledge of what the Spanish navy might, or might not, be able to do. Had the enemy had no army in Cuba, and had he pursued his proper course by recalling Cervera from the Cape Verde Islands to Spain, as a preliminary to sending the concentrated fleet across the ocean, we might have sent troops to seize and strengthen themselves in Cuba's strategic ports; but, in the face of the then Spanish army, it was not possible to do so to any good effect. Consequently, we did not attempt it, till Cervera was cornered.

Probably our people at large are conscious that colonial possession involves a colonial army. This the experience of Great Britain tells us may be largely, though not wholly, aboriginal; and that the less developed the civilization of the natives, the greater the proportion of the latter may be to the whole force. But it is doubtful whether the general acquiescence in the necessity of such an army is accompanied by an exact understanding of the part it plays in maintaining possession; what its strength is, and what its weakness, considered, not in itself alone, but in relation to the whole problem of national and colonial defense. The function and effect of the Spanish army in Cuba illustrate this, and therefore are important to be understood, for the appreciation, not of recent history only, but of the necessary future policy of the United States as well. The navy binds all together; without it each falls in time, isolated and unsupported. In 1762, as in 1898, in one twelve-month Spain lost both Manila and Havana, and for the same reason — defective sea power. But in order that the navy, the mobile force, may assure the whole, it is necessary that each part be able to resist attack during a measurable period, exactly as a fortress on any scene of warfare. Each colony, until it becomes self-supporting and fit for independence, is an exposed garrison. They are plausibly right, therefore, who argue that as a general rule a country does not consult its immediate interests by acquiring colonies. Their error is in failing to recognize that immediate self-interest is not always the sole test, although it furnishes us a very adequate reason for taking Hawaii. It may be a duty to accept a responsibility which is not to one's convenience. For what other reason than duty is civic activity immediately incumbent on the well-to-do?

It is interesting to find the same conditions revealing themselves in the minutiæ of specific instances, as truly as in broad generalizations. It is a curiously ironical comment upon human foresight, that the issue of the war turned upon the tenure of that one of the great Cuban ports, which at the first certainly seemed least likely to be involved, as a scene of actual conflict. From Spanish sources we learn that Cervera entered the port because it was the only one available. If such was actually the reason for this seemingly fortuitous step, he acted under a misapprehension of our dispositions. Until he had so entered, however, his squadron was the controlling factor in the general situation. The navy of the defense, though locally much inferior to its opponent, was yet too strong to justify our exposing troops upon the maritime high roads; and it rested also on several fortified ports, from any of which it might issue to attack our interests, and in which it might find refuge, when pressed for supplies or by our ships. The Spanish tenure of Santiago made it therein secure; and although a singular lack of enterprise, as yet unexplained, paralyzed it as an active factor, the mere possibilities of offensive movement open to it imposed upon us its neutralization, and, if feasible, its destruction. The former was insured to the utmost degree practicable when our fleet had been concentrated before the port; but from direct attack it was preserved by the territorial army, supporting the permanent fortifications and the lines of torpedoes. These cannot be overcome by ships alone, unless the assailant is able to throw away, not only lives of men, who may be replaced, but ships which cannot. Those who can recall conditions at the time, not only as regards our immediate enemy, but the rumored dispositions of other states reported to be unfriendly towards us, will understand that the preservation of our navy in undiminished force was a political consideration of paramount importance. We could not afford then to lose ships, unless at the same time we diminished by at least an equal amount the naval force which might yet be arrayed against us.

Our army, therefore, was called upon to make untenable the refuge which sheltered the hostile fleet. That we were able to move our troops to the scene of action with perfect assuredness, was due to the fact that our navy had established its predominance in the local waters; and conversely, Spain suffered invasion of her colony, because she had lost control of the sea. Our troops, when landed, depended for their security and for their supplies upon the continuance of this maritime condition; the sea, in short, was its line of communications, which the navy protected. On the other hand, unless Cervera were forced to quit the port by famine, produced by the blockade — a not impossible contingency, as shown by the diary of Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, — the navy could not get at his ships to destroy them without the aid of the army; and destruction was necessary, for, as the French proverb says, "It is only the dead who do not return" inconveniently. The army's aid might be extended in one of two ways. Either it might — if it could — get possession of the town by its own unaided efforts, by assault, or by establishing a dominant position overlooking it; or it might direct its attempt, aided by the navy, upon the works commanding the harbor's mouth. The latter reduced, the navy would be able to remove the torpedoes, enter the port, and engage the hostile squadron. Why the latter, which the navy favored, was not adopted, will doubtless be made clear in time. As it was, Cervera's sortie, so far as our present information goes, must be attributed to moral effect produced upon the minds of the Spanish officers by the general hopelessness of the situation. It evidently cannot be justified by the immediate military conditions.

These details of comment, however, do not at all affect the general propositions upon which the writer has sought to fasten the attention of his readers; the mutual dependence of army and navy in the attack or defense of maritime regions, and the primacy therein of the navy, which represents both the communications and the offensive element of the war upon the sea. By the neglect of these considerations Spain has lost her colonial empire. By their observation Great Britain has preserved hers, and the English-speaking race dominates the sea. In this predominance, further, are involved the issues of that mysterious future, the movings of which we are now beginning to discern, as in a glass darkly; and which the race holds within its grasp, if only through wise guidance of popular thought by those who have time to think, it can find its way, not by formal alliance but by the political comprehension, to common action and to mutual support. Of such comprehension and support, informal but most timely, Great Britain has given an example, never to be forgotten, by the stand she is understood to have taken towards the interposition between us and Spain, projected by the European powers. By her wise and sympathetic refusal, the Concert, which has paralyzed the action of Europe in Armenia and Crete, and sustained the oppression of Turkey, became inoperative in Cuba. Who can as yet estimate the consequent extension of the race's influence? This is race-patriotism indeed.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.

Francis Sylvester Mahony, an Irish journalist, born at Cork in 1804; died in Paris, May 18, 1866. He was educated at a Jesuit college in Paris, afterward studied at Rome, where he took orders in the Roman Catholic Church. Abandoning the clerical profession, he became about 1832 a regular writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, and subsequently in *Bentley's Miscellany*, under the *nom de plume* of "Father Prout." From 1840 until 1864 he was a foreign correspondent, at Rome and Paris, of several English newspapers. In 1864 he retired to a monastery in Paris, where he died. Several collections of his articles have been published, among which are "The Reliques of Father Prout" (1836; new edition, 1860), and "The Final Reliques of Father Prout," edited by Blanchard Jerrold (1874).

The Bells of Shandon.

With deep affection and recollection
  I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
  Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
  And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
  Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
  But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
  Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Make the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Hadrian's Mole in,
  Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
  In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
  Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk O,
  In Saint Sophia, the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
  From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
  But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's:
  But when will he come home?

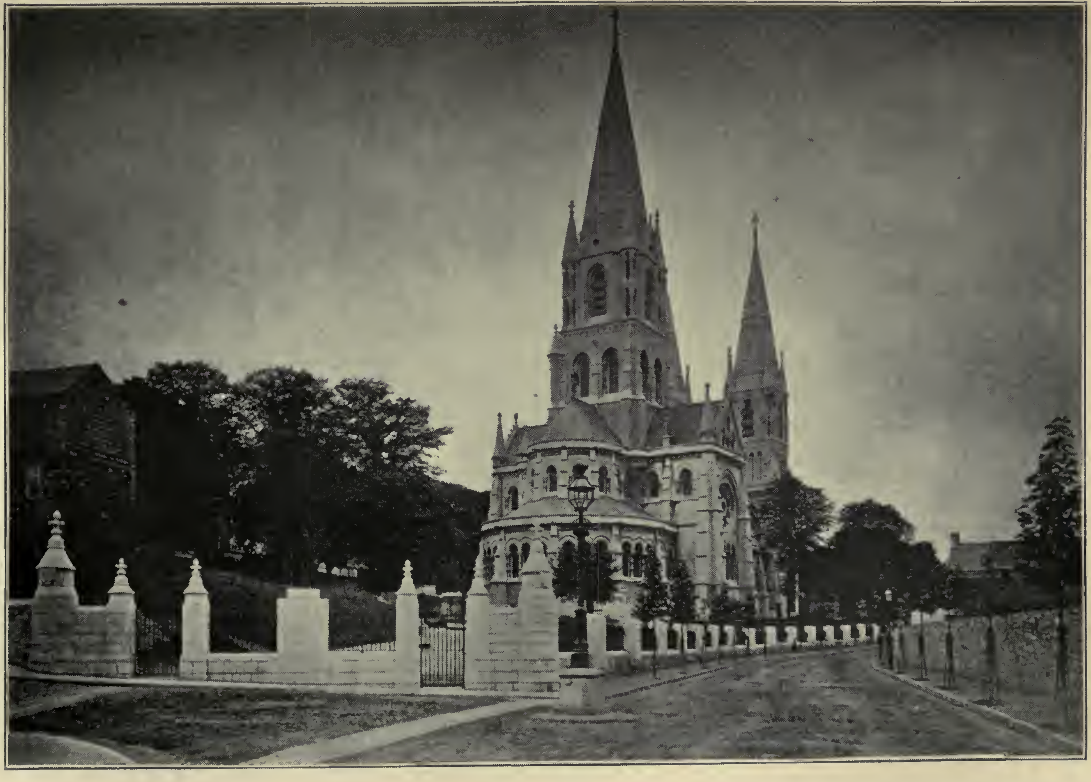
Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he'd better make haste, or
  We fear he may never come.

For "Trinity Feast" is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover:
  And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
  Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
  With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
  Your looks are so full of woe."



ST. FINBARR'S CATHEDRAL

(*Cork, Ireland*)

"On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee"

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
  So soon, alas! to hear.

But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
  (And here he shed a tear.)

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his 'berring,'
And four officers transferring
  His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his saber,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
  Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer —
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw it with terror,
  And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The fourth is left nothing to carry:
  So there the thing remains."

SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE.

Sir Henry James Sumner Maine, an eminent English jurist, born Aug. 15, 1822; died at Cannes, Feb. 3, 1888. He was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took an exceptionally brilliant degree in 1842. He became a tutor; and in 1847 he was made Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge University. He was called to the bar in 1850; and in 1854 he was appointed reader on jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. Two years later he published "Roman Law and Legal Education," and in 1861 he issued his great work on "Ancient Law." The following year he joined the Supreme Council of India as a law member, and after a seven years' stay in India, returned to become Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford. In 1871 he was made a member of the council of the Secretary of State for India, and in the same year he published his "Lectures on Village Communities." In 1877 he was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Besides the above, his works include: "The Early History of Institutions" (1875); "Dissertations on Early Law and Custom" (1883); "Popular Government" (1885); and "International Law" (1888).

Importance of a Knowledge of Roman Law, and the Effect of the Code Napoleon.

(From "Roman Law and Legal Education," in "Village Communities in the East and West.")

If it were worth our while to inquire narrowly into the causes which have led of late years to the revival of interest in the Roman civil law, we should probably end in attributing its increasing popularity rather to some incidental glimpses of its value, which have been gained by the English practitioner in the course of legal business, than to any widely diffused or far reaching appreciation of its importance as an instrument of knowledge. It is most certain that the higher the point of jurisprudence which has to be dealt with, the more signal is always the assistance derived by the English lawyer from Roman law; and the higher the mind employed upon the question, the more unqualified is its admiration of the system by which its perplexities have been disentangled. But the grounds upon which the study of Roman jurisprudence is to be defended are by no means such as to be intelligible only to the subtlest intellects, nor do they await the occurrence of recondite points of law in order to disclose themselves. It is believed that the soundness of many of them will be recognized as soon as they are stated; and to these it is proposed to call attention in the present essay.

The historical connection between the Roman jurisprudence and our own appears to be now looked upon as furnishing one very strong reason for increased attention to the civil law of Rome. The fact, of course, is not now to be questioned. The vulgar belief that the English common law was indigenous in all its parts was always so easily refuted, by the most superficial comparison of the text of Bracton and Fleta with the "Corpus Juris," that the honesty of the historians who countenanced it can only be defended by alleging the violence of their prejudices; and now that the great accumulation of fragments of ante-Justinianean compendia, and the discovery of the MS. of Gaius, have increased our acquaintance with the Roman law in the only form in which it can have penetrated into Britain, the suspicion of a partial earlier filiation amounts almost to a certainty. The fact of such a filiation has necessarily the highest interest for the legal antiquarian, and it is of value besides for its effect on some of the coarser prepossessions of English lawyers. But too much importance should not be attached to it. It has ever been the case in England that every intellectual importation we have received has been instantly colored by the peculiarities of our national habits and spirit. A foreign jurisprudence interpreted by the old English common-lawyers would soon cease to be foreign, and the Roman law would lose its distinctive character with even greater rapidity than any other set of institutions. It will be easily understood that a system like the laws of Rome, distinguished above all others for its symmetry and its close correspondence with fundamental rules, would be effectually metamorphosed by a very slight distortion of its parts, or by the omission of one or two governing principles. Even though, therefore, it be true — and true it certainly is — that texts of Roman law have been worked at all points into the foundations of our jurisprudence, it does not follow from that fact that our knowledge of English law would be materially improved by the study of the "Corpus Juris;" and besides, if too much stress be laid on the historical connection between the systems, it will be apt to encourage one of the most serious errors into which the inquirer into the philosophy of law can fall. It is not because our own jurisprudence and that of Rome were *once* alike that they ought to be studied together; it is because they *will be* alike. It is because all laws, however dissimilar in their infancy, tend to resemble each other in their maturity; and because we in England are slowly, and perhaps unconsciously or unwillingly, but still steadily and certainly, accustoming ourselves to the same modes of legal thought, and to the same conceptions of legal principle, to which the Roman jurisconsults had attained after centuries of accumulated experience and unwearied cultivation.

The attempt, however, to explain at length why the flux and change which our law is visibly undergoing furnish the strongest reasons for studying a body of rules so mature and so highly refined as that contained in the "Corpus Juris" would be nearly the same thing as endeavoring to settle the relation of the Roman law to the science of jurisprudence; and that inquiry, from its great length and difficulty, it would be obviously absurd to prosecute within the limits of an essay like the present. But there is a set of considerations of a different nature, and equally forcible in their way, which cannot be too strongly impressed on all who have the control of legal or general education. The point which they tend to establish is this: the immensity of the ignorance to which we are condemned by ignorance of Roman law. It may be doubted whether even the best educated men in England can fully realize how vastly important an element is Roman law in the general mass of human knowledge, and how largely it enters into and pervades and modifies all products of human thought which are not exclusively English. Before we endeavor to give some distant idea of the extent to which this is true, we must remind the reader that the Roman law is not a system of cases, like our own. It is a system of which the nature may, for practical purposes though inadequately, be described by saying that it consists of principles, and of express written rules. In England, the labor of the lawyer is to extract from the precedents a formula, which while covering *them* will also cover the state of facts to be adjudicated upon; and the task of rival advocates is, from the same precedents or others to elicit different formulas of equal apparent applicability. Now, in Roman law no such use is made of precedents. The "Corpus Juris," as may be seen at a glance, contains a great number of what our English lawyers would term cases; but then they are in no respect sources of rules — they are instances of their application. They are, as it were, problems solved by authority in order to throw light on the rule, and to point out how it should be manipulated and applied. How it was that the Roman law came to assume this form so much sooner and more completely than our own, is a question full of interest, and it is one of the first to which the student should address himself; but though the prejudices of an Englishman will probably figure to him a jurisprudence thus constituted as, to say the least, anomalous, it is nevertheless quite as readily conceived, and quite as natural to the constitution of our own system. In proof of this, it may be remarked that the English common law was clearly conceived by its earliest expositors as wearing something of this character. It was regarded as existing *somewhere* in the form of a symmetrical body of express rules, adjusted to definite principles. The knowledge of the system, however, in its full amplitude and proportions, was supposed to be confined to the breasts of the judges, and the lay public and the mass of the legal profession were only permitted to discern its canons intertwined with the facts of adjudged cases. Many traces of this ancient theory remain in the language of our judgments and forensic arguments; and among them we may perhaps place the singular use of the word "principle" in the sense of a legal proposition elicited from the precedents by comparison and induction.

The proper business of a Roman jurisconsult was therefore confined to the interpretation and application of express written rules; processes which must of course be to some extent employed by the professors of every system of laws — of our own among others, when we attempt to deal with statute law. But the great space which they filled at Rome has no counterpart in English practice; and becoming, as they did, the principal exercise of a class of men characterized as a whole by extraordinary subtlety and patience, and in individual cases by extraordinary genius, they were the means of producing results which the English practitioner wants centuries of attaining. We who speak without shame — occasionally with something like pride — of our ill success in construing statutes, have at our hand nothing distantly resembling the appliances which the Roman jurisprudence supplies, partly by definite canons and partly by appropriate examples, for the understanding and management of written law. It would not be doing more than justice to the methods of interpretation invented by the Roman lawyers, if we were to compare the power which they give over their subject-matter to the advantage which the geometrician derives from mathematical analysis in discussing the relations of space. By each of these helps, difficulties almost insuperable become insignificant, and processes nearly interminable are shortened to a tolerable compass. The parallel might be carried still further, and we might insist on the special habit of mind which either class of mental exercise induces. Most certainly nothing can be more peculiar, special, and distinct than the bias of thought, the modes of reasoning, and the habits of illustration, which are given by a training in the Roman law. No tension of mind or length of study which even distantly resembles the labor of mastering English jurisprudence is necessary to enable the student to realize these peculiarities of mental view; but still they cannot be acquired without some effort, and the question is, whether the effort which they demand brings with it sufficient reward. We can only answer by endeavoring to point out that they pervade whole departments of thought and inquiry of which some knowledge is essential to every lawyer, and to every man of decent cultivation. . . .

It may be confidently asserted, that if the English lawyer only attached himself to the study of Roman law long enough to master the technical phraseology and to realize the leading legal conceptions of the "Corpus Juris," he would approach those questions of foreign law to which our courts have repeatedly to address themselves, with an advantage which no mere professional acumen acquired by the exclusive practice of our own jurisprudence could ever confer on him. The steady multiplication of legal systems borrowing the entire phraseology, adopting the principles, and appropriating the greater part of the rules, of Roman jurisprudence, is one of the most singular phenomena of our day, and far more worthy of attention than the most showy manifestations of social progress. This gradual approach of continental Europe to a uniformity of municipal law dates unquestionably from the first French Revolution. Although Europe, as is well known, formerly comprised a number of countries and provinces which governed themselves by the written Roman law, interpolated with feudal observances, there does not seem to be any evidence that the institutions of these localities enjoyed any vogue or favor beyond their boundaries. Indeed, in the earlier part of the last century, there may be traced among the educated men of the Continent something of a feeling in favor of English law; a feeling proceeding, it is to be feared, rather from the general enthusiasm for English political institutions which was then prevalent, than founded on any very accurate acquaintance with the rules of our jurisprudence. Certainly, as respects France in particular, there were no visible symptoms of any general preference for the institutions of the *pays de droit écrit* as opposed to the provinces in which customary law was observed. But then came the French Revolution, and brought with it the necessity of preparing a general code for France, one and indivisible. Little is known of the special training through which the true authors of this work had passed; but in the form which it ultimately assumed, when published as the Code Napoléon, it may be described without great inaccuracy as a compendium of the rules of Roman law then practiced in France, cleared of all feudal admixture; such rules, however, being in all cases taken with the extensions given to them and the interpretations put upon them by one or two eminent French jurists, and particularly by Pothier. The French conquests planted this body of laws over the whole extent of the French empire, and the kingdoms immediately dependent upon it; and it is incontestable that it took root with extraordinary quickness and tenacity. The highest tribute to the French codes is their great and lasting popularity with the people, the lay public, of the countries into which they have been introduced. How much weight ought to be attached to this symptom, our own experience should teach us; which surely shows us how thoroughly indifferent in general is the mass of the public to the particular rules of civil life by which it may be governed, and how extremely superficial are even the most energetic movements in favor of the amendment of the law. At the fall of the Bonapartist empire in 1815, most of the restored governments had the strongest desire to expel the intrusive jurisprudence which had substituted itself for the ancient customs of the land. It was found, however, that the people prized it as the most precious of possessions: the attempt to subvert it was persevered in in very few instances, and in most of them the French codes were restored after a brief abeyance. And not only has the observance of these laws been confirmed in almost all the countries which ever enjoyed them, but they have made their way into numerous other communities, and occasionally in the teeth of the most formidable political obstacles. So steady, indeed, and so resistless has been the diffusion of this Romanized jurisprudence, either in its original or in a slightly modified form, that the civil law of the whole Continent is clearly destined to be absorbed and lost in it. It is, too, we should add, a very vulgar error to suppose that the civil part of the codes has only been found suited to a society so peculiarly constituted as that of France. With alterations and additions, mostly directed to the enlargement of the testamentary power on one side and to the conservation of entails and primogeniture on the other, they have been admitted into countries whose social condition is as unlike that of France as is possible to conceive.

Legislation and Revolution.

(From "Popular Government.")

There is no doubt that some of the most inventive, most polite, and best instructed portions of the human race are at present going through a stage of thought which, if it stood by itself, would suggest that there is nothing of which human nature is so tolerant, or so deeply enamored, as the transformation of laws and institutions. A series of political and social changes which a century ago no man would have thought capable of being effected save by the sharp convulsion of Revolution is now contemplated by the bulk of many civilized communities as sure to be carried out, a certain number of persons regarding the prospect with exuberant hope, a somewhat larger number with equanimity, many more with indifference or resignation. At the end of the last century, a Revolution in France shook the whole civilized world; and the consequence of the terrible events and bitter disappointments which it brought with it was to arrest all improvement in Great Britain for thirty years, merely because it was innovation. But in 1830 a second explosion occurred in France, followed by the reconstruction of the British electorate in 1832, and with the British Reformed Parliament began that period of continuous legislation through which, not this country alone, but all Western Europe appears to be passing. It is not often recognized how excessively rare in the world was sustained legislative activity till rather more than fifty years ago, and thus sufficient attention has not been given to some characteristics of this particular mode of exercising sovereign power, which we call Legislation. It has obviously many advantages over Revolution as an instrument of change; while it has quite as trenchant an edge, it is milder, juster, more equable, and sometimes better considered. But in one respect, as at present understood, it may prove to be more dangerous than revolution. Political insanity takes strange forms, and there may be some persons in some countries who look forward to "The Revolution" as implying a series of revolutions. But, on the whole, a Revolution is regarded as doing all its work at once. Legislation, however, is contemplated as never-ending. One stage of it is doubtless more or less distinctly conceived. It will not be arrested till the legislative power itself, and all kinds of authority at any time exercised by States, have been vested in the People, the Many, the great, majority of the human beings making up each community. The prospect beyond that is dim, and perhaps will prove to be as fertile in disappointment as is always the morrow of a Revolution. But doubtless the popular expectation is that, after the establishment of a Democracy, there will be as much reforming legislation as ever.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Sir John Malcolm, a distinguished British soldier, statesman, and historian, born at Burnfoot, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, May 2, 1769; died in London, May 30, 1833. Employed by the East India Company, he distinguished himself as a fighter, diplomatist, and ruler; was president of Mysore, 1803; won the important battle of Mehidpur over the Mahrattas in 1817; was governor of Malwa, 1818–1822; of Bombay, 1827–1830; Member of Parliament, 1831–1832. He wrote among others: "Political History of India" (1811–1826); "History of Persia" (2 vols., 1815), which is still an authority; "Memoir of Central India" (1823); and above all, "Sketches of Persia" (1827), "Administration of British India" (1833), still read, and a mine of good stories, legends, travel sketches, descriptions of Oriental life and ceremonial, and manly sense and thought.

Shiraz.

(From "Sketches of Persia.")

Our only occupation at Shiraz was feasting, visiting, and giving and receiving presents. The cupidity of the Persians exceeded all bounds, and ministers, courtiers, merchants, wits, and poets, were running a race for the Elchee's favor, which was often accompanied by a watch, a piece of chintz, or of broadcloth. Their conduct confirmed me in a belief I had imbibed at Abusheher, that all the Persians were crafty and rapacious rogues. I like to decide quickly; it saves trouble; and when once decided, I am particularly averse to believe my judgment is not infallible.

The Envoy had hired, as before noticed, for his Persian secretary, a mild, moderate man, who appeared to have both good sense and good principle: but although some time had elapsed, and I had watched him narrowly without discerning a flaw, I attributed this to his art, and I therefore gave little heed to his reasoning when he used to plead for his countrymen, urging (as he often did) that, from our being strangers, and from our reputation for wealth, generosity, and inexperience, we were naturally exposed to the attacks of the cunning and designing, from whose conduct we drew general inferences, which were not quite fair. "We are not all so bad as you think us," the good Aga Meer used to say, with a smile; "we have some redeeming characters; these may be rare, but still they exist; but that, you English will as yet hardly believe." He used frequently to mention to me, as one, a relation of his own, the Shaikh-ool-Islâm, or Chief Judge and Priest of Shiraz: "He was," he said, "a person who combined sense and information with piety and humility. He has never come," added he, "like these greedy nobles and hungry poets, to prey upon the munificence of the Elchee; and when the latter, hearing that his sight was weak, sent him a pair of spectacles beautifully mounted in silver, he returned them, requesting a pair set in common tortoise-shell." Though I heard the account of this paraded humility with a smile, I was very happy to find we were to meet this paragon of modest merit at a breakfast, to which Mahomed Hoosein Khan, the son of the minister Hajee Ibrahim, had invited the Envoy.

The party assembled at the garden of Sâdee, and we were seated near a fountain close to the tomb of the Persian moralist. There was some punctilio in taking our places: but the Elchee, though a stickler for rank with the temporal lords, insisted upon giving the highest seat to the Shaikh-ool-Islâm, who at last consented to take it, observing, the compliment he felt was not personal, but meant to his situation as a minister of religion. I sat near, and listened attentively to his conversation, in the hope of detecting the Persian, but was not successful. "You must," he said to the Envoy, "believe me to be void of rational curiosity, and a man who affects humility, because I have not only never been to pay my respects, but when you sent me these costly and beautiful spectacles, I solicited a cheaper and less showy pair. In both instances, however, I acted against my personal inclinations from an imperative sense of duty. My passion," said the Shaikh, "is to hear the history, the manners, and usages of foreign countries; and where could I have such an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity as in your society? I was particularly pleased with the silver spectacles; the glasses suited my eyes; and others in my house beside myself," said he, smiling, "thought they were very becoming. But I was forced in both cases to practice self-denial. The poor have no shield between them and despotic power, but persons in my condition; and they naturally watch our conduct with great vigilance and jealousy: had I, for my own gratification, visited you, and displayed on my person the proofs of your liberality, they would have thought their judge was like others, and have lost some portion of their confidence in my best efforts to protect them. Besides, ministers and courtiers would have rejoiced in my departure from those rigid rules, the observance of which enables us expounders of the Koran to be some check upon them. These were my motives," concluded the Shaikh-ool-Islâm, "for a conduct which must have seemed almost rude; but you will now understand it, and not condemn me."

The Envoy was evidently delighted with his new friend, and their conversation was protracted for several hours. The Shaikh-ool-Islâm endeavored to impress him with a favorable opinion of the law of which he was an organ, and illustrated his arguments with anecdotes of religious and learned men, of which I shall give those that struck me as the happiest.

The celebrated Aboo Yûsuph, he said, who was chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of the Caliph Hâdee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. "It is related of this judge," said the Shaikh-ool-Islâm, "that on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him." "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the caliph is to pay your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

The orthodox Shaikh spoke with more toleration than I expected of the Soofees, who, from the wild and visionary doctrines which they profess, are in general held up by the Mahomedan priests as objects of execration. "There were," he observed, "many good and most exemplary men included in this sect, merely because they were enthusiasts in religion. Besides," said the Shaikh, "both our poets, Hâfiz and Sâdee, but particularly the former, were Soofees; and what native of Shiraz can pass a harsh sentence upon them? We must," he continued, "lament the errors of Soofees in consideration of their virtues; and even in their wildest wanderings they convey the most important lessons — for instance, how simply and beautifully has Abd-ool-Kâdir of Ghilan impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood."

After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds: "I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept: then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' I went on well," he adds, "till I came near to Hamadân, when our kâfillah was plundered by sixty horsemen: one fellow asked me, 'what I had got?' 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood: 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty dinars sewed up carefully in my clothes!' He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money. — 'And how came you,' said he, with surprise, 'to declare so openly, what has been so carefully hidden?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so — his followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue'; and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."

The Elchee, before this party separated, endeavored to persuade the high priest to allow him the pleasure of a more frequent intercourse; but his kind invitations were declined in a manner and for reasons which satisfied me I had at least met with one good Persian.

While at Shiraz, we were entertained by the prince, his ministers, and some of the principal inhabitants. A breakfast was given to the Elchee, at a beautiful spot near the Hazâr Bâgh, or thousand gardens, in the vicinity of Shiraz; and we were surprised and delighted to find that we were to enjoy this meal on a stack of roses. On this a carpet was laid, and we sat cross-legged like the natives. The stack, which was as large as a common one of hay in England, had been formed without much trouble from the heaps or cocks of rose-leaves, collected before they were sent into the city to be distilled. We were told our party was the first to which such a compliment had been paid. Whether this was the case or not, our mount of roses, added to the fine climate, verdant gardens, and clear rills, gave a character of singular luxuriance to this rural banquet.

We were at several evening parties. The dinner given by the minister, Mahomed Nebbee Khan, was the most magnificent. He has been in India; and some English usages, to please and accommodate us, were grafted on the Persian. We went at five o'clock in the evening, and were received in his state hall. In the court-yard, in front of the room in which we sat, were assembled rope-dancers, wrestlers, musicians, lions, bears, and monkeys, all of which exhibited their different feats till sunset; when, after being regaled with coffee, kelliâns, and sweetmeats, we were conducted to another apartment, where we found a dessert of fruit very elegantly laid out in the English style. After sitting in this room for about an hour, we returned to the state hall, which we had no sooner entered than the fireworks commenced; and though the space where they were exhibited was very confined, they were the best I ever saw. The rockets were let off from a frame which kept them together, and produced a beautiful effect. There was another sort called zembooreh, or swivels, which made a report like a twelve-pounder, and added great spirit and effect to this exhibition. After it was over we had a most sumptuous repast of fine pelaws, etc., and iced sherbets.

The day before we left Shiraz, Derveesh Seffer, my old acquaintance, paid the Elchee a visit. This remarkable man, who has charge of the shrines (including those of Sâdee and Hâfiz) near Shiraz, is esteemed one of the best reciters of poetry and tellers of tales in Persia; and there is no country in the world where more value is placed upon such talents; he who possesses them in an eminent degree is as certain of fortune and fame as the first actors in Europe. Derveesh Seffer, who is honored by the royal favor, has a very melodious voice, over which he has such power as to be able to imitate every sound, from that of the softest feminine to the harshest masculine voice.

The varied expression of his countenance is quite as astonishing as his voice, and his action is remarkably graceful, and always suited to his subject. His memory is not only furnished with an infinite variety of stories, but with all the poetry of his country; this enables him to give interest and effect to the most meager tale, by apt quotations from the first authors of Persia. Those told by persons like him usually blend religious feeling with entertainment, and are meant to recommend charity; but I cannot better conclude this account of my friend the Derveesh than by giving a tale which he recited to the Envoy, with a view no doubt of impressing him with a belief that worldly success might be promoted by munificence, in any shape, to shrines like those of which he had charge.

The Derveesh, having seated himself in a proper position, commenced with a fine passage from the poet Nizamee in praise of those who, possessing the talent of recitation, gave currency and effect to the noble thoughts of departed genius. After a short pause he began his tale.

"In a sequestered vale of the fruitful province of Khorassan there lived a peasant called Abdûlla. He had married a person in his own rank of life, who, though very plain in her appearance, had received from her fond father the fine name of Zeebâ, or the beautiful; to which act of parental folly the good woman owed the few seeds of vanity that mixed in her homely character. It was this feeling that led her to name her two children Yûsuph and Fatima, conceiving, no doubt, that the fortunate name of the son of Yâcoob, the vizier of Far'oun, and fascinator of Zûleikhâ, would aid the boy in his progress through life; while there could be no doubt of her little girl receiving equal advantages from being named after the daughter of the Prophet, and the wife of the renowned Ali.

"With all these family pretensions from high names, no man's means could be more humble, or views more limited, than those of Abdûlla; but he was content and happy: he was strong and healthy, and labored for the reis or squire, who owned the land on which his cottage stood — he had done so from youth, and had never left, nor ever desired to leave, his native valley. The wages of his labor were paid in grain and cloth, sufficient for the food and clothing of his family and himself; with money he was unacquainted except by name.

"It happened, however, one day, that the reis was so well pleased with Abdûlla's exertions that he made him a present of ten piastres. Abdûlla could hardly express his thanks, he was so surprised and overjoyed at this sudden influx of wealth. The moment he could get away from his daily labor he ran home to his wife:—'There, my Zeebâ,' said he, 'there are riches for you!' and he spread the money before her. The astonishment and delight of the good woman was little less than that of her husband, and the children were called to share in the joy of their parents. 'Well,' said Abdûlla, still looking at the money, 'the next thing to consider is what is to be done with this vast sum. The reis has given me to-morrow as a holiday, and I do think, my dear wife, if you approve, I will go to the famous city of Meshed; I never saw it, but it is not above six or seven fersekhs distant. I will pay my devotions at the shrine of the holy Imâm Mehdee, upon whom be God's blessing, and like a good Mahomedan deposit there two piastres—one fifth of my wealth—and then I will go to the great bazaar, of which I have heard so much, and purchase with the remainder everything you, my dear wife and children, can wish; tell me what you would like best.'

"'I will be moderate,' said Zeebâ; 'I want nothing but a piece of handsome silk for a dress; I think it would be becoming;' and, as she said so, all the associations to which her father had given birth when he gave her a name shot across her mind. 'Bring me,' said the sturdy little Yûsuph, 'a nice horse and a sword.' 'And me,' said his sister, in a softer tone, 'an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers.' 'Every one of these articles shall be here to-morrow evening,' said Abdûlla, as he kissed his happy family; and early next morning, taking a stout staff in his hand, he commenced his journey towards Meshed.

"When Abdûlla approached the holy city his attention was first attracted by the cluster of splendid domes and minarets, which encircled the tomb of the holy Imâm Mehdee, whose roofs glittered with gold. He gazed with wonder at a sight which appeared to him more like those which the faithful are promised in heaven, than anything he ever expected to see on this earth. Passing through the streets which led to such magnificent buildings, he could look at nothing but them. When arrived at the gate of the sacred shrine, he stopped for a moment in silent awe, and asked a venerable priest, who was reading the Koran, if he might proceed, explaining at the same time his object. 'Enter, my brother,' said the old man; 'bestow your alms, and you shall be rewarded; for one of the most pious of the caliphs has said — "Prayer takes a man half way to paradise; fasting brings him to its portals; but these are only opened to him who is charitable."'

"Having deposited, like a good and pious Mussulman, the fifth of his treasure on the shrine of the holy Imâm, Abdûlla went to the great bazaar; on entering which his senses were quite confounded by the novel sight of the pedestrian crowd hurrying to and fro; the richly caparisoned horses, the splendid trains of the nobles, and the loaded camels and mules, which filled the space between rich shops, where every ware of Europe, India, China, Tartary, and Persia was displayed. He gazed with open mouth at everything he saw, and felt for the first time what an ignorant and insignificant being he had hitherto been. Though pushed from side to side by those on foot, and often nearly run over by those on horseback, it was some time before he became aware of the dangers to which his wonder exposed him. These accidents, however, soon put him out of humor with the bustle he had at first so much admired, and determined him to finish his business and return to his quiet home.

"Entering a shop where there was a number of silks, such as he had seen worn by the family of the reis, he inquired for their finest pieces. The shopman looked at him, and observing from his dress that he was from the country, concluded he was one of those rich farmers, who, notwithstanding the wealth they have acquired, maintain the plain habits of the peasantry, to whom they have a pride in belonging. He, consequently, thought he had a good customer; that is, a man who added to riches but little knowledge of the article he desired to purchase. With this impression he tossed and tumbled over every piece of silk in his shop.

"Abdûlla was so bewildered by their beauty and variety, that it was long before he could decide; at last he fixed upon one, which was purple, with a rich embroidered border. 'I will take this,' he said, wrapping it up, and putting it under his arm; 'what is the price?' — 'I shall only ask you, who are a new customer,' said the man, 'two hundred piastres; I should ask any one else three or four hundred for so exquisite a specimen of manufacture, but I wish to tempt you back again, when you leave your beautiful lands in the country to honor our busy town with your presence.' Abdûlla stared, replaced the silk, and repeated in amazement, 'Two — hundred — piastres! you must be mistaken; do you mean such piastres as these?' taking one out of the eight he had left in his pocket, and holding it up to the gaze of the astonished shopkeeper. 'Certainly I do,' said the latter; 'and it is very cheap at that price.' 'Poor Zeebâ!' said Abdûlla, with a sigh at the thoughts of her disappointment. 'Poor who?' said the silk mercer. 'My wife,' said Abdûlla. 'What have I to do with your wife?' said the man, whose tone altered as his chance of sale diminished. 'Why,' said Abdûlla, 'I will tell you all: I have worked hard for the reis of our village ever since I was a boy; I never saw money till yesterday, when he gave me ten piastres. I came to Meshed, where I had never been before. I had given, like a good Mussulman, a fifth of my wealth to the Imâm Mehdee, the holy descendant of our blessed Prophet, and with the eight remaining piastres I intend to buy a piece of embroidered silk for my good wife, a horse and sword for my little boy, and an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers for my darling daughter; and here you ask me two hundred piastres for one piece of silk. How am I to pay you, and with what money am I to buy the other articles? tell me that,' said Abdûlla, in a reproachful tone. 'Get out of my shop!' said the enraged vendor of silks; 'here have I been wasting my valuable time, and rumpling my choicest goods, for a fool and a madman! Go along to your Zeebâ and your booby children; buy stale cakes and black sugar for them, and do not trouble me any more.' So saying he thrust his new and valued customer out of the door.

"Abdûlla muttered to himself as he went away, 'No doubt this is a rascal, but there may be honest men in Meshed; I will try amongst the horse-dealers'; and having inquired where these were to be found, he hastened to get a handsome pony for Yûsuph. No sooner had he arrived at the horse market, and made his wishes known, than twenty were exhibited. As he was admiring one that pranced along delightfully, a friend, whom he had never seen before, whispered him to beware, that the animal, though he went very well when heated, was dead lame when cool. He had nearly made up his mind to purchase another, when the same man significantly pointed to the hand of the owner, which was one finger short, and then champing with his mouth and looking at the admired horse, gave Abdûlla to understand that his beloved boy might incur some hazard from such a purchase. The very thought alarmed him; and he turned to his kind friend, and asked if he could not recommend a suitable animal? The man said his brother had one, which, if he could be prevailed upon to part with, would just answer, but he doubted whether he would sell him; yet as his son, who used to ride this horse, was gone to school, he thought he might. Abdûlla was all gratitude, and begged him to exert his influence. This was promised and done; and in a few minutes a smart little gray horse, with head and tail in the air, cantered up. The delighted peasant conceived Yûsuph on his back, and, in a hurry to realize his vision, demanded the price. 'Any other person but yourself,' said the man, 'should not have him for one piastre less than two hundred; but as I trust to make a friend as well as a bargain, I have persuaded my brother to take only one hundred and fifty.'

"The astonished Abdûlla stepped back. 'Why, you horse-dealers,' said he, 'whom I thought such good men, are as bad as the silk-mercers!' He then recapitulated to his friend the rise of his present fortune, and all that had occurred since he entered Meshed. The man had hardly patience to hear him to a close: 'And have I,' said he, 'been throwing away my friendship, and hazarding a quarrel with my brethren, by an over-zealous honesty to please a fool of a bumpkin! Get along to your Zeebâ, and your Yûsuph, and your Fatima, and buy for your young hopeful the sixteenth share of a jackass! the smallest portion of that animal is more suited to your means and your mind, than a hair of the tail of the fine horses you have presumed to look at!'

"So saying, he went away in a rage, leaving Abdûlla in perfect dismay. He thought, however, he might still succeed in obtaining some of the lesser articles; he, however, met with nothing but disappointment; the lowest priced sword was thirty piastres, the golden slippers were twenty, and a small Indian handkerchief was twelve, being four piastres more than all he possessed.

"Disgusted with the whole scene, the good man turned his steps towards home. As he was passing through the suburbs he met a holy mendicant exclaiming, 'Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundredfold.' 'What is that you say?' said Abdûlla. The beggar repeated his exclamation. 'You are the only person I can deal with,' said the good but simple peasant; 'there are eight piastres — all I possess; take them, and use them in the name of the Almighty, but take care that I am hereafter paid a hundredfold, for without it I shall never be able to gratify my dear wife and children.' And in the simplicity of his heart he repeated to the mendicant all which had occurred, that he might exactly understand the situation in which he was placed.

"The holy man, scarcely able to suppress a smile as he carefully folded up the eight piastres, bade Abdûlla to be of good heart, and rely upon a sure return. He then left him, exclaiming as before, 'Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundredfold.'

"When Abdûlla came within sight of his cottage, they all ran to meet him. The breathless Yûsuph was the first who reached his father: 'Where is my horse and my sword?' 'And my Indian handkerchief and golden slippers?' said little Fatima, who had now come up. 'And my silk vest?' said Zeebâ, who was close behind her daughter. 'But wealth has changed your disposition, my dear Abdûlla!' said the good woman: 'you have become grave, and no doubt,' she added, with a smile, 'so dignified, that you could not be burdened, but have hired a servant to bring home the horse and to carry the presents for your family. Well, children, be patient; we shall see everything in a few minutes.' Abdûlla shook his head, but would not speak a word till he entered his dwelling. He then seated himself on his coarse mat, and repeated all his adventures, every part of which was heard with temper till his last act, that of giving his piastres to the mendicant. Zeebâ, who had a little more knowledge of the world than her husband, and whose mind was ruffled by disappointment, loudly reproached him with his stupidity and folly in thus throwing away the money he had obtained by the liberality of the reis, to whom she immediately went and gave information of all that had occurred.

"The enraged squire sent for Abdûlla: 'You blockhead,' said he, 'what have you been about? I, who am a man of substance, never give more than a copper coin to these vagabond rascals who go about asking charity; and here you have given one of them eight piastres; enough to spoil the whole generation; but he promised you a hundredfold, and you shall have it to prevent future folly. Here,' said he to the servants near him, 'seize the fellow, and give him a hundred stripes!' The order was obeyed as soon as given, and poor Abdûlla went home on the night of the day following that which had dawned upon his wealth, sore from a beating, without a coin in his pocket, out of temper with silk-mercers, horse-dealers, cutlers, slipper-makers, mendicants, squires, wives, himself, and all the world.

"Early next morning Abdûlla was awakened by a message that the reis wanted him. Before he went he had forgiven his wife, who was much grieved at the punishment which her indiscretion had brought upon her husband. He also kissed his children, and bid them be of good heart, for he might yet, through God's favor, make amends for the disappointment he had caused them. When he came to the reis, the latter said, 'I have found a job for you, Abdûlla, that will bring you to your senses: here in this dry soil, I mean to dig for water, and you must toil day after day till it is found.' So saying, he went away, leaving Abdûlla to his own sad reflections and hard labor. He made little progress the first two days; but on the third, when about six cubits below the surface, he came upon a brass vessel: on looking into which, he found it full of round white stones, which were beautiful from their smoothness and fine luster. He tried to break one with his teeth, but could not. 'Well,' said he, 'this is no doubt some of the rice belonging to the squire which has been turned into stones. I am glad of it — he is a cruel master; I will, however, take them home — they are very pretty; and now I recollect I saw some very like them at Meshed for sale. But what can this be?' said Abdûlla to himself, disengaging another pot from the earth — 'Oho! these are darker, they must have been wheat — but they are very beautiful; and here!' cried he, 'these shining pieces of glass are finer and brighter than all the rest; but I will try if they are glass'; and he put one of them between two stones, but could not break it.

"Pleased with this discovery, and believing he had got something valuable, but ignorant what it was, he dug out all he could find, and, putting them into a bag, carefully concealed it even from his wife. His plan was to obtain a day's leave from his master, and go again to Meshed, where he had hopes of selling the pretty stones of various colors for as much money as would purchase the silk vest, the horse, the sword, the slippers, and the handkerchief. His mind dwelt with satisfaction on the pleasing surprise it would be to those he loved, to see him return home, mounted on the horse, and loaded with the other articles. But while the pious Abdûlla indulged in this dream he always resolved that the Imâm Mehdee should receive a fifth of whatever wealth he obtained.

"After some weeks' hard labor at the well, water was found. The reis was in good humor, and the boon of a holiday was granted. Abdûlla departed before daylight, that no one might see the bag which he carried; when close to Meshed, he concealed it near the root of a tree, having first taken out two handfuls of the pretty stones, to try what kind of a market he could make of them. He went to a shop where he had seen some like them. He asked the man, pointing to those in the shop, if he would buy any such articles? 'Certainly,' said the jeweler, for such he was; 'have you one to sell?' 'One!' said Abdûlla, 'I have plenty.' 'Plenty!' repeated the man. 'Yes: a bag-full.' 'Common pebbles, I suppose; can you show me any?' 'Look here!' said Abdûlla, taking out a handful, which so surprised the jeweler that it was some time before he could speak. 'Will you remain here, honest man,' said he, 'for a moment,' trembling as he spoke, 'and I will return instantly.' So saying, he left the shop, but reappeared in a few minutes with the chief magistrate and some of his attendants. 'There is the man,' said he; 'I am innocent of all dealings with him: he has found the long-lost treasure of Khoosroo: his pockets are filled with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, in price and luster far beyond any existing; and he says he has a bag-full.'

The magistrate ordered Abdûlla to be searched, and the jewels which had been described were found. He was then desired to show where he had deposited the bag, which he did; all were carefully sealed, and carried with Abdûlla to the governor, by whom he was strictly examined. He told his whole history from first to last: the receiving of ten piastres; his charity at the shrine of the Imâm; his intended purchases; the conduct of the mercer, the horse-dealer, the cutler, the slipper-maker; the promises of the mendicant; the disappointment and anger of his wife; the cruelty of the reis; the digging of the well; the discovery of the pretty stones; the plan formed for disposing of them, with the reserve for further charity: all this was narrated with a clearness and simplicity that stamped its truth, which was confirmed by the testimony of his wife and children, who were brought to Meshed. But notwithstanding this, Abdûlla, his family, and the treasures he had found, were a few days afterwards dispatched for Isfahan, under a guard of five hundred horsemen. Express couriers were sent before to advise the ministers of the great Abbas of the discovery which had been made, and of all that had been done.

"During these proceedings at Meshed, extraordinary events occurred at Isfahan. Shah Abbas the Great saw one night in a dream the holy Imâm Mehdee, clothed in green robes. The saint, after looking steadfastly at the monarch, exclaimed, 'Abbas, protect and favor my friend!' The king was much troubled at this dream, and desired his astrologers and wise men to expound it: but they could not. On the two following nights the same vision appeared, and the same words were pronounced. The monarch lost all temper, and threatened the chief astrologer and others with death unless they relieved the anxiety of his mind before the evening of the same day. While preparations were making for their execution, the couriers from the governor of Meshed arrived, and the vizier, after perusing the letters, hastened to the king. 'Let the mind of the refuge of the world be at repose,' he said: 'for the dream of our monarch is explained. The peasant Abdûlla of Khorassan, who, though ignorant and poor, is pious and charitable, and who has become the chosen instrument of Providence for discovering the treasures of Khoosroo, is the revealed friend of the holy Imâm Mehdee, who has commanded that this good and humble man be honored by the protection and favor of the king of kings.'

"Shah Abbas listened to the particulars which were written from Meshed with delight; his mind was quite relieved, and he ordered all his nobles and his army to accompany him a day's march from Isfahan to meet the friend of the holy Imâm. When the approach of the party was announced, the king walked from his tent a short distance to meet them. First came one hundred horsemen; next Abdûlla, with his arms bound, sitting on a camel; after him, on another, his wife Zeebâ, and followed by their children, Yûsuph and Fatima, riding together on a third. Behind the prisoners was the treasure. A hundred horsemen guarded each flank, and two hundred covered the rear. Shah Abbas made the camels which carried Abdûlla and his family kneel close to him, and aided, with his royal hands, to untie the cords by which the good man was bound, while others released his wife and children. A suit of the king's own robes were directed to be put upon Abdûlla, and the monarch led him to a seat close to his throne: but before he would consent to be seated, he thus addressed his majesty:

"'O King of the Universe, I am a poor man, but I was contented with my lot, and happy in my family, till I first knew wealth. From that day my life has been a series of misfortunes: folly and ambition have made me entertain wishes out of my sphere, and I have brought disappointment and misfortune on those I love best; but now that my death is near, and it pleases your majesty to amuse yourself with a mock-honor to your slave, he is satisfied, if your royal clemency will only spare the lives of that kind woman and these dear children. Let them be restored to the peace and innocence of their native valley, and deal with me according to your royal pleasure.'

"On uttering these words, Abdûlla, overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. Abbas was himself greatly moved. 'Good and pious man,' he said, 'I intend to honor, not to slay thee. Thy humble and sincere prayers, and thy charitable offerings at the shrine of the holy Mehdee, have been approved and accepted. He has commanded me to protect and favor thee. Thou shalt stay a few days at my capital, to recover from thy fatigues, and return as governor of that province from which thou hast come a prisoner. A wise minister, versed in the forms of office, shall attend thee; but in thy piety and honesty of character I shall find the best qualities for him who is destined to rule over others. Thy good wife Zeebâ has already received the silk vest she so anxiously expected; and it shall be my charge,' continued the gracious monarch, with a smile, 'to see Yûsuph provided with a horse and sword, and that little Fatima shall have her handkerchief and golden slippers.'

"The manner as well as the expressions of the king dispelled all Abdûlla's fears, and filled his heart with boundless gratitude. He was soon after nominated governor of Khorassan, and became famous over the country for his humanity and justice. He repaired, beautified, and richly endowed the shrine of the holy Imâm, to whose guardian care he ever ascribed his advancement. Yûsuph became a favorite of Abbas, and was distinguished by his skill in horsemanship, and by his gallantry. Fatima was married to one of the principal nobles, and the good Zeebâ had the satisfaction through life of being sole mistress in her family, and having no rival in the affection of her husband, who continued to cherish, in his exalted situation, those ties and feelings which had formed his happiness in humble life."

Such is the story of Abdûlla of Khorassan, as given by my friend Derveesh Seffer.

WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK.

William Hurrell Mallock, an English essayist and poet, born in Devonshire in 1849. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1871 he gained the Newdigate Prize by a poem on "The Isthmus of Suez." He has published "Every Man His Own Poet" (1872); "The New Republic" (1877), parts of which had appeared in *Belgravia;* "The New Paul and Virginia" (1878); "Is Life Worth Living?" (1879), printed in parts in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century;* "Poems" (1880); "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" and "Poems" (1881); "Social Equality, a Study in a Missing Science" (1882), mostly from the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century;* "Property and Progress" (1884), from the *Quarterly Review;* "Atheism and the Value of Life, or Five Studies in Contemporary Literature" (1885); a novel, "The Old Order Changes" (1886); "A Human Document" (1892); "In an Enchanted Island" (1889); "Labor and the Popular Welfare" (1893); "Verses" (1893); "Studies of Contemporary Superstition" (1895); "The Heart of Life" (1895); "Classes and Masses" (1896); "Aristocracy and Evolution" (1898).

An Evening's Table-Talk at the Villa.

(From "The New Republic.")

No proposal could have been happier than Lady Grace's, of the garden banquet in the pavilion. It seemed to the guests, when they were all assembled there, that the lovely summer's day was going to close with a scene from fairy-land. The table itself, with its flowers and glowing fruit, and its many-colored Venetian glass, shone and gleamed and sparkled in the evening light, that was turning outside to a cool mellow amber; and above, from the roof, in which the dusk was already darkness, hung china lamps in the shape of green and purple grape clusters, looking like luminous fruit stolen from Aladdin's garden. The pavilion, open on all sides, was supported on marble pillars that were almost hidden in red and white roses. Behind, the eye rested on great tree trunks and glades of rich foliage; and before, it would pass over turf and flowers, till it reached the sea beyond, on which in another hour the faint silver of the moonlight would begin to tremble.

There was something in the whole scene that was at once calming and exhilarating; and nearly all present seemed to feel in some measure this double effect of it. Dr. Jenkinson had been quite restored by an afternoon's nap; and his face was now all a-twinkle with a fresh benignity, — that had, however, like an early spring morning, just a faint suspicion of frost in it. Mr. Storks even was less severe than usual; and as he raised his champagne to his lips, he would at times look very nearly conversational.

"My dear Laurence," exclaimed Mr. Herbert, "it really seems as if your visions of the afternoon had come true, and that we actually were in your New Republic already. I can only say that if it is at all like this, it will be an entirely charming place — too charming, perhaps. But now remember this: you have but half got through the business to which you first addressed yourselves, — that of forming a picture of a perfect aristocracy, an aristocracy in the true and genuine sense of the word. You are all to have culture, or taste. Very good: you have talked a great deal about that, and you have seen what you mean by it; and you have recognized, above all, that it includes a discrimination between right and wrong. But now you, with all this taste and culture, — you gifted men and women of the nineteenth century, — what sort of things does your taste teach you to reach out towards? In what actions and aims, in what affections and emotions, would you place your happiness? That is what I want to hear, — the practical manifestations of this culture."

"Ah," said Mr. Rose, "I have at this moment a series of essays in the press, which would go far towards answering these questions of yours. They do indeed deal with just this: the effect of the choicer culture of this century on the soul of man; the ways in which it endows him with new perceptions; how it has made him, in fact, a being altogether more highly organized. All I regret is that these choicer souls, these Χαρίεντες, are as yet like flowers that have not found a climate in which they can thrive properly. That mental climate will doubtless come with time. What we have been trying to do this afternoon is, I imagine, nothing more than to anticipate it in imagination."

"Well," said Mr. Herbert, with a little the tone of an Inquisitor, "that is just what I have been asking. What will this climate be like, and what will these flowers be like in this climate? How would your culture alter and better the present, if its powers were equal to its wishes?"

Mr. Rose's soft lulling tone harmonized well with the scene and hour, and the whole party seemed willing to listen to him; or at any rate, no one felt any prompting to interrupt him.

"I can show you an example, Mr. Herbert," he said, "of culture demanding a finer climate, in — if you will excuse my seeming egoism — in myself. For instance (to take the widest matter I can fix upon, the general outward surroundings of our lives), — often, when I walk about London, and see how hideous its whole external aspect is, and what a dissonant population throng it, a chill feeling of despair comes over me. Consider how the human eye delights in form and color, and the ear in tempered and harmonious sounds; and then think for a moment of a London street! Think of the shapeless houses, the forest of ghastly chimney-pots, of the hell of distracting noises made by the carts, the cabs, the carriages; think of the bustling, commonplace, careworn crowds that jostle you; think of an omnibus, think of a four-wheeler" —

"I often ride in an omnibus," said Lord Allen, with a slight smile, to Miss Merton.

"It is true," replied Mr. Rose, only overhearing the tone in which these words were said, "that one may ever and again catch some touch of sunlight that will for a moment make the meanest object beautiful with its furtive alchemy. But that is Nature's work, not man's; and we must never confound the accidental beauty that Nature will bestow on man's work, even at its worst, with the rational and designed beauty of man's work at its best. It is this rational human beauty that I say our modern city life is so completely wanting in; nay, the look of out-of-door London seems literally to stifle the very power of imagining such beauty possible. Indeed, as I wander along our streets, pushing my way among the throngs of faces, — faces puckered with misdirected thought or expressionless with none; barbarous faces set towards Parliament, or church, or scientific lecture-rooms, or government offices, or counting-houses, — I say, as I push my way amongst all the sights and sounds of the streets of our great city, only one thing ever catches my eye that breaks in upon my mood and warns me I need not despair."

"And what is that?" asked Allen with some curiosity.

"The shops," Mr. Rose answered, "of certain of our upholsterers and dealers in works of art. Their windows, as I look into them, act like a sudden charm on me; like a splash of cold water dashed on my forehead when I am fainting. For I seem there to have got a glimpse of the real heart of things; and as my eyes rest on the perfect pattern (many of which are really quite delicious; indeed, when I go to ugly houses, I often take a scrap of some artistic crétonne with me in my pocket as a kind of æsthetic smelling-salts), — I say, when I look in at their windows, and my eyes rest on the perfect pattern of some new fabric for a chair or for a window curtain, or on some new design for a wall paper, or on some old china vase, I become at once sharply conscious, Mr. Herbert, that despite the ungenial mental climate of the present age, strange yearnings for and knowledge of true beauty are beginning to show themselves like flowers above the weedy soil; and I remember, amidst the roar and clatter of our streets, and the mad noises of our own times, that there is amongst us a growing number who have deliberately turned their backs on all these things, and have thrown their whole souls and sympathies into the happier art ages of the past. They have gone back," said Mr. Rose, raising his voice a little, "to Athens and to Italy; to the Italy of Leo and to the Athens of Pericles. To such men the clamor, the interests, the struggles of our own times become as meaningless as they really are. To them the boyhood of Bathyllus is of more moment than the manhood of Napoleon. Borgia is a more familiar name than Bismarck. I know, indeed, — and I really do not blame them, — several distinguished artists who, resolving to make their whole lives consistently perfect, will on principle never admit a newspaper into their houses that is of later date than the times of Addison: and I have good trust that the number of such men is on the increase; men, I mean," said Mr. Rose, toying tenderly with an exquisite wine-glass of Salviati's, "who with a steady and set purpose follow art for the sake of art, beauty for the sake of beauty, love for the sake of love, life for the sake of life."

Mr. Rose's slow gentle voice, which was apt at certain times to become peculiarly irritating, sounded now like the evening air grown articulate; and had secured him hitherto a tranquil hearing, as if by a kind of spell. This, however, seemed here in sudden danger of snapping.

"What, Mr. Rose!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose, "do you mean to say, then, that the number of people is on the increase who won't read the newspapers?"

"Why, the men must be absolute idiots!" said Lady Grace, shaking her gray curls, and putting on her spectacles to look at Mr. Rose.

Mr. Rose, however, was imperturbable.

"Of course," he said, "you may have newspapers if you will; I myself always have them: though in general they are too full of public events to be of much interest. I was merely speaking just now of the spirit of the movement. And of that we must all of us here have some knowledge. We must all of us have friends whose houses more or less embody it. And even if we had not, we could not help seeing signs of it — signs of how true and earnest it is, in the enormous sums that are now given for really good objects."

"That," said Lady Grace, with some tartness, "is true enough, thank God!"

"But I can't see," said Lady Ambrose, whose name often figured in the Times, in the subscription lists of advertised charities, — "I can't see, Mr. Rose, any reason in that why we should not read the newspapers."

"The other day, for instance," said Mr. Rose reflectively, "I heard of eight Chelsea shepherdesses picked up by a dealer. I really forget where, — in some common cottage, if I recollect aright, covered with dirt, giving no pleasure to any one, — and these were all sold in a single day, and not one of them fetched less than two hundred and twenty pounds."

"*I* can't help thinking they must have come from Cremorne," said Mrs. Sinclair softly.

"But why," said Mr. Rose, "should I speak of particular instances? We *must* all of us have friends whose houses are full of priceless treasures such as these; the whole atmosphere of whose rooms really seems impregnated with art, — seems, in fact, Mr. Herbert, such an atmosphere as we should dream of for our New Republic."

"To be sure," exclaimed Lady Ambrose, feeling that she had at last got upon solid ground. "By the way, Mr. Rose," she said with her most gracious of smiles, "I suppose you have hardly seen Lady Julia Hayman's new house in Belgrave Square? I'm sure that would delight you. I should like to take you there some day and show it to you."

"I have seen it," said Mr. Rose with languid condescension. "It was very pretty, I thought, — some of it really quite nice."

This, and the slight rudeness of manner it was said with, raised Mr. Rose greatly in Lady Ambrose's estimation, and she began to think with respect of his late utterances.

"Well, Mr. Herbert," Mr. Rose went on, "what I want to say is this: We have here in the present age, as it is, fragments of the right thing. We have a number of isolated right interiors; we have a few, very few, right exteriors. But in our ideal State, our entire city — our London, the metropolis of our society — would be as a whole perfect as these fragments. Taste would not there be merely an indoor thing. It would be written visibly for all to look upon, in our streets, our squares, our gardens. Could we only mold England to our wishes, the thing to do, I am persuaded, would be to remove London to some kindlier site, that it might there be altogether born anew. I myself would have it taken to the southwest, and to the seacoast, where the waves are blue, and where the air is calm and fine, and there" —

"Ah me!" sighed Mr. Luke with a lofty sadness, "*cœlum non animam mutant.*"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Rose; "few paradoxes — and most paradoxes are false — are, I think, so false as that. This much at least of sea-like man's mind has: that scarcely anything so distinctly gives a tone to it as the color of the skies he lives under. And I was going to say," he went on, looking out dreamily towards the evening waves, "that as the imagination is a quick workman, I can at this moment see our metropolis already transplanted and rebuilt. I seem to see it now as it were from a distance, with its palaces, its museums, its churches, its convents, its gardens, its picture galleries, — a cluster of domed and pillared marble, sparkling on a gray headland. It is Rome, it is Athens, it is Florence, arisen and come to life again, in these modern days. The aloe-tree of beauty again blossoms there, under the azure stainless sky."

"Do you know, Mr. Rose," said Lady Ambrose in her most cordial manner, "all this is *very* beautiful; and certainly no one can think London as it is more ugly than I do. That's natural in me, isn't it, being a denizen of poor prosaic South Audley Street as I am? But don't you think that your notion is — it's very beautiful, I quite feel that — but don't you think it is perhaps a little too dream-like — too unreal, if you know what I mean?"

"Such a city," said Mr. Rose earnestly, "is indeed a dream; but it is a dream which we might make a reality, would circumstances only permit of it. We have many amongst us who know what is beautiful, and who passionately desire it; and would others only be led by these, it is quite conceivable that we might some day have a capital, the entire aspect of which should be the visible embodiment of our finest and most varied culture, our most sensitive taste, and our deepest æsthetic measure of things. This is what this capital of our New Republic must be, this dwelling-place of our ideal society. We shall have houses, galleries, streets, theaters, such as Giulio Romano or Giorgio Vasari or Giulio Campi would have rejoiced to look at; we shall have metal-work worthy of the hand of Ghiberti and the praise of Michael Angelo; we shall rival Domenico Beccafumi with our pavements. As you wander through our thoroughfares and our gardens, your feelings will not be jarred by the presence of human vulgarity, or the desolating noise of traffic; nor in every spare space will your eyes be caught by abominable advertisements of excursion trains to Brighton, or of Horniman's cheap tea. They will rest instead, here on an exquisite fountain, here on a statue, here on a bust of Zeus or Hermes or Aphrodite, glimmering in a laureled nook! or on a *Mater Dolorosa*, looking down on you from her holy shrine; or on the carved marble gate-posts of our palace gardens, or on their wrought-iron or wrought-bronze gates; or perhaps on such triumphal arches as that which Antonio San Gallo constructed in honor of Charles V., and of which you must all remember the description given by Vasari. Such a city," said Mr. Rose, "would be the externalization of the human spirit in the highest state of development that we can conceive for it. We should there see expressed openly all our appreciations of all the beauty that we can detect in the world's whole history. The wind of the spirit that breathed there would blow to us from all the places of the past, and be charged with infinite odors. Every frieze on our walls, every clustered capital of a marble column, would be a garland or nosegay of associations. Indeed, our whole city, as compared with the London that is now, would be itself a nosegay as compared with a fagot; and as related to the life that I would see lived in it, it would be like a shell murmuring with all the world's memories, and held to the ear of the two twins Life and Love."

Mr. Rose had got so dreamy by this time that he felt himself the necessity of turning a little more matter-of-fact again.

"You will see what I mean, plainly enough," he said, "if you will just think of our architecture, and consider how that naturally will be"—

"Yes," said Mr. Luke, "I should be glad to hear about our architecture."

"—how that naturally will be," Mr. Rose went on, "of no style in particular."

"The deuce it won't!" exclaimed Mr. Luke.

"No," continued Mr. Rose unmoved; "no style in particular, but a *renaissance* of all styles. It will matter nothing to us whether they be pagan or Catholic, classical or mediæval. We shall be quite without prejudice or bigotry. To the eye of true taste, an Aquinas in his cell before a crucifix, or a Narcissus gazing at himself in a still fountain, are—in their own ways, you know—equally beautiful."

"Well, really," said Miss Merton, "I can *not* fancy St. Thomas being a very taking object to people who don't believe in him either as a saint or a philosopher. I always think that except from a Christian point of view, a saint can be hardly better described than by Newman's lines, as—

'A bundle of bones, whose breath
Infects the world before his death.'"

"I remember the lines well," said Mr. Rose calmly, "and the writer you mention puts them in the mouth of a yelping devil. But devils, as far as I know, are not generally—except perhaps Milton's—conspicuous for taste; indeed, if we may trust Goethe, the very touch of a flower is torture to them."

"Dante's biggest devil," cried Mr. Saunders, to every one's amazement, "chewed Judas Iscariot like a quid of tobacco, to all eternity. He, at any rate, knew what he liked."

Mr. Rose started, and visited Mr. Saunders with a rapid frown. He then proceeded, turning again to Miss Merton as if nothing had happened.

"Let me rather," he said, "read a nice sonnet to you, which I had sent to me this morning, and which was in my mind just now. These lines" (Mr. Rose here produced a paper from his pocket) "were written by a boy of eighteen,—a youth of extraordinary promise, I think,—whose education I may myself claim to have had some share in directing. Listen," he said, laying the verses before him on a clean plate —

"Three visions in the watches of one night
    Made sweet my sleep — almost too sweet to tell.
    One was Narcissus by a woodside well,
  And on the moss his limbs and feet were white;
  And one, Queen Venus, blown for my delight
    Across the blue sea in a rosy shell;
    And one, a lean Aquinas in his cell,
  Kneeling, his pen in hand, with aching sight
  Strained towards a carven Christ: and of these three
    I knew not which was fairest. First I turned
  Towards that soft boy, who laughed and fled from me;
  Towards Venus then, and she smiled once, and she
    Fled also. Then with teeming heart I yearned,
  O Angel of the Schools, towards Christ with thee!"

"Yes," murmured Mr. Rose to himself, folding up the paper, "they are dear lines. Now there," he said, "we have a true and tender expression of the really catholic spirit of modern æstheticism, which holds nothing common or unclean. It is in this spirit, I say, that the architects of our State will set to work. And thus for our houses, for our picture galleries, for our churches, — I trust we will have many churches, — they will select and combine" —

"Do you seriously mean," broke in Allen a little impatiently, "that it is a thing to wish for and to look forward to, that we should abandon all attempts at original architecture, and content ourselves with simply sponging on the past?"

"I do," replied Mr. Rose suavely; "and for this reason, if for no other,— that the world can now successfully do nothing else. Nor indeed is it to be expected, or even wished, that it should."

"You say we have no good architecture now!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose; "but, Mr. Rose, have you forgotten our modern churches? Don't you think them beautiful? Perhaps you never go to All Saints'?"

"I every now and then," said Mr. Rose, "when I am in the weary mood for it, attend the services of our English Ritualists, and I admire their churches very much indeed. In some places the whole thing is really managed with surprising skill. The dim religious twilight, fragrant with the smoke of incense; the tangled roofs that the music seems to cling to; the tapers, the high altar, and the strange intonation of the priests, — all produce a curious old-world effect, and seem to unite one with things that have been long dead. Indeed, it all seems to me far more a part of the past than the services of the Catholics."

Lady Ambrose did not express her approbation of the last part of this sentiment, out of regard for Miss Merton; but she gave a smile and a nod of pleased intelligence to Mr. Rose.

"Yes," Mr. Rose went on, "there is a regretful insincerity about it all, that is very nice, and that at once appeals to me, 'Gleich einer alten halbverklungnen Sage.' The priests are only half in earnest; the congregations even" —

"Then I am quite sure," interrupted Lady Ambrose with vigor, "that you can never have heard Mr. Cope preach."

"I don't know," said Mr. Rose languidly. "I never inquired, nor have I ever heard any one so much as mention, the names of any of them. Now all that, Lady Ambrose, were life really in the state it should be, you would be able to keep."

"Do you seriously, and in sober earnest, mean," Allen again broke in, "that you think it a good thing that all our art and architecture should be borrowed and insincere, and that our very religion should be nothing but a dilettante memory?"

"The opinion," said Mr. Rose, — "which by the way you slightly misrepresent, — is not mine only, but that of all those of our own day who are really devoting themselves to art for its own sake. I will try to explain the reason of this. In the world's life, just as in the life of a man, there are certain periods of eager and all-absorbing action, and these are followed by periods of memory and reflection. We then look back upon our past and become for the first time conscious of what we are, and of what we have done. We then see the dignity of toil, and the grand results of it; the beauty and the strength of faith, and the fervent power of patriotism: which whilst we labored, and believed, and loved, we were quite blind to. Upon such a reflective period has the world now entered. It has acted and believed already: its task now is to learn to value action and belief, to feel and to be thrilled at the beauty of them. And the chief means by which it can learn this is art; the art of a *renaissance*. For by the power of such art, all that was beautiful, strong, heroic, or tender in the past, — all the actions, passions, faiths, aspirations of the world, that lie so many fathom deep in the years, — float upward to the tranquil surface of the present, and make our lives like what seems to me one of the loveliest things in nature, the iridescent film on the face of a stagnant water. Yes; the past is not dead unless we choose that it shall be so. Christianity itself is not dead. There is 'nothing of it that doth fade,' but turns 'into something rich and strange,' for us to give a new tone to our lives with. And believe me," Mr. Rose went on, gathering earnestness, "that the happiness possible in such conscious periods is the only true happiness. Indeed, the active periods of the world were not really happy at all. We only fancy them to have been so by a pathetic fallacy. Is the hero happy during his heroism? No, but after it, when he sees what his heroism was, and reads the glory of it in the eyes of youth or maiden."

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

Malory, Sir Thomas, an English prose-writer of the fifteenth century, is supposed to have been born about 1430; died some time after 1470. Bale says that he was occupied with affairs of state, but definite information as to his life and the manner of his death has been unattainable until recent discoveries seem to point to his death on the block, a victim of the fierce hatred engendered by the Wars of the Roses, then raging in England. Caxton tells us that the "Morte d'Arthur" was translated into English by Sir Thomas, but that it was divided into twenty-one books and chaptered by himself. The sources of his book are found in "Romance of Merlin," "La Morte Arthure," "Romance of Lancelot," "Adventures of Gareth," "Romance of Tristan." Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," William Morris's "Defence of Guinevere," Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," and Matthew Arnold's "Death of Tristram" were all suggested by Malory's book.

The Finding of the Sword Excalibur.

(From "Morte d'Arthur.")

And so Merlin and he departed, and as they rode King Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may." So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad; and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin unto the King, "yonder is the sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said the King. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a reach, and therein is as fair a place as any is on earth, and richly beseen; and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak fair to her that she will give you that sword." Therewith came the damsel to King Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said the King, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth yonder above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel of the lake, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it." "By my faith," said King Arthur, "I will give you any gift that you will ask or desire." "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself unto the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you; and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So King Arthur and Merlin alighted, tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the barge. And when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him; and the arm and the hand went under the water, and so came to the land and rode forth.

Then King Arthur saw a rich pavilion. "What signifieth yonder pavilion?" "That is the knight's pavilion that ye fought with last — Sir Pellinore; but he is out; for he is not there: he hath had to do with a knight of yours, that hight Eglame, and they have foughten together a great while, but at the last Eglame fled, and else he had been dead; and Sir Pellinore hath chased him to Carlion, and we shall anon meet with him in the highway." "It is well said," quoth King Arthur; "now have I a sword, and now will I wage battle with him and be avenged on him." "Sir, ye shall not do so," said Merlin: "for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing; so that ye shall have no worship to have a do with him. Also he will not lightly be matched of one knight living: and therefore my counsel is, that ye let him pass; for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, that ye shall be right glad to give him your sister to wife." "When I see him," said King Arthur, "I will do as ye advise me."

Then King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it passing well. "Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "Meliketh better the sword," said King Arthur. "Ye are more unwise," said Merlin; "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword: for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded, — therefore keep well the scabbard alway with you." So they rode on to Carlion.

THE WHITE HART AT THE WEDDING OF KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUENEVER.

(From " Morte d'Arthur.")

THEN was the high feast made ready, and the King was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever, in the Church of St. Stevens, with great solemnity; and as every man was set after his degree, Merlin went unto all the Knights of the Round Table, and bid them sit still, and that none should remove, "for ye shall see a marvellous adventure." Right so as they sat, there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round. As he went by the other tables, the white brachet caught him by the flank, and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap, and overthrew a knight that sat at the table's side; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet.

Right soon anon came in a lady on a white palfrey, and cried aloud to King Arthur, " Sir, suffer me not to have this despite, for the brachet was mine that the knight led away." "I may not do therewith," said the King. With this there came a knight riding all armed on a great horse, and took the lady with him by force; and she cried and made great moan. When she was gone the King was glad, because she made such a noise. "Nay," said Merlin, "ye may not leave these adventures so lightly, for these adventures must be brought again, or else it would be disworship to you, and to your feast." "I will," said the King, " that all be done by your advice." "Then," said Merlin, " let call Sir Gawaine, for he must bring again the white hart; also, sir, ye must let call Sir Tor, for he must bring again the brachet and the knight, or else slay him; also, let call King Pellinore, for he must bring again the lady and the knight, or else slay him: and these three knights shall do marvellous adventures or they come again."

THE MAID OF ASTOLAT.

(From "Morte d'Arthur.")

Now speak we of the fair maid of Astolat, which made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, eat, nor drank;

and always she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured about ten days, that she felt that she must needs pass out of this world. Then she shrove her clean and received her Creator; and ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then said she, "Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain. For my belief is that I do none offence, though I love an earthly man; and I take God unto record, I never loved any but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a maiden I am, for him and for all other. And sith it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the high Father of heaven for to have mercy upon my soul; and that mine innumerable pains which I suffer may be allegiance of part of my sins. For our sweet Savior Jesu Christ," said the maiden, "I take thee to record, I was never greater offender against thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of all measure; and of myself, good Lord! I might not withstand the fervent love, wherefore I have my death." And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre; and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she would indite it. And so her father granted it her.

And when the letter was written, word by word, as she had devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. "And while my body is whole let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me. And so let my bed, with all my rich clothes, be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is; and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust, to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you let be done." So her father granted her faithfully that all this thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole; for when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, and all, were led the next way unto the Thames; and there a man, and the corpse and all, were put in a barge on the Thames; and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rode a great while to and fro or any man discovered it.

So, by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window; and so as they looked into the Thames, they espied the black barge, and had marvel what it might mean. Then the King called Sir Kaye and showed him it. "Sir," said Sir Kaye, "wit ye well that there is some new tidings." "Go ye thither," said the King unto Sir Kaye, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there." Then these three knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, that ever they saw, and a poor man sitting in the end of the barge, and no word would he speak. So these three knights returned unto the King again, and told him what they had found. "That fair corpse will I see," said King Arthur. And then the King took the Queen by the hand and went thither. Then the King made the barge to be holden fast; and then the King and the Queen went in with certain knights with them; and there they saw a fair gentlewoman, lying in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was cloth of gold: and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the Queen espied the letter in the right hand, and told the King thereof. Then the King took it in his hand and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither." Then the King and the Queen went out of the barge; and the King commanded certain men to wait upon the barge. And so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him and said "that he would wit openly what was written within that letter." Then the King broke it open and made a clerk to read it. And this was the intent of the letter: —

"Most noble knight, my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your love, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan. Yet for my soul that ye pray, and bury me at the least, and offer me my mass penny. This is my last request; and a clean maid I died, I take God to my witness. Pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art a knight peerless." This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the Queen and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when Sir Launcelot had heard it, word by word, he said, "My lord, King Arthur, wit you well that I am right heavy of the death of this fair damsel. God knoweth I was never causer of

KING ARTHUR READING THE LETTER OF ELAINE

(The Maid of Astolat)

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

her death by my will; and that I will report me unto her own brother here, — he is Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay," said Sir Launcelot, "but that she was both fair and good; and much was I beholden unto her; but she loved me out of measure." "Ye might have showed her," said the Queen, "some bounty and gentleness, that ye might have preserved her life." "Madam," said Sir Launcelot, "she would none other way be answered, but that she would be my wife, or else my love: and of these two I would not grant her: but I proffered her for her good love, which she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly to her and her heirs, and to wed any manner of knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For, madam," said Sir Launcelot, "I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by constraint." "That is truth," said King Arthur and many knights: "love is free in himself, and never will be bound; for where he is bound he loseth himself."

The Death of Sir Launcelot.

(From "Morte d'Arthur.")

Then Sir Launcelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed, but needfully, as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep, and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb: and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

O ye mighty and pompous lords, shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, — behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted; see also, the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair, adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Launcelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth grovelling upon the cold mould; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible. How, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honor, so dangerous. Therefore, methinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in it shall ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they gat a praising continually. Also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, — faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and the more that God hath given you triumphal honor, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

Mandeville, Sir John, an early English traveller and romancer; born at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, about 1300; died in 1372. He seems to have been well versed in the knowledge of his time. In 1322 he began a long tour in the East, visiting, as he alleged, Palestine, Armenia, Persia, India, and Northern China, though he probably never got farther than Jerusalem. He returned to England about 1355, and wrote an account of his alleged journeyings in Latin; this was translated into French, and afterward into English, in order, as he says, "that every man of my nation may understand it." It is in fact a most entertaining and curious compilation of legends, miracles, and wonder-stories from many sources, pressed into the service of Christianity and its miracle-working powers. The title of the English version, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1499, is as follows: "Voiage and Travaile, which treateth of the Way to Hierusalem, and Marvayles of Ynde, with other Llands and Countryes." An edition, for which several manuscripts and various early printed editions were carefully collated, was issued in 1839 by J. O. Halliwell.

THE MARVELLOUS RICHES OF PRESTER JOHN.

(From "The Adventures.")

In the Land of Prester John be many divers Things and many precious Stones, so great and so large, that Men make of them Vessels, as Platters, Dishes, and Cups. And many other Marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put in Writing of Books; but of the principal Isles and of his Estate and of his Law, I shall tell you some Part. . . .

And he hath under him 72 Provinces, and in every Province is a King. And these Kings have Kings under them, and all be Tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his Lordships many great Marvels.

For in his Country is the Sea that Men call the Gravelly Sea, that is all Gravel and Sand, without any Drop of Water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great Waves as other Seas do, and it is never still nor at Peace in any manner of Season. And no Man may pass that Sea by Ship, nor by any manner of Craft, and therefore may no Man know what Land is beyond that Sea. And albeit that it have no Water, yet Men find therein and on the Banks full good Fishes of other manner of Nature and shape than Men find in any other Sea, and they be of right good Taste and delicious for Man's Meat.

And a three Days' Journey long from that Sea be great Mountains, out of the which goeth out a great River that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious Stones, without any Drop of Water, and it runneth through the Desert on the one Side, so that it maketh the Sea gravelly; and it runneth into that Sea, and there it endeth. And that River runneth, also, 3 Days in the Week and bringeth with him great Stones and the Rocks also therewith, and that great Plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those 3 Days that that River runneth, no Man dare enter into it; but on other Days Men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that River, more upward to the Deserts, is a great Plain all gravelly, between the Mountains. And in that Plain, every Day at the Sun-rising, begin to grow small Trees, and they grow till Midday, bearing Fruit; but no Man dare take of that Fruit, for it is a Thing of Faerie. And after Midday they decrease and enter again into the Earth, so that at the going down of the Sun they appear no more. And so they do, every Day. And that is a great Marvel.

In that Desert be many Wild Men, that be hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak naught, but they grunt, as Pigs. And there is also great Plenty of wild Hounds. And there be many Popinjays [or Parrots] that they call Psittakes in their Language. And they speak of their own Nature, and say "*Salve!*" [God save you!] to Men that go through the Deserts, and speak to them as freely as though it were a Man that spoke. And they that speak well have a large Tongue, and have 5 Toes upon a Foot. And there be also some of another Manner, that have but 3 Toes upon a Foot; and they speak not, or but little, for they cannot but cry.

This Emperor Prester John when he goeth into Battle against any other Lord, he hath no Banners borne before him; but he hath 3 Crosses of Gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious Stones, and every one of the Crosses be set in a Chariot, full richly arrayed. And to keep every Cross, be ordained 10,000 Men of Arms and more than 100,000 Men on Foot, in manner as when Men would keep a Standard in our Countries, when that we be in a Land of War. . . .

He dwelleth commonly in the City of Susa. And there is his principal Palace, that is so rich and noble that no Man will believe it by Estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief Tower of the Palace be 2 round Pommels or Balls of Gold, and in each of them be 2 Carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the Night. And the principal gates of his Palace be of precious Stone that Men call Sardonyx, and the Border and the Bars be of Ivory. And the Windows of the Halls and Chambers be of Crystal. And the Tables whereon Men eat, some be of Emeralds, some of Amethyst, and some of Gold, full of precious Stones; and the Pillars that bear up the Tables be of the same precious Stones. And of the Steps to go up to his Throne, where he sitteth at Meat, one is of Onyx, another is of Crystal, and another of green Jasper, another of Amethyst, another of Sardine, another of Cornelian, and the 7th, that he setteth his Feet on, is of Chrysolite. And all these Steps be bordered with fine Gold, with the other precious Stones, set with great orient Pearls. And the Sides of the Seat of his Throne be of Emeralds, and bordered with Gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious Stones and great Pearls. And all the Pillars in his Chamber be of fine Gold with Precious Stones, and with many Carbuncles, that give Light upon the Night to all People. And albeit that the Carbuncles give Light right enough, nevertheless, at all Times burneth a Vessel of Crystal full of Balm, to give good Smell and Odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked Eyes and Corruptions.

FROM HEBRON TO BETHLEHEM.

(From "The Adventures.")

AND in Hebron be all the Sepultures of the Patriarchs, — Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob; and of their Wives, Eve, Sarah and Rebecca and of Leah; the which Sepultures the Saracens keep full carefully, and have the Place in great Reverence for the holy Fathers, the Patriarchs that lie there. And they suffer no Christian Man to enter into the Place, but if it be of special Grace of the Sultan; for they hold Christian Men and Jews as Dogs, and they say, that they should not enter into so holy a Place. And Men call that Place, where they lie, Double Spelunk (*Spelunca Duplex*), or Double Cave, or Double Ditch, forasmuch as one lieth above another. And the Saracens call that Place in their Language, "*Karicarba*," that is to say "*The Place of Patriarchs*." And the Jews call that Place "*Arboth*." And in that same Place was Abraham's House, and there he sat and saw 3 Persons, and worshipped but one; as Holy Writ saith, "*Tres vidit et unum adoravit;*" that is to say, "*He saw 3 and worshipped one:*" and those same were the Angels that Abraham received into his House.

And right fast by that Place is a Cave in the Rock, where Adam and Eve dwelled when they were put out of Paradise; and there got they their Children. And in that same Place was Adam formed and made, after that, that some Men say (for Men were wont to call that Place the Field of Damascus, because that it was in the Lordship of Damascus), and from thence was he translated into the Paradise of Delights, as they say; and after he was driven out of Paradise he was left there. And the same Day that he was put in Paradise, the same Day he was put out, for anon, he sinned. There beginneth the Vale of Hebron, that endureth nigh to Jerusalem. There the Angel commanded Adam that he should dwell with his Wife Eve, of the which he begat Seth; of the which Tribe, that is to say Kindred, Jesu Christ was born.

In that Valley is a Field, where Men draw out of the Earth a Thing that Men call Cambile, and they eat it instead of Spice, and they bear it away to sell. And Men may not make the Hole or the Cave, where it is taken out of the Earth, so deep or so wide, but that it is, at the Year's End, full again up to the Sides, through the Grace of God. . . .

From Hebron Men go to Bethlehem in half a Day, for it is but 5 Mile; and it is a full fair Way, by Plains and Woods full delectable. Bethlehem is a little City, long and narrow and well walled, and on each Side enclosed with good Ditches: and it was wont to be clept Ephrata, as Holy Writ saith, "*Ecce, audimus eum in Ephrata*," that is to say, "Lo, we heard it in Ephrata." And toward the East End of the City is a full fair Church and a gracious, and it hath many Towers, Pinnacles and Corners, full strong and curiously made; and within that Church be 44 Pillars of Marble, great and fair. . . .

Also besides the Choir of the Church, at the right Side, as Men come downward 16 Steps, is the Place where our Lord was born, that is full well adorned with Marble, and full richly painted with Gold, Silver, Azure and other Colors. And 3 Paces beyond is the Crib of the Ox and the Ass. And beside that is the Place where the Star fell, that led the 3 Kings, Jasper, Melchior and Balthazar (but Men of Greece call them thus, "Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Seraphie," and the Jews call them in this manner, in Hebrew, "Appelius, Amerrius, and Damasus"). These 3 Kings offered to our Lord, Gold, Incense and Myrrh, and they met together through Miracle of God; for they met together in a City in Ind, that Men call Cassak, that is a 53 Days' Journey from Bethlehem; and they were at Bethlehem the 13th Day; and that was the 4th Day after that they had seen the Star, when they met in that City, and thus they were in 9 days from that City at Bethlehem, and that was a great Miracle.

Also, under the Cloister of the Church, by 18 Steps at the right Side, is the Charnel-house of the Innocents, where their Bodies lie. And before the Place where our Lord was born is the Tomb of St. Jerome, that was a Priest and a Cardinal, that translated the Bible and the Psalter from Hebrew into Latin: and without the Minster is the Chair that he sat in when he translated it. And fast beside that Church, at 60 Fathom, is a Church of St. Nicholas, where our Lady rested after she was delivered of our Lord; and forasmuch as she had too much Milk in her Paps, that grieved her, she milked them on the red Stones of Marble, so that the Traces may yet be seen, in the Stones, all white.

And ye shall understand, that all that dwell in Bethlehem be Christian Men.

And there be fair Vines about the City, and great plenty of Wine, that the Christian Men have made. But the Saracens till not the Vines, neither drink they any Wine: for their Books of their Law, that Mohammet gave them, which they call their "Al Koran" (and some call it "Mesaph," and in another language it is clept "Harme,") — the same Book forbiddeth them to drink Wine. For in that Book, Mohammet cursed all those that drink Wine and all them that sell it: for some Men say, that he slew once an Hermit in his Drunkenness, that he loved full well; and therefore he cursed Wine and them that drink it. But his Curse be turned onto his own Head, as Holy Writ saith, "*Et in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet;*" that is to say, "His Wickedness shall turn and fall onto his own Head."

And also the Saracens breed no Pigs, nor eat they any Swine's Flesh, for they say it is Brother to Man, and it was forbidden by the old Law; and they hold him accursed that eateth thereof. Also in the Land of Palestine and in the land of Egypt, they eat but little or none of Flesh of Veal or of Beef, but if the Beast be so old, that he may no more work for old Age; for it is forbidden, because they have but few of them; therefore they nourish them to till their Lands.

In this City of Bethlehem was David the King born; and he had 60 Wives, and the first wife was called Michal; and also he had 300 Lemans.

And from Bethlehem unto Jerusalem is but 2 Mile; and in the Way to Jerusalem half a Mile from Bethlehem is a Church, where the Angel said to the Shepherds of the Birth of Christ. And in that Way is the Tomb of Rachel, that was the Mother of Joseph the Patriarch; and she died anon after that she was delivered of her Son Benjamin. And there she was buried by Jacob her Husband; and he made set 12 great Stones on her, in Token that she had born 12 Children. In the same Way, half a Mile from Jerusalem, appeared the Star to the 3 Kings. In that Way also be many Churches of Christian Men, by the which Men go towards the City of Jerusalem.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Mangan, James Clarence, an Irish poet; born at Dublin, May 1, 1803; died there, June 20, 1849. At fifteen he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, which he held seven years, when he became a solicitor's clerk. He was for a time employed in the library of the Dublin University and acquired great learning. In his later years he fell into a state of extreme destitution, and died in a public hospital. He attained great proficiency in modern languages, and a volume of his translations from the German was issued in 1845, under the title "Anthologia Germanica." His most famous poem is "Dark Rosaleen," a musical and mystic celebration of the charms and wrongs of Ireland. An edition of his "Poems" was published in New York in 1859, edited by John Mitchel, and a volume of "Selections," edited by Louise Imogen Guiney in 1897, and a "Life" by D. J. O'Donoghue in Edinburgh (1897).

The Nameless One.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
   That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
            My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
   Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
            No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour;
   How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
            Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
   Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
            The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
  And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
    His soul with song —

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
  Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid —
    A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
  To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
    For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
  Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
    He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
  And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*,
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
    His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal, —
  The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns, —
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
    Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
  And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
    Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
  And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
    That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes: old and hoary
  At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
    Will never know.

Him grant a grave too, ye pitying noble,
  Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He too had tears for all souls in trouble
    Here and in hell.

St. Patrick's Hymn before Tarah.

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
  I call on the holy Trinity:
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
  The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
  On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin
      Our fallen race;
     And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
    His incarnation lowly,
    His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous death — his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
  His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
  And terrible coming to judge all men
Both the living and dead.

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
  The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
    That are in the obedience
    And unshaken allegiance
  Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings;

And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest.

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness, —
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart, —
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,

SAINT PATRICK BAPTIZING

From a Painting by D. Etchverry

To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations.

Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban —
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
Illumine and guide me!
Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! — Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me;
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the All-Powerful be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

JORGE MANRIQUE.

Manrique, Jorge, a Spanish soldier and poet; born about 1450; died in 1479, having been mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete. His principal poem was written on the death of his father, Rodrigo Manrique, Count of Paredes, who died in 1476, and whose name constantly occurs in the history of his time. This poem, of about five hundred lines, is called, with a simplicity and directness worthy of its own character, the "Coplas de Manrique" — the "Stanzas of Manrique" — as if it needed no more distinctive name. This elegiac poem consists of eighty-four Coplas, or Stanzas, which has been translated by Longfellow. Several of his love poems have also been preserved.

The Coplas de Manrique.[1]

I.

Oh, let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

III.

Onward its course the Present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The Past and Future in their flight
Would be as one.

V.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!

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[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave!

VI.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook purses its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

X.

Our cradle is the starting-place
Life is the running of the race;
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

XIII.

Behold, of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

XIV.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accident and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of Fate;
The strongest fall.

XXX.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled.
Our themes shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

XXXI.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal Prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

XXXII.

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume?
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

XXXIII.

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flames
Low at their feet?

XXXIV.

Where is the song of troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old?
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

XLV.

So many a Duke of royal name,
Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
And Baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

XLVI.

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,

O Death! thy stern and angry face?
One strike of the all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

LIII.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As virtue's son:
Roderic Manrique — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame,
Spain's champion;

LV.

To friends a friend; how kind to all
The vassals of his ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foe how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

LXVI.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest Knight of chivalry;
Knight of the Sword.

LXIX.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

LXX.

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;

Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

LXXI.

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care,
With joyful mien.
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray —
The closing scene."

LXXV.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit
Corrupt with sin, — shall not inherit
A joy so great.

LXXVI.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

LXXVII.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand."

LXXIX.

"O Death, no more, no more delay:
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

LXXX.

"My soul is ready to depart:
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

LXXXI.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to Thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

LXXXII.

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently:
By Thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me!"

LXXXIII.

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind;

LXXXIV.

His soul to Him Who gave it rose;
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Manzoni, Alessandro Francesco Tommaso Antonio, a famous Italian poet and novelist; born at Milan, March 7, 1785; died there, May 22, 1873. He was educated at Merate, Lugano, and Pavia. He early wrote sonnets and other poetical compositions. In 1805 he went to Paris to reside. In 1807 he published a poem, "Urania." He became a devout Roman Catholic, and published, in 1810, "Inni Sacri," a volume of poems on the Nativity, the Passion, the Resurrection, the Pentecost, and the Name of Mary. His tragedy "Il Conte di Carmagnola" (1819) called forth severe criticisms, but was warmly praised by Goethe. His great work of historical fiction, "I Promessi Sposi" ("The Betrothed"), appeared in 1825–27. It was pronounced by Sir Walter Scott "the finest novel ever written." It has been well translated into English.

An Unwilling Priest.

(From "The Betrothed.")

[The following amusing scene occurs in the earlier portion of Manzoni's novel. Don Abbondio, a cowardly village curate, has been warned by Don Rodrigo, his lord of the manor, that if he dares to unite in marriage two young peasants, Renzo and Lucia (the "betrothed" of the story), vengeance will follow. The priest accordingly shirks his duty; and cruelly refusing to set any marriage date, shuts himself up in his house and even barricades himself against Renzo's entreaties. Donna Agnese, the mother of Lucia, hears that if a betrothed pair can but reach the presence of their parish priest and announce that they take each other as man and wife, the marriage is as binding as if celebrated with all formality. Accordingly Agnese devises a sort of attack on the priest by stratagem, to be managed by the parties to the contract and two witnesses (the brothers Tonio and Gervase); which device is considerably endangered by the wariness of the curate's housekeeper, Perpetua.]

In front of Don Abbondio's door, a narrow street ran between two cottages; but only continued straight the length of the buildings, and then turned into the fields. Agnese went forward along this street, as if she would go a little aside to speak more freely, and Perpetua followed. When they had turned the corner, and reached a spot whence they could no longer see what happened before Don Abbondio's house, Agnese coughed loudly. This was the signal; Renzo heard it, and reanimating Lucia by pressing her arm, they turned the corner together on tiptoe, crept very softly close along the wall, reached the door, and gently pushed it open: quiet, and stooping low, they were quickly in the passage; and here the two brothers were waiting for them. Renzo very gently let down the latch of the door, and they all four ascended the stairs, making scarcely noise enough for two. On reaching the landing, the two brothers advanced towards the door of the room at the side of the staircase, and the lovers stood close against the wall.

"*Deo gratias*," said Tonio in an explanatory tone.

"Eh, Tonio! is it you? Come in!" replied the voice within.

Tonio opened the door, scarcely wide enough to admit himself and his brother one at a time. The ray of light that suddenly shone through the opening and crossed the dark floor of the landing made Lucia tremble, as if she were discovered. When the brothers had entered, Tonio closed the door inside: the lovers stood motionless in the dark, their ears intently on the alert, and holding their breath; the loudest noise was the beating of poor Lucia's heart.

Don Abbondio was seated, as we have said, in an old armchair, enveloped in an antiquated dressing-gown, and his head buried in a shabby cap of the shape of a tiara, which by the faint light of a small lamp formed a sort of cornice all around his face. Two thick locks which escaped from beneath his headdress, two thick eyebrows, two thick mustachios, and a thick tuft on the chin, all of them gray and scattered over his dark and wrinkled visage, might be compared to bushes covered with snow, projecting from the face of a cliff, as seen by moonlight.

"Aha!" was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and laid them on his book.

"The Signor Curate will say I am come very late," said Tonio with a low bow, which Gervase awkwardly imitated.

"Certainly, it is late — late every way. Don't you know I am ill?"

"I'm very sorry for it."

"You must have heard I was ill, and did n't know when I should be able to see anybody. . . . But why have you brought this — this boy with you?"

"For company, Signor Curate."

"Very well, let us see."

"Here are twenty-five new *berlinghe*, with the figure of Saint Ambrose on horseback," said Tonio, drawing a little parcel out of his pocket.

"Let us see," said Don Abbondio; and he took the parcel, put on his spectacles again, opened it, took out the *berlinghe*, turned them over and over, counted them, and found them irreprehensible.

"Now, Signor Curate, you will give me Tecla's necklace."

"You are right," replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he took out a key, looking around as if to see that all prying spectators were at a proper distance, opened one of the doors, and filling up the aperture with his person, introduced his head to see and his arm to reach the pledge; then drawing it out, he shut the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, and saying, "Is that right?" folded it up again and handed it to Tonio.

"Now," said Tonio, "will you please to put it in black and white?"

"Not satisfied yet!" said Don Abbondio. "I declare they know everything. Eh! how suspicious the world has become! Don't you trust me?"

"What, Signor Curate! Don't I trust you? You do me wrong. But as my name is in your black books, on the debtor's side — Then, since you have had the trouble of writing once, so — From life to death —"

"Well, well," interrupted Don Abbondio; and muttering between his teeth, he drew out one of the table drawers, took thence pen, ink, and paper, and began to write, repeating the words aloud as they proceeded from his pen. In the mean time Tonio, and at his side Gervase, placed themselves standing before the table in such a manner as to conceal the door from the view of the writer, and began to shuffle their feet about on the floor, as if in mere idleness, but in reality as a signal to those without to enter, and at the same time to drown the noise of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent upon his writing, noticed nothing else. At the noise of their feet, Renzo took Lucia's arm, pressing it in an encouraging manner, and went forward, almost dragging her along; for she trembled to such a degree that without his help she must have sunk to the ground. Entering very softly, on tiptoe, and holding their breath, they placed themselves behind the two brothers. In the mean time, Don Abbondio, having finished writing, read over the paper attentively, without raising his eyes; he then folded it up, saying, "Are you content now?" and taking off his spectacles with one hand, handed the paper to Tonio with the other, and looked up. Tonio, extending his right hand to receive it, retired on one side, and Gervase, at a sign from him, on the other; and behold! as at the shifting of a scene, Renzo and Lucia stood between them. Don Abbondio saw indistinctly — saw clearly — was terrified, astonished, enraged, buried in thought, came to a resolution; and all this while Renzo uttered the words, "Signor Curate, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife." Before, however, Lucia's lips could form the reply, Don Abbondio dropped the receipt, seized the lamp with his left hand and raised it in the air, caught hold of the cloth with his right, and dragged it furiously off the table, bringing to the ground in its fall, book, paper, inkstand, and sand-box; and springing between the chair and the table, advanced towards Lucia. The poor girl with her sweet gentle voice, trembling violently, had scarcely uttered the words, "And this —" when Don Abbondio threw the cloth rudely over her head and face, to prevent her pronouncing the entire formula. Then, letting the light fall from his other hand, he employed both to wrap the cloth round her face, till she was well-nigh smothered, shouting in the mean while, at the stretch of his voice, like a wounded bull, "Perpetua! Perpetua! — treachery! — help!" The light, just glimmering on the ground, threw a dim and flickering ray upon Lucia, who, in utter consternation, made no attempt to disengage herself, and might be compared to a statue sculptured in chalk, over which the artificer had thrown a wet cloth. When the light died away, Don Abbondio quitted the poor girl, and went groping about to find the door that opened into an inner room: and having reached it, he entered and shut himself in, unceasingly exclaiming, "Perpetua! treachery! help! Out of the house! Out of the house!"

In the other room all was confusion: Renzo seeking to lay hold of the Curate, and feeling with his hands, as if playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door, and kicking against it, was crying, "Open, open; don't make such a noise!" Lucia, calling to Renzo in a feeble voice, said beseechingly, "Let us go, let us go, for God's sake!" Tonio was crawling on his knees, and feeling with his hands on the ground to recover his lost receipt. The terrified Gervase was crying and jumping about, and seeking for the door of the stairs, so as to make his escape in safety.

In the midst of this uproar, we cannot but stop a moment to make a reflection. Renzo, who was causing disturbance at night in another person's house, who had effected an entrance by stealth, and who had blockaded the master himself in one of his own rooms, has all the appearance of an oppressor; while in fact he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, taken by surprise, terrified and put to flight, while peaceably engaged in his own affairs, appears the victim; when in reality it was he who did the wrong. Thus frequently goes the world; — or rather, we should say, thus it went in the seventeenth century.

The besieged, finding that the enemy gave no signs of abandoning the enterprise, opened a window that looked into the church-yard, and shouted out, "Help! help!" There was a most lovely moon; the shadow of the church, and a little farther on the long sharp shadow of the bell-tower, lay dark, still, and well defined, on the bright grassy level of the sacred enclosure: all objects were visible, almost as by day. But look which way you would, there appeared no sign of living person. Adjoining the lateral wall of the church, on the side next the parsonage, was a small dwelling where the sexton slept. Aroused by this unusual cry, he sprang up in his bed, jumped out in great haste, threw open the sash of his little window, put his head out with his eyelids glued together all the while, and cried out, "What's the matter?"

"Run, Ambrogio! help! people in the house!" answered Don Abbondio. "Coming directly," replied he, as he drew in his head and shut the window; and although half asleep and more than half terrified, an expedient quickly occurred to him that would bring more aid than had been asked, without dragging *him* into the affray, whatever it might be. Seizing his breeches that lay upon the bed, he tucked them under his arm like a gala hat, and bounding downstairs by a little wooden ladder, ran to the belfry, caught hold of the rope that was attached to the larger of the two bells, and pulled vigorously.

Ton, ton, ton, ton: the peasant sprang up in his bed; the boy stretched in the hay-loft listened eagerly, and leapt upon his feet. "What's the matter? what's the matter? The bell's ringing! Fire? Thieves? Banditti?" Many of the women advised, begged, their husbands not to stir — to let others run; some got up and went to the windows; those who were cowards, as if yielding to entreaty, quietly slipped under the bedclothes again; while the more inquisitive and courageous sprang up and armed themselves with pitchforks and pistols, to run to the uproar; others waited to see the end. . . .

Renzo, who had more of his senses about him than the rest, remembered that they had better make their escape one way or another before the crowds assembled; and that the best plan would be to do as Menico advised, — nay, commanded, with the authority of one in terror. When once on their way, and out of the tumult and danger, he could ask a clearer explanation from the boy. "Lead the way," said he to Menico; and addressing the women, said, "Let us go with him." They therefore quickly turned their steps towards the church, crossed the church-yard, — where, by the favor of Heaven, there was not yet a living creature, — entered a little street that ran between the church and Don Abbondio's house, turned into the first alley they came to, and then took the way of the fields.

They had not perhaps gone fifty yards, when the crowd began to collect in the church-yard, and rapidly increased every moment. They looked inquiringly in each other's faces; every one had a question to ask, but no one could return an answer. Those who arrived first ran to the church door: it was locked. They then ran to the belfry outside; and one of them, putting his mouth to a very small window, a sort of loophole, cried, "What ever is the matter?" As soon as Ambrogio recognized a known voice, he let go of the bell-rope, and being assured by the buzz that many people had assembled, replied, "I 'll open the door." Hastily slipping on the apparel he had carried under his arm, he went inside the church and opened the door.

"What is all this hubbub? — What is it? — Where is it? — Who is it?"

"Why, who is it?" said Ambrogio, laying one hand on the door-post, and with the other holding up the habiliment he had put on in such haste: "What! don't you know? People in the Signor Curate's house. Up, boys; help!" Hearing this, they all turned to the house, looked up, approached it in a body, looked up again, listened: all was quiet. Some ran to the street door; it was shut and bolted: they glanced upwards; not a window was open, not a whisper was to be heard.

"Who is within? — Ho! Hey! — Signor Curate! — Signor Curate!"

Don Abbondio, who, scarcely aware of the flight of the invaders, had retired from the window and closed it, and who at this moment was reproaching Perpetua in a low voice for having left him alone in this confusion, was obliged, when he heard himself called upon by the voice of the assembled people, to show himself again at the window; and when he saw the crowds that had come to his aid, he sorely repented having called them.

"What has happened? — What have they done to you? — Who are they? — Where are they?" burst forth from fifty voices at once.

"There 's nobody here now: thank you; go home again."

"But who has been here? — Where are they gone? — What has happened?"

"Bad people, people who go about by night; but they 're gone: go home again; there is no longer anything; another time, my children: I thank you for your kindness to me." So saying, he drew back and shut the window. Some of the crowd began to grumble, some to joke, others to curse; some shrugged their shoulders and took their departure. . . .

The melancholy trio continued their walk, the women taking the lead and Renzo behind to act as guard. Lucia clung closely to her mother's arm, kindly and dexterously avoiding the proffered assistance of the youth at the difficult passes of this unfrequented path; feeling ashamed of herself, even in such troubles, for having already been so long and so familiarly alone with him, while expecting in a few moments to be his wife. Now that this vision had been so sorrowfully dispelled, she repented having proceeded thus far; and amidst so many causes of fear, she feared even for her modesty; — not such modesty as arises from the sad knowledge of evil, but for that which is ignorant of its own existence; like the dread of a child who trembles in the dark, he knows not why.

"And the house?" suddenly exclaimed Agnese. But however important the object might be which extorted this exclamation, no one replied, because no one could do so satisfactorily. They therefore continued their walk in silence, and in a little while reached the square before the church of the convent.

Renzo advanced to the door of the church, and gently pushed it open. The moon that entered through the aperture fell upon the pale face and silvery beard of Father Cristoforo, who was standing here expecting them; and having seen that no one was missing, "God be praised!" said he, beckoning to them to enter. By his side stood another Capuchin, the lay sexton, whom he had persuaded by prayers and arguments to keep vigil with him, to leave the door ajar, and to remain there on guard to receive these poor threatened creatures; and it required nothing short of the authority of the Father, and of his fame as a saint, to persuade the layman to so inconvenient, perilous, and irregular a condescension. When they were inside, Father Cristoforo very softly shut the door. Then the sexton could no longer contain himself, and taking the Father aside, whispered in his ear: "But Father, Father! at night — in church — with women — shut — the rule — but, Father!" And he shook his head, while thus hesitatingly pronouncing these words. Just see! thought Father Cristoforo: if it were a pursued robber, Friar Fazio would make no difficulty in the world; but a poor innocent escaping from the jaws of the wolf — "*Omnia munda mundis*,"[1] added he, turning suddenly to Friar Fazio, and forgetting that he did not understand Latin. But this forgetfulness was exactly what produced the right effect. If the Father had begun to dispute and reason, Friar Fazio would not have failed to urge opposing arguments, and no one knows how and when the discussion would have come to an end; but at the sound of these weighty words of a mysterious signification, and so resolutely uttered, it seemed to him that in them must be contained the solution of all his doubts. He acquiesced, saying, "Very well: you know more about it than I do."

"Trust me, then," replied Father Cristoforo; and by the dim light of the lamp burning before the altar, he approached the refugees, who stood waiting in suspense, and said to them, "My children, thank God, who has delivered you from so great a danger! Perhaps at this moment —" And here he began to explain more fully what he had hinted by the little messenger; little suspecting that they knew more than he, and supposing that Menico had found them quiet in their own house, before the arrival of the ruffians. Nobody undeceived him, — not even Lucia, whose conscience, however, was all the while secretly reproaching her for practising such dissimulation with so good a man; but it was a night of embarrassment and dissimulation.

"After this," continued he, "you must feel, my children, that the village is no longer safe for you. It is yours, who were born there, and you have done no wrong to any one; but God wills it so. It is a trial, my children; bear it with patience and faith, without indulging in rancor, and rest assured there will come a day when you will think yourselves happy that this has occurred. I have thought of a refuge for you, for the present. Soon, I hope, you may be able to return in safety to your own house; at any rate, God will provide what is best for you; and I assure you, I will be careful not to prove unworthy of the favor he has bestowed upon me, in chosing me as his minister, in the service of you his poor yet loved afflicted ones. You," continued he, turning to the two women, "can stay at ——. Here you will be far enough from every danger, and at the same time not far from your own home. There seek out our convent, ask for the guardian, and give him this letter: he will be to you another Father Cristoforo. And you, my Renzo, must put yourself in safety from the anger of others, and your own. Carry this letter to Father Bonaventura da Lodi, in our convent of the Porta Orientale, at Milan. He will be a father to you, will give you directions and find you work, till you can return and live more peaceably. Go to the shore of the lake, near the mouth of the Bione, a river not far from this monastery. Here you will see a boat waiting; say, 'Boat!' It will be asked you, 'For whom?' And you must reply, 'San Francesco.' The boat will receive you and carry you to the other side, where you will find a cart that will take you straight to ——."

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[1] Or in reverse, "To the pure all things are pure."

If any one asks how Father Cristoforo had so quickly at his disposal these means of transport by land and water, it will show that he does not know the influence and power of a Capuchin held in reputation as a saint.

It still remained to decide about the care of the houses. The Father received the keys, pledging himself to deliver them to whomsoever Renzo and Agnese should name. The latter, in delivering up hers, heaved a deep sigh, remembering that at that moment the house was open, that the devil had been there, and who knew what remained to be taken care of!

"Before you go," said the Father, "let us pray all together that the Lord may be with you in this your journey, and forever; and above all, that he may give you strength and a spirit of love, to enable you to desire whatever he has willed." So saying, he knelt down in the middle of the church, and they all followed his example.

After praying a few moments in silence, with a low but distinct voice he pronounced these words: — "We beseech thee also for the unhappy person who has brought us to this state. We should be unworthy of thy mercy if we did not from our hearts implore it for him; he needs it, O Lord! We, in our sorrow, have this consolation, that we are in the path where thou hast placed us; we can offer thee our griefs and they may become our gain. But he is thine enemy! Alas, wretched man, he is striving with thee! Have mercy on him, O Lord, touch his heart; reconcile him to thyself, and give him all those good things we could desire for ourselves."

Rising then in haste, he said, "Come, my children, you have no time to lose: God defend you; his angel go with you;—farewell!" And while they set off with that emotion which cannot find words, and manifests itself without them, the Father added in an agitated tone, "My heart tells me we shall meet again soon."

Certainly the heart, to those who listen to it, has always something to say on what will happen; but what did his heart know? Very little, truly, of what had already happened.

Without waiting a reply, Father Cristoforo retired with hasty steps; the travellers took their departure, and Father Fazio shut the door after them, bidding them farewell with even his voice a little faltering.

The trio slowly made their way to the shore they had been directed to; there they espied the boat, and exchanging the password, stepped in. The waterman, planting one oar on the land, pushed off; then took up the other oar, and rowing with both hands, pulled out and made towards the opposite beach. Not a breath of wind was stirring; the lake lay bright and smooth, and would have appeared motionless but for the tremulous and gentle undulation of the moonbeams, which gleamed upon it from the zenith. No sounds were heard but the muffled and slowly measured breaking of the surge upon the pebbly shore, the more distant gurgling of the troubled waters dashing among the piles of the bridge, and the even plash of the light sculls, as, rising with the sharp sound of a dripping blade, and quickly plunged again beneath, they cut the azure surface of the lake. The waves, divided by the prow, and reuniting behind the little bark, tracked out a curling line which extended itself to the shore. The silent travelers, with their faces turned backwards, gazed upon the mountains and the country, illumined by the pale light of the moon, and diversified here and there with vast shadows. They could distinguish the villages, the houses, and the little cabins: the palace of Don Rodrigo, with its square tower, rising above the group of huts at the base of the promontory, looked like a savage standing in the dark and meditating some evil deed while keeping guard over a company of reclining sleepers. Lucia saw it and shuddered; then drawing her eye along the declivity till she reached her native village, she fixed her gaze on its extremity, sought for her own cottage, traced out the thick head of the fig-tree which towered above the wall of the courtyard, discovered the window of her own room, — and being seated in the bottom of the boat, she leaned her elbow on the edge, laid her forehead on her arm as if she were sleeping, and wept in secret.

Farewell, ye mountains, rising from the waters and pointing to the heavens! ye varied summits, familiar to him who has been brought up among you, and impressed upon his mind as clearly as the countenance of his dearest friends! ye torrents, whose murmur he recognizes like the sound of the voices of home! ye villages, scattered and glistening on the declivity, like flocks of grazing sheep! Farewell! How mournful is the step of him who, brought up amidst your scenes, is compelled to leave you! Even in the imagination of one who willingly departs, attracted by the hope of making a fortune elsewhere, the dreams of wealth at this moment lose their charms; he wonders he could form such a resolution, and would even now turn back but for the hope of one day returning with a rich abundance. As he advances into the plain, his eye becomes wearied with its uniform extent; the atmosphere feels heavy and lifeless; he sadly and listlessly enters the busy cities, where houses crowded upon houses, and streets intersecting streets, seem to take away his breath; and before edifices admired by the stranger, he recalls with restless longing the fields of his own country, and the cottage he had long ago set his heart upon, and which he resolves to purchase when he returns enriched to his own mountains.

But what must he feel who has never sent a passing wish beyond these mountains, who has arranged among them all his designs for the future, and is driven far away by an adverse power! who, suddenly snatched away from his dearest habits, and thwarted in his dearest hopes, leaves these mountains to go in search of strangers whom he never desired to know, and is unable to look forward to a fixed time of return!

Farewell, native cottage — where, indulging in unconscious fancy, one learnt to distinguish from the noise of common footsteps the approach of a tread expected with mysterious timidity!

Farewell, thou cottage, — still a stranger, but so often hastily glanced at, not without a blush, in passing — in which the mind took delight to figure to itself the tranquil and lasting home of a wife! Farewell, my church, where the heart was so often soothed while chanting the praises of the Lord; where the preparatory rite of betrothal was performed; where the secret sighing of the heart was solemnly blessed, and love was inspired, and one felt a hallowing influence around. Farewell! He who imparted to you such gladness is everywhere; and he never disturbs the joy of his children but to prepare them for one more certain and durable.

Of such a nature, if not exactly these, were the reflections of Lucia; and not very dissimilar were those of the two other wanderers, while the little bark rapidly approached the right bank of the Adda.

A LATE REPENTANCE.

(From "The Betrothed.")

[In several chapters preceding the following affecting extract from Manzoni's story is described the imprisonment of Lucia Mondella, the heroine of the tale, in the lonely castle of an outlaw. The latter is a man of rank; but guilty of such a succession of murders, robberies, and other villanies, during many years, that he — in the story called only "The Unnamed" — has become a terror throughout all the country-side. A sudden repentance and remorse comes to this monster of wickedness. Hearing that the great Cardinal Federigo Borromeo of Milan is arrived in the neighborhood, he decides, in great hesitation and contrition, to visit that kindly and courageous priest.]

CARDINAL FEDERIGO was employed — according to his usual custom in every leisure interval — in study, until the hour arrived for repairing to the church for the celebration of Divine service; when the chaplain and cross-bearer entered with a disturbed and gloomy countenance.

"A strange visitor, my noble lord — strange indeed!"

"Who?" asked the Cardinal.

"No less a personage than the Signor ——," replied the chaplain; and pronouncing the syllables with a very significant tone, he uttered the name which we cannot give to our readers. He then added, "He is here outside in person, and demands nothing less than to be introduced to your illustrious Grace."

"He!" said the Cardinal with an animated look, shutting his book and rising from his seat: "let him come in! — let him come in directly!"

"But —" rejoined the chaplain, without attempting to move, "your illustrious Lordship must surely be aware who he is: that outlaw, that famous —"

"And is it not a most happy circumstance for a bishop, that such a man should feel a wish to come and seek an interview with him?"

"But —" insisted the chaplain, "we may never speak of certain things, because my lord says it is all nonsense: but when it comes to the point, I think it is a duty — Zeal makes many enemies, my lord; and we know positively that more than one ruffian has dared to boast that some day or other —"

"And what have they done?" interrupted the Cardinal.

"I say that this man is a plotter of mischief, a desperate character, who holds correspondence with the most violent desperadoes, and who may be sent —"

"Oh, what discipline is this," again interrupted Federigo, smiling, "for the soldiers to exhort their general to cowardice?" Then resuming a grave and thoughtful air, he continued: "Saint Carlo would not have deliberated whether he ought to receive such a man: he would have gone to seek him. Let him be admitted directly: he has already waited too long."

The chaplain moved towards the door, saying in his heart, "There's no remedy: these saints are all obstinate."

Having opened the door and surveyed the room where the Signor and his companions were, he saw that the latter had crowded together on one side, where they sat whispering and cautiously peeping at their visitor, while he was left alone in one corner. The chaplain advanced towards him, eying him guardedly from head to foot, and wondering what weapons he might have hidden under that great coat: thinking at the same time that really, before admitting him, he ought at least to have proposed — But he could not resolve what to do. He approached him, saying, "His Grace waits for your Lordship. Will you be good enough to come with me?" And as he preceded him through the little crowd, which instantly gave way for him, he kept casting glances on each side, which meant to say, "What could I do? don't you know yourselves that he always has his own way?"

On reaching the apartment, the chaplain opened the door and introduced the Unnamed. Federigo advanced to meet him with a happy and serene look, and his hand extended, as if to welcome an expected guest; at the same time making a sign to the chaplain to go out, which was immediately obeyed.

When thus left alone, they both stood for a moment silent and in suspense, though from widely different feelings. The Unnamed, who had as it were been forcibly carried there by an inexplicable compulsion, rather than led by a determinate intention, now stood there, also as it were by compulsion, torn by two contending feelings: on the one side, a desire and confused hope of meeting with some alleviation of his inward torment; on the other, a feeling of self-rebuked shame at having come hither, like a penitent, subdued and wretched, to confess himself guilty and to make supplication to a man: he was at a loss for words, and indeed scarcely sought for them. Raising his eyes, however, to the Archbishop's face, he became gradually filled with a feeling of veneration, authoritative and at the same time soothing; which, while it increased his confidence, gently subdued his haughtiness, and without offending his pride, compelled it to give way, and imposed silence.

The bearing of Federigo was in fact one which announced superiority, and at the same time excited love. It was naturally sedate, and almost involuntarily commanding, his figure being not in the least bowed or wasted by age; while his solemn yet sparkling eye, his open and thoughtful forehead, a kind of virginal floridness, which might be distinguished even among gray locks, paleness, and the traces of abstinence, meditation, and labor: in short, all his features indicated that they had once possessed that which is most strictly entitled beauty. The habit of serious and benevolent thought, the inward peace of a long life, the love that he felt toward his fellow-creatures, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of an ineffable hope, had now substituted the beauty (so to say) of old age, which shone forth more attractively from the magnificent simplicity of the purple.

He fixed for a moment on the countenance of the Unnamed a penetrating look, long accustomed to gather from this index what was passing in the mind; and imagining he discovered, under that dark and troubled mien, something every moment more corresponding with the hope he had conceived on the first announcement of such a visit. "Oh!" cried he, in an animated voice, "what a welcome visit is this! and how thankful I ought to be to you for taking such a step, although it may convey to me a little reproof!"

"Reproof!" exclaimed the Signor, much surprised, but soothed by his words and manner, and glad that the Cardinal had broken the ice and started some sort of conversation.

"Certainly it conveys to me a reproof," replied the Archbishop, "for allowing you to be beforehand with me when so often, and for so long a time, I might and ought to have come to you myself."

"You come to me! Do you know who I am? Did they deliver my name rightly?"

"And the happiness I feel, and which must surely be evident in my countenance, — do you think I should feel it at the announcement and visit of a stranger? It is you who make me experience it; you, I say, whom I ought to have sought; you whom I have at least loved and wept over, and for whom I have so often prayed; you among all my children — for each one I love from the bottom of my heart — whom I should most have desired to receive and embrace, if I had thought I might hope for such a thing. But God alone knows how to work wonders, and supplies the weakness and tardiness of his unworthy servants."

The Unnamed stood astonished at this warm reception, in language which corresponded so exactly with that which he had not yet expressed, nor indeed had fully determined to express; and, affected but exceedingly surprised, he remained silent. "Well!" resumed Federigo still more affectionately, "you have good news to tell me; and you keep me so long expecting it?"

"Good news! I have hell in my heart; and can I tell you any good tidings? Tell me, if you know, what good news you can expect from such as I am?"

"That God has touched your heart and would make you his own," replied the Cardinal calmly.

"God! God! God! If I could see him! If I could hear him! Where is this God?"

"Do *you* ask this? you? And who has him nearer than you? Do you not feel him in your heart, overcoming, agitating you, never leaving you at ease, and at the same time drawing you forward, presenting to your view a hope of tranquillity and consolation, a consolation which shall be full and boundless, as soon as you recognize him, acknowledge and implore him?"

"Oh, surely! there is something within that oppresses, that consumes me! But God! If this be God, if he be such as they say, what do you suppose he can do with me?"

These words were uttered with an accent of despair; but Federigo, with a solemn tone as of calm inspiration, replied: — "What can God do with you? What would he wish to make of you? A token of his power and goodness: he would acquire through you a glory such as others could not give him. The world has long cried out against you; hundreds and thousands of voices have declared their detestation of your deeds." (The Unnamed shuddered, and felt for a moment surprised at hearing such unusual language addressed to him and still more surprised that he felt no anger, but rather almost a relief.) "What glory," pursued Federigo, "will thus redound to God! *They* may be voices of alarm, of self-interest; of justice, perhaps — a justice so easy! so natural! Some perhaps — yea, too many — may be voices of envy of your wretched power; of your hitherto deplorable security of heart. But when you yourself rise up to condemn your past life, to become your own accuser, — then, then indeed, God will be glorified! And you ask what God can do with you. Who am I, a poor mortal, that I can tell you what use such a Being may choose henceforth to make of you? how he can employ your impetuous will, your unwavering perseverance, when he shall have animated and invigorated them with love, with hope, with repentance? Who are you, weak man, that you should imagine yourself capable of devising and executing greater deeds of evil, than God can make you will and accomplish in the cause of good? What can God do with you? Pardon you! save you! finish in you the work of redemption! Are not these things noble and worthy of him? Oh, just think! if I, a humble and feeble creature, so worthless and full of myself — I, such as I am, long so ardently for your salvation, that for its sake I would joyfully give (and he is my witness!) the few days that still remain to me, — oh, think what and how great must be the love of Him who inspires me with this imperfect but ardent affection; how must He love you, what must He desire for you, who has bid and enabled me to regard you with a charity that consumes me!"

While these words fell from his lips, his face, his expression, his whole manner, evinced his deep feeling of what he uttered. The countenance of his auditor changed from a wild and convulsive look, first to astonishment and attention, and then gradually yielded to deeper and less painful emotions; his eyes which from infancy had been unaccustomed to weep, became suffused; and when the words ceased, he covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears. It was the only and most evident reply.

"Great and good God!" exclaimed Federigo, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, "what have I ever done, an unprofitable servant, an idle shepherd, that thou shouldst call me to this banquet of grace! that thou shouldst make me worthy of being an instrument in so joyful a miracle!" So saying, he extended his hand to take that of the Unnamed.

"No!" cried the penitent nobleman; "no! keep away from me: defile not that innocent and beneficent hand. You don't know all that the one you would grasp has committed."

"Suffer me," said Federigo, taking it with affectionate violence, "suffer me to press the hand which will repair so many wrongs, dispense so many benefits, comfort so many afflicted, and be extended — disarmed, peacefully, and humbly — to so many enemies."

"It is too much!" said the Unnamed sobbing: "leave me, my lord; good Federigo, leave me! A crowded assembly awaits you; so many good people, so many innocent creatures, so many come from a distance, to see you for once, to hear you: and you are staying to talk — with whom!"

"We will leave the ninety-and-nine sheep," replied the Cardinal: "they are in safety upon the mountain; I wish to remain with that which was lost. Their minds are perhaps now more satisfied than if they were seeing their poor bishop. Perhaps God, who has wrought in you this miracle of mercy, is diffusing in their hearts a joy of which they know not yet the reason. These people are perhaps united to us without being aware of it; perchance the Spirit may be instilling into their hearts an undefined feeling of charity, a petition which he will grant for you, an offering of gratitude of which you are as yet the unknown object." So saying, he threw his arms around the neck of the Unnamed; who, after attempting to disengage himself, and making a momentary resistance, yielded, completely overcome by this vehement expression of affection, embraced the cardinal in his turn, and buried in his shoulder his trembling and altered face. His burning tears dropped upon the stainless purple of Federigo, while the guiltless hands of the holy bishop affectionately pressed those members, and touched that garment, which had been accustomed to hold the weapons of violence and treachery.

Disengaging himself at length from this embrace, the Unnamed again covered his eyes with his hands, and raising his face to heaven, exclaimed: — "God is indeed great! God is indeed good! I know myself now, now I understand what I am; my sins are present before me, and I shudder at the thought of myself; yet! — yet I feel an alleviation, a joy — yes, even a joy, such as I have never before known during the whole of my horrible life!"

"It is a little taste," said Federigo, "which God gives you, to incline you to his service, and encourage you resolutely to enter upon the new course of life which lies before you, and in which you will have so much to undo, so much to repair, so much to mourn over!"

"Unhappy man that I am!" exclaimed the Signor: "how many, oh, how many — things for which I can do nothing besides mourn! But at least I have undertakings scarcely set on foot which I can break off in the midst, if nothing more: one there is which I can quickly arrest, which I can easily undo and repair."

Federigo listened attentively while the Unnamed briefly related, in terms of perhaps deeper execration than we have employed, his attempt upon Lucia, the sufferings and terrors of the unhappy girl, her importunate entreaties, the frenzy that these entreaties had aroused within him, and how she was still in the castle.

"Ah, then let us lose no time!" exclaimed Federigo, breathless with eagerness and compassion. "You are indeed blessed! This is an earnest of God's forgiveness! He makes you capable of becoming the instrument of safety to one whom you intended to ruin. God bless you! Nay, he has blessed you! Do you know where our unhappy protégée comes from?"

The Signor named Lucia's village.

"It 's not far from this," said the Cardinal, "God be praised; and probably — " so saying, he went towards a little table and rang a bell. The cross-bearing chaplain immediately attended the summons with a look of anxiety, and instantly glanced towards the Unnamed. At the sight of his altered countenance, and his eyes still red with weeping, he turned an inquiring gaze upon the Cardinal; and perceiving, amidst the invariable composure of his countenance, a look of solemn pleasure and unusual solicitude, he would have stood with open mouth in a sort of ecstasy, had not the Cardinal quickly aroused him from his contemplations by asking whether, among the parish priests assembled in the next room, there was one from ——

"There is, your illustrious Grace," replied the chaplain.

"Let him come in directly," said Federigo, "and with him the priest of this parish."

The chaplain quitted the room, and on entering the hall where the clergy were assembled, all eyes were immediately turned upon him; while, with a look of blank astonishment, and a countenance in which was still depicted the rapture he had felt, he lifted up his hands, and waving them in the air, exclaimed, "Signori! Signori! *Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi*" [This change is from the right hand of the Almighty]. And he stood for a moment without uttering another word.

An Episode of the Plague in Milan.

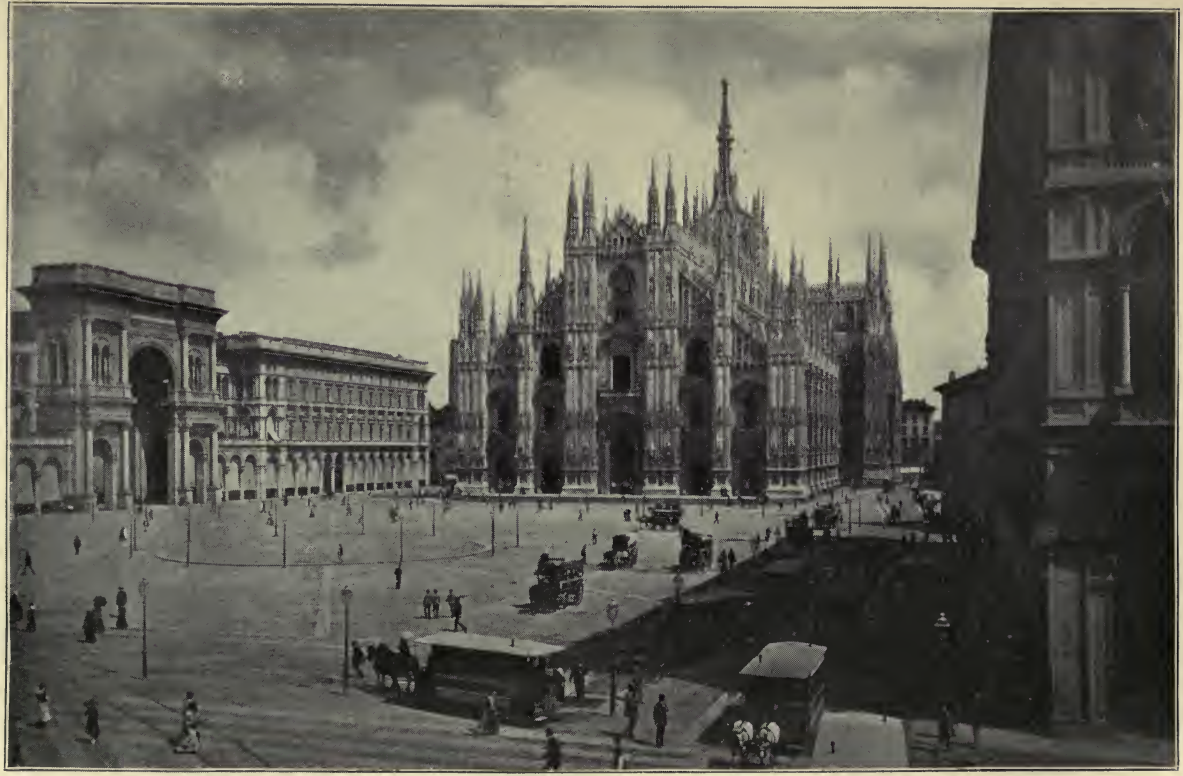
(From "The Betrothed.")

[The hero of the novel, young Renzo Tramaglino, enters Milan on foot, seeking his lost betrothed, Lucia Mondella. Among the scenes of suffering and horror which continually meet his eyes is the following.]

Renzo had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle: and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here, — *monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction; many with another still more odious, — plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows, "Here, *monatti!*" And with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply, "Coming directly!" Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them: his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity, — such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.



PIAZZA OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still remaining though somewhat advanced youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed but not destroyed beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering and a fatal languor, — that delicate and at the same time majestic beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful and profound in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not merely her own appearance which in the midst of so much misery marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished — in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep; — her mother; for even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which could still display any emotion would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms; with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No! don't take her from me yet: I must place her myself on this cart — here." So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then, zealously and almost obsequiously, — rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, — hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure while linen cloth, and pronounced these parting words: — "Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we too will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then, turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too; and not me only."

So saying, she re-entered the house, and after an instant appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem falls together with the bud still infolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to thyself, her and that little infant one: they have suffered enough! surely, they have suffered enough!"

MARGARET OF ANGOULÊME.

Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre; born at Angoulême, France, in April, 1492; died in Bigorre, France, in 1549. She was brought up at the Court of Louis XII. She married Charles IV., last Duke of Alençon, in 1509, who died soon after the battle of Pavia, in 1525. In 1527 she became the wife of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and her daughter was the mother of Henri IV. She read her Bible in French, and then wrote some mystery-plays on New Testament scenes, which were enacted in her Court. She also wrote a book on divinity, called "Le Miroir de Âl'me Pécheresse" (1533). She wrote "l'Heptaméron" (1558), a story on the plan of Boccaccio's "Decameron" and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." She also wrote "Jehan de Saintré."

From the "Heptameron."

I.

A little company of five ladies and five noble gentlemen have been interrupted in their travels by heavy rains and great floods, and find themselves together in a hospitable abbey. They while away the time as best they can, and the second day Parlemente says to the old Lady Oisille, "Madame, I wonder that you who have so much experience . . . do not think of some pastime to sweeten the gloom that our long delay here causes us." The other ladies echo her wishes, and all the gentlemen agree with them, and beg the Lady Oisille to be pleased to direct how they shall amuse themselves. She answers them: —

"My children, you ask of me something that I find very difficult, — to teach you a pastime that can deliver you from your sadness; for having sought some such remedy all my life I have never found but one — the reading of Holy Writ; in which is found the true and perfect joy of the mind, from which proceed the comfort and health of the body. And if you ask me what keeps me so joyous and so healthy in my old age, it is that as soon as I rise I take and read the Holy Scriptures, seeing and contemplating the will of God, who for our sakes sent his Son on earth to announce this holy word and good news, by which he promises remission of sins, satisfaction for all duties by the gift he makes us of his love, Passion, and merits. This consideration gives me so much joy that I take my Psalter and as humbly as I can I sing with my heart and pronounce with my tongue the beautiful psalms and canticles that the Holy Spirit wrote in the heart of David and of other authors. And this contentment that I have in them does me so much good that the ills that every day may happen to me seem to me to be blessings, seeing that I have in my heart, by faith, Him who has borne them for me. Likewise, before supper, I retire, to pasture my soul in reading; and then, in the evening, I call to mind what I have done in the past day, in order to ask pardon for my faults, and to thank Him for his kindnesses, and in His love, fear, and peace I repose, assured against all ills. Wherefore, my children, this is the pastime in which I have long stayed my steps, after having searched all things, where I found no content for my spirit. It seems to me that if every morning you will give an hour to reading, and then, during mass, devoutly say your prayers, you will find in this desert the same beauty as in cities; for he who knows God, sees all beautiful things in him, and without him all is ugliness."

Her nine companions are not quite of this pious mind, and pray her to remember that when they are at home the men have hunting and hawking, and the ladies have their household affairs and needlework, and sometimes dancing; and that they need something to take the place of all these things. At last it is decided that in the morning the Lady Oisille should read to them of the life led by Our Lord Jesus Christ; and in the afternoon, from after dinner to vespers, they should tell tales like those of Boccaccio.

II.

One of the tales opens thus: —

"In the city of Saragossa there was a rich merchant who, seeing his death draw nigh, and that he could no longer retain his possessions, which perhaps he had acquired with bad faith, thought that by making some little present to God he might satisfy in part for his sins, after his death, — as if God gave his grace for money."

So he ordered his wife to sell a fine Spanish horse he had, as soon as he was gone, and give its price to the poor. But when the burial was over, the wife, "who was as little of a simpleton as Spanish women are wont to be," told her man-servant to sell the horse indeed, but to sell him for a ducat, while the purchaser must at the same time buy her cat, and for the cat must be paid ninety-nine ducats. So said, so done; and the Mendicant Friars received one ducat, and she and her children ninety-and-nine.

"In your opinion," asks Namerfide in conclusion, "was not this woman much wiser than her husband? and should she have cared as much for his conscience as for the good of her household?" — "I think," said Parlamente, "that she loved her husband well, but seeing that most men are not of sound mind on their death-beds, she, who knew his intention, chose to interpret it for the profit of his children, which I think very wise." — "But," said Gebaron, "don't you think it a great fault to fail to carry out the wills of dead friends?" — "Indeed I do," said Parlamente, "provided the testator is of good sense and of sound mind." — "Do you call it not being of sound mind to give our goods to the Church and the Mendicant Friars?" — "I don't call it wanting in sound-mindedness," said Parlamente, "when a man distributes among the poor what God has put in his power; but to give alms with what belongs to others I do not consider high wisdom, for you will see constantly the greatest usurers there are, build the most beautiful and sumptuous chapels that can be seen, wishing to appease God for a hundred thousand ducats' worth of robbery by ten thousand ducats' worth of buildings, as if God did not know how to count."

"Truly I have often marvelled at this," said Oisille; "how do they think to appease God by the things that he himself, when on earth, reprobated, such as great buildings, gildings, decorations, and paintings? But, if they rightly understood what God has said in one passage, that for all sacrifice he asks of us a contrite and humble heart, and in another St. Paul says we are the temple of God in which he desires to dwell, they would have taken pains to adorn their consciences while they were alive; not waiting for the hour when a man can no longer do either well or ill, and even what is worse, burdening those who survive them with giving their alms to those they would not have deigned to look at while they were alive. But He who knows the heart cannot be deceived, and will judge them, not only according to their works, but according to the faith and charity they have had in Him." — "Why is it, then," said Gebaron, "that these Gray Friars and Mendicant Friars sing no other song to us on our death-beds save that we should give much wealth to their monasteries, assuring us that that will carry us to Paradise, willy-nilly?" — "Ah! Gebaron," said Hircan, "have you forgotten the wickedness that you yourself have related to us of the Gray Friars, that you ask how it is possible for such people to lie? I declare to you that I do not think that there can be in the world greater lies than theirs. And yet those men cannot be blamed who speak for the good of the whole community, but there are those who forget their vow of poverty to satisfy their avarice." — "It seems to me, Hircan," said Nomerfide, "that you know something about such a one; I pray you, if it be worthy of this company, that you will be pleased to tell it to us." — "I am willing," said Hircan, "although I dislike to speak of this sort of people, for it seems to me that they are of the same kind as those of whom Virgil said to Dante, 'Pass on, and heed them not' ('Passe oultre et n'en tiens compte')."

III.

The following conversation contains the comments on a tale told of the virtuous young wife of an unfaithful husband, who by dint of patience and discretion regained his affection; so that "they lived together in such great friendship that even his just faults by the good they had brought about increased their contentment."

"I beg you, ladies," continues the narrator, "if God give you such husbands, not to despair till you have long tried every means to reclaim them; for there are twenty-four hours in a day in which a man may change his way of thinking, and a woman should deem herself happier to have won her husband by patience and long effort than if fortune and her parents had given her a more perfect one." — "Yes," said Oisille, "this is an example for all married women." — "Let her follow this example who will," said Parlamente: "but as for me, it would not be possible for me to have such long patience; for, however true it may be that in all estates patience is a fine virtue, it's my opinion that in marriage it brings about at last unfriendliness; because, suffering unkindness from a fellow-being, one is forced to separate from him as far as possible, and from this separation arises a contempt for the fault of the disloyal one, and in this contempt little by little love diminishes; for it is what is valued that is loved." — "But there is danger," said Ennarsuite, "that the impatient wife may find a furious husband, who would give her pain in lieu of patience." — "But what could a husband do," said Parlamente, "save what has been recounted in this story?" — "What could be do?" said Ennarsuite: "he could beat his wife." . . .

"I think," said Parlamente, "that a good woman would not be so grieved in being beaten out of anger, as in being contemptuously treated by a man who does not care for her, and after having endured the suffering of the loss of his friendship, nothing the husband might do would cause her much concern. And besides, the story says that the trouble she took to draw him back to her was because of her love for her children, and I believe it." — "And do you think it was so very patient of her," said Nomerfide, "to set fire to the bed in which her husband was sleeping?" — "Yes," said Longarine, "for when she saw the smoke she awoke him; and that was just the thing where she was most in fault, for of such husbands as those the ashes are good to make lye for the washtub." — "You are cruel, Longarine," said Oisille, "and you did not live in such fashion with your husband." — "No," said Longarine, "for, God be thanked, he never gave me such occasion, but reason to regret him all my life, instead of to complain of him." — "And if he had treated you in this way," said Nomerfide, "what would you have done?" — "I loved him so much," said Longarine, "that I think I should have killed him and then killed myself; for to die after such vengeance would be pleasanter to me than to live faithfully with a faithless husband."

"As far as I see," said Hircan, "you love your husbands only for yourselves. If they are good after your own heart, you love them well; if they commit towards you the least fault in the world, they have lost their week's work by a Saturday. The long and the short is that you want to be mistresses; for my part I am of your mind, provided all the husbands also agree to it." — "It is reasonable," said Parlamente, "that the man rule us as our head, but not that he desert us or ill-treat us." — "God," said Oisille, "has set in such due order the man and the woman that if the marriage estate is not abused, I hold it to be one of the most beautiful and stable conditions in the world; and I am sure that all those here present, whatever air they assume, think no less highly of it. And forasmuch as men say they are wiser than women, they should be more sharply punished when the fault is on their side. But we have talked enough on this subject."

IV.

"It seems to me, since the passage from one life to another is inevitable, that the shortest death is the best. I consider fortunate those who do not dwell in the suburbs of death, and who from that felicity which alone in this world can be called felicity pass suddenly to that which is eternal." — "What do you call the suburbs of death?" said Simortault. — "I mean that those who have many tribulations, and those also who have long been sick, those who by extremity of bodily or mental pain, have come to hold death in contempt and to find its hour too tardy, — all these have wandered in the suburbs of death, and will tell you the hostelries where they have more wept than slept."

V.

"Do you count as nothing the shame she underwent, and her imprisonment?"

"I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished; for the glory of true loves knows not shame: and as to the imprisonment of her body, I believe that through the freedom of her heart, which was united with God and with her husband, she did not feel it, but considered its solitude very great liberty; for to one who cannot see the beloved, there is no greater good than to think incessantly of him, and the prison is never narrow where the thought can range at will."

VI.

"In good faith I am astonished at the diversity in the nature of women's love: and I see clearly that those who have most love have most virtue; but those who have less love, dissimulate, wishing to feign virtue."

"It is true," said Parlamente, "that a heart pure towards God and man, loves more strongly than one that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known."

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Marlowe, Christopher, an English dramatist; baptized at Canterbury, February 26, 1564; killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford, June 1, 1593. He was the son of a shoemaker, and entered Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he became Bachelor of Arts in 1583, and Master in 1587. His first tragedy, "Tamburlaine," was produced in 1586. This was soon followed by the powerful dramas, "Doctor Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," "The Massacre of Paris," and "Edward II." He was esteemed a worthy rival of Shakespeare, and it is more than probable that he had some share in the production of the Second and Third parts of Shakespeare's "Henry VI."

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply.[1]

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

From "Tamburlaine."

Alarms of battle within. Enter Cosroe, *wounded, and* Tamburlaine.

Cosroe. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,

---

[1] Some attribute this poem to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. —
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!
TAMBURLAINE. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all, —
That perfect bliss and sole delicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

FROM "TAMBURLAINE."

AH, fair Zenocrate! — divine Zenocrate! —
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes that, when Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.

There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Then all my army to Damascus's walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest riches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.

From "Tamburlaine."

Tamburlaine. But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war:

I 'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armor thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men:
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat,
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I' ll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fencèd with the concave of monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

CALYPHAS. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done:
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

TAMBURLAINE. Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike

A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hand
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood, —
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
And with his horse marched round about the earth
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood, —
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.
[*He cuts his arm.*
A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamellèd,
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down clothed with a massy robe,
That late adorned the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus's walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

CALYPHAS. I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.

CELEBINUS. 'Tis nothing: give me a wound, father.

AMYRAS. And me another, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

CELEBINUS. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

TAMBURLAINE. It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound:
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa-walls,

My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!

INVOCATION TO HELEN.

(From "Doctor Faustus.")

FAUSTUS. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies! —
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour. . . . .

Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul! — half a drop; ah, my Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 't is gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 't will all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!
Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras's metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

Enter Devils.

My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I 'll burn my books! — Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

FROM "EDWARD THE SECOND."

KING EDWARD. Who 's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
LIGHTBORN. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
KING EDWARD. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
LIGHTBORN. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The Queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
KING EDWARD. Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me:
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis's, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
LIGHTBORN. O villains!
KING EDWARD. And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king:
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

LIGHTBORN. Oh, speak no more, my lord! This breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

KING EDWARD. These looks of thine can harbor naught but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay: awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes;
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHTBORN. What means your Highness to mistrust me thus?

KING EDWARD. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

LIGHTBORN. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

KING EDWARD. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king — oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?

LIGHTBORN. You 're overwatched, my lord: lie down and rest.

KING EDWARD. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

LIGHTBORN. If you mistrust me, I 'll begone, my lord.

KING EDWARD. No, no: for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*

LIGHTBORN. He sleeps.

KING EDWARD [*waking*]. Oh, let me not die yet! Oh, stay a while!

LIGHTBORN. How now, my lord?
KING EDWARD. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, Wherefore art thou come?
LIGHTBORN. To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis, come!

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

KING EDWARD. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
LIGHTBORN. Run for the table.
KING EDWARD. Oh, spare me, or despatch me in a trice.

[MATREVIS *brings in a table.*]

LIGHTBORN. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[KING EDWARD *is murdered.*]

MATREVIS. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.
LIGHTBORN. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
GURNEY. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[GURNEY *stabs* LIGHTBORN, *who dies.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the King's to Mortimer our lord!
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

FROM "THE JEW OF MALTA."

BARABAS. So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 't is to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,

Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labor so,
And for a pound so sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room. . . .

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation;
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith. . . .
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christian kings,
That thirst so much for principality.

CLÉMENT MAROT.

Marot, Clément, a famous French poet; born at Cahors, 1497; died at Turin, 1544. He was easily the first French poet of his age, noted for literary vivacity, facility, and grace. His works consist of elegies, epistles, ballads, songs, epigrams, epitaphs, and complaints. Among his works were "The Temple of Cupid" (1515), and "Hell" (1526). Among his ballads that of "Brother Thibaud" is the best. He also translated the first eclogue of the "Bucolics of Virgil," "Ovid's Metamorphoses," "The History of Leander and Hero," and some sonnets and the "Visions of Petrarch." His last works were "Oraisons" and "Little Christian Devis."

From an "Elegy."

Thy lofty place, thy gentle heart,
Thy wisdom true in every part,
Thy gracious mien, thy noble air,
Thy singing sweet, and speech so fair,
Thy robe that does so well conform
To the nature of thy lovely form:
In short, these gifts and charms whose grace
Invests thy soul and thee embrace,
Are not what has constrainèd me
To give my heart's true love to thee.
'T was thy sweet smile which me perturbed,
And from thy lips a gracious word
Which from afar made me to see
Thou 'd not refuse to hear my plea.

. . . . .

Come, let us make one heart of two!
Better work we cannot do;
For 't is plain our starry guides,
The accord of our lives besides,
Bid this be done. For of us each
Is like the other in thought and speech:
We both love men of courtesy,
We both love honor and purity,

We both love never to speak evil,
We both love pleasant talk that 's civil,
We both love being in those places
Where rarely venture saddened faces,
We both love merry music's measure,
We both in books find frequent pleasure.
What more is there ? Just this to sing
I 'll dare: in almost everything
Alike we are, save hearts ; — for thine
Is much more hard, alas ! than mine.
Beseech thee now this rock demolish,
Yet not thy sweeter parts abolish.

To the Queen of Navarre.

MOURN for the dead, let who will for them mourn ; —
But while I live, my heart is most forlorn
For those whose night of sorrow sees no dawn
On this earth.

O Flower of France whom at the first I served,
Those thou hast freed from pain that them unnerved
Have given pain to thee, ah ! undeserved,
I 'll attest.

Of ingrates thou hast sadly made full test;
But since I left thee (bound by stern behest), —
Not leaving thee, — full humbly I 've addrest
A princess.

Who has a heart that does not sorrow less
Than thine. Ah God! shall I ne'er know mistress,
Before I die, whose eye on sad distress
Is not bent?

Is not my Muse as fit and apt to invent
A song of peace that would bring full content
As chant the bitterness of this torment
Exceeding ?

Ah ! listen, Margaret, to the suffering
That in the heart of Renée plants its sting;
Then, sister-like, than hope more comforting,
Console her. . . .

J. Lith. de Delpech.

Marguerite de Navarre.

Marguerite

From a Letter to the King; after being Robbed.

I had of late a Gascon serving-man:
A monstrous liar, glutton, drunkard, both,
A trickster, thief, and every word an oath,—
The rope almost around his neck, you see,—
But otherwise the best of fellows he.

This very estimable youngster knew
Of certain money given me by you:
A mighty swelling in my purse he spied;
Rose earlier than usual, and hied
To take it deftly, giving no alarm,
And tucked it snugly underneath his arm,—
Money and all, of course,—and it is plain
'T was not to give it back to me again,
For never have I seen it, to this day.

But still the rascal would not run away
For such a trifling bagatelle as that,
So also took cloak, trousers, cape, and hat,—
In short, of all my clothes the very best,—
And then himself so finely in them dressed
That to behold him, e'en by light of day,
It was his master surely, you would say.

He left my chamber finally, and flew
Straight to the stable, where were horses two;
Left me the worst, and mounted on the best,
His charger spurred, and bolted; for the rest,
You may be sure that nothing he omitted,
Save bidding me good-by, before he quitted.

So—ticklish round the throat, to say the truth,
But looking like St. George—this hopeful youth
Rode off, and left his master sleeping sound,
Who waking, not a blessed penny found.
This master was myself,—the very one,—
And quite dumbfounded to be thus undone;
To find myself without a decent suit,
And vexed enough to lose my horse, to boot.
But for the money you had given me,
The losing it ought no surprise to be;
For, as your gracious Highness understands,
Your money, Sire, is ever changing hands.

MASTER ABBOT AND HIS SERVANT-MAN.

THE Abbot's man and he, the man of God,
In silly laughs and moistening of the clod
Seem as each were the other one's twin brother —
In short, two peas resembling one another.
And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.
You wonder what it could have been about?
With a deep sigh the pious prior said:
"At night put the big wine-jug near my bed,
I fear I should expire were I left dry."
To which fat flunky dared to make reply:
"And you want me to lie all night bereft
Of balmy sleep? You know I get what 's left
In that big jug. I 'm loath to see you die;
But yet — expire. For lose my sleep not I."

PREPARATION FOR MATINS.

A BIG fat prior stretched and kicked his toes,
And with his grandson dallied as he rose;
The broad, bright daylight through the window streamed,
And, pricked upon the spit, a partridge steamed.
When rising up, the worthy prelate spat,
To clear his throat, across the floor, and sat
Upon the bed's edge trumping till his nose
Had roused the cloistered echoes with its blows.
Which being done, and hunching by the spit,
He smacked with unction, gave a twist to it,
And but that now and then his fists he licked,
Without more fooling off the meat he picked,
Sweet, sizzling, crisp — no condiment but salt;
A prior he of learning ne'er at fault —
Then put himself outside a jug of wine —
And worse wine might be found in France or Flanders —
And finally, like a devout divine,
In this guise to the throne of grace meanders,
"O Lord! don't leave thy servant in the lurch,
One has a hard time serving Holy Church."

AT CUPID'S SHRINE.

ON Cupid's brow for crown was set
Of roses a fair chapelet,
That which within her garden green
Were gathered by Love's gracious queen,

And by her to her infant dear
Sent in the springtime of the year.
These he with right good-will did don;
And to his mother thereupon
A chariot gave, in triumph led
By turtles twelve all harnessèd.
Before the altar saw I blooming fair
Two cypresses embalm'd with odors rare.
And these, quoth they, are pillars that do bide
To stay this altar, famèd far and wide.
And then a thousand birds upon the wing
Amid those curtains green came fluttering,
Ready to sing their little songs divine.
And so I ask'd, why came they to that shrine?
And these, they said, are matins, friend, which they
In honor of Love's queen are come to say.

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

TORCHES quench'd or flaming high,
That all loving pilgrims bear
Before the saints that list their prayer,
Are posies made of rosemary.
      Many a linnet and canary,
And many a gay nightingale,
Amid the green-wood's leafy shroud,
Instead of desks on branches smale,
For verse, response and 'pistle loud,
Sit shrilling of their merry song.
      The windows were of crystal clear,
On which old guests depeinten are,
Of such as with true hearts did hold
The laws by Love ordain'd of old.

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

Marryat, Frederick, an English naval officer and novelist, born in London, July 10, 1792; died at Langham, Norfolk, August 9, 1848. At the age of fourteen he entered the navy. During his service he was present at more than fifty engagements, received rapid promotion, and in 1818 was awarded the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen" rescues. In the Burmese War of 1824–25 he commanded the "Larne." When, in 1830, he retired from the navy, he was a Companion of the Bath, an officer of the League of Honor, and a member of other honorable orders. His first novel, "Frank Mildmay," was published in 1829, his second, "The King's Own," in 1830. His subsequent works were "Newton Forster" (1832); "The Pacha of Many Tales" and "The Pirate and the Three Cutters" (1835); "Mr. Midshipman Easy" and "Japhet in Search of a Father" (1836); "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful" (1834); "Snarleyyow" (1837); "The Phantom Ship" (1839); "Olla Podrida" and "Poor Jack" (1840); "Masterman Ready" and "Joseph Rustbrook, or The Poacher" (1841); "Percival Keene" (1842); "Monsieur Violet" (1843); "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Privateersman" (1846); "The Mission, or Scenes in Africa" (1845); "The Children of the New Forest" and "The Little Savage" (1848–49); and "Valerie," completed by another hand (1849). He also visited America, and in 1839 published his impressions and opinions in "A Diary in America, with Remarks on Its Institutions."

An Episode of the Sea.

(From "Peter Simple.")

We had not been more than a week under the Danish island of St. Thomas when we discovered a brig close in-shore. We made all sail in chase, and soon came within a mile and a half of the shore, when she anchored under a battery, which opened its fire upon us. Their elevation was too great, and several shots passed over us and between our masts.

"I once met with a very remarkable circumstance," observed Captain Kearney. "Three guns were fired at a frigate I was

F. Marryat

on board of from a battery, all at the same time. The three shots cut away the three topsail ties, and down came all our topsail yards upon the cap at the same time. That the Frenchmen might not suppose that they had taken such good aim, we turned up our hands to reef topsails; and by the time that the men were off the yards the ties were spliced and the topsails run up again."

Mr. Phillott could not stand this most enormous fib, and he replied, "Very odd, indeed, Captain Kearney; but I have known a stranger circumstance. We had put in the powder to the four guns on the main deck when we were fighting the Danish gun-boats in a frigate I was in, and, as the men withdrew the rammer, a shot from the enemy entered the muzzle, and completed the loading of each gun. We fired their own shot back upon them, and this occurred three times running."

"Upon my word," replied Captain Kearney, who had his glass upon the battery, "I think you must have dreamt that circumstance, Mr. Phillott."

"Not more than you did about the topsail ties, Captain Kearney."

Captain Kearney at that time had the long glass in his hand, holding it over his shoulder. A shot from the battery whizzed over his head, and took the glass out of his hand, shivering it to pieces. "That 's once," said Captain Kearney, very coolly; "but will you pretend that that could ever happen three times running? They might take my head off, or my arm, next time, but not another glass; whereas the topsail ties might be cut by three different shot. But give me another glass, Mr. Simple: I am certain that this vessel is a privateer. What think you, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I am every bit of your opinion, Captain Kearney," replied O'Brien; "and I think it would be a very pretty bit of practice to the ship's company to take her out from under that footy battery."

"Starboard the helm, Mr. Phillott; keep away four points, and then we will think of it to-night."

The frigate was now kept away, and ran out of the fire of the battery. It was then about an hour before sunset, and in the West Indies the sun does not set as it does in the northern latitudes. There is no twilight: he descends in glory, surrounded with clouds of gold and rubies in their gorgeous tints; and once below the horizon, all is dark. As soon as it was dark, we hauled our wind off shore; and a consultation being held between the captain, Mr. Phillott, and O'Brien, the captain at last decided that the attempt should be made. Indeed, although cutting-out is a very serious affair, as you combat under every disadvantage, still the mischief done to our trade by the fast-sailing privateers was so great in the West Indies, that almost every sacrifice was warrantable for the interests of the country. Still, Captain Kearney, although a brave and prudent officer — one who calculated chances, and who would not risk his men without he deemed that necessity imperiously demanded that such should be done — was averse to this attack, from his knowledge of the bay in which the brig was anchored; and although Mr. Phillott and O'Brien both were of opinion that it should be a night attack, Captain Kearney decided otherwise. He considered, that although the risk might be greater, yet the force employed would be more consolidated, and that those who would hold back in the night dare not do so during the day. Moreover, that the people on shore in the battery, as well as those in the privateer, would be on the alert all night, and not expecting an attack during the day, would be taken off their guard. It was therefore directed that everything should be in preparation during the night, and that the boats should shove off before daylight, and row in-shore, concealing themselves behind some rocks under the cliffs which formed the cape upon one side of the harbor; and, if not discovered, remain there till noon, at which time it was probable that the privateer's men would be on shore, and the vessel might be captured without difficulty.

It is always a scene of much interest on board a man-of-war when preparations are made for an expedition of this description; and, as the reader may not have been witness to them, it may perhaps be interesting to describe them. The boats of men-of-war have generally two crews; the common boats' crews, which are selected so as not to take away the most useful men from the ship; and the service or fighting boats' crews, which are selected from the very best men on board. The coxswains of the boats are the most trustworthy men in the ship, and, on this occasion, have to see that their boats are properly equipped. The launch, yawl, first and second cutters were the boats appointed for the expedition. They all carried guns mounted upon slides, which ran fore and aft between the men. After the boats were hoisted out, the guns were lowered down into them and shipped in the bows of the boats. The arm-chests were next handed in, which contain the cartridges and ammunition. The shot were put into the bottom of the boats; and so far they were all ready. The oars of the boats were fitted to pull with grummets upon iron thole-pins, that they might make little noise, and might swing fore and aft without falling overboard when the boats pulled alongside the privateer. A breaker or two (that is, small casks holding about seven gallons each) of water was put into each boat, and also the men's allowance of spirits, in case they should be detained by any unforeseen circumstances. The men belonging to the boats were fully employed in looking after their arms; some fitting their flints to their pistols, others, and the major part of them, sharpening their cutlasses at the grindstone, or with a file borrowed from the armorer, — all were busy and all merry. The very idea of going into action is a source of joy to an English sailor, and more jokes are made, more merriment excited,at that time than at any other. Then, as it often happens that one or two of the service boats' crew may be on the sick list, urgent solicitations are made by others that they may supply their places. The only parties who appear at all grave are those who are to remain in the frigate, and not share in the expedition. There is no occasion to order the boats to be manned, for the men are generally in long before they are piped away. Indeed, one would think that it was a party of pleasure, instead of danger and of death, upon which they were about to proceed.

Captain Kearney selected the officers who were to have the charge of the boats. He would not trust any of the midshipmen on so dangerous a service. He said that he had known so many occasions in which their rashness and foolhardiness had spoilt an expedition; he therefore appointed Mr. Phillott, the first lieutenant, to the launch; O'Brien to the yawl; the master to the first, and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, to the second cutter. Mr. Chucks was much pleased with the idea of having the command of a boat, and asked me to come with him, to which I consented, although I had intended, as usual, to have gone with O'Brien.

About an hour before daylight we ran the frigate to within a mile and a half of the shore, and the boats shoved off; the frigate wore round, and stood out in the offing, that she might at daylight be at such a distance as not to excite any suspicion that our boats were sent away, while we in the boats pulled quietly in-shore. We were not a quarter of an hour before we arrived at the cape forming one side of the bay, and were well secreted among the cluster of rocks which were underneath. Our oars were laid in; the boats' painters made fast; and orders given for the strictest silence. The rocks were very high, and the boats were not to be seen without any one should come to the edge of the precipice; and even then they would, in all probability, have been supposed to have been rocks. The water was smooth as glass, and when it was broad daylight, the men hung listlessly over the sides of the boats, looking at the corals below, and watching the fish as they glided between.

"I can't say, Mr. Simple," said Mr. Chucks to me in an undertone, "that I think well of this expedition; and I have an idea that some of us will lose the number of our mess. After a calm comes a storm; and how quiet is everything now! But I'll take off my great coat, for the sun is hot already. Coxswain, give me my jacket."

Mr. Chucks had put on his great coat, but not his jacket underneath, which he had left on one of the guns on the main deck, all ready to change as soon as the heavy dew had gone off. The coxswain handed him the jacket, and Mr. Chucks threw off his great coat to put it on; but when it was opened it proved, that by mistake he had taken away the jacket, surmounted by two small epaulettes, belonging to Captain Kearney, which the captain's steward, who had taken it out to brush, had also laid upon the same gun.

"By all the nobility of England!" cried Mr. Chucks, "I have taken away the captain's jacket by mistake. Here's a pretty mess! if I put on my great coat I shall be dead with sweating; if I put on no jacket I shall be roasted brown; but if I put on the captain's jacket I shall be considered disrespectful."

The men in the boats tittered; and Mr. Phillott, who was in the launch next to us, turned round to see what was the matter; O'Brien was sitting in the stern-sheets of the launch with the first lieutenant, and I leaned over and told them.

"By the powers! I don't see why the captain's jacket will be at all hurt by Mr. Chucks putting it on," replied O'Brien; "unless, indeed, a bullet were to go through it, and then it won't be any fault of Mr. Chucks."

"No," replied the first lieutenant; "and if one did, the captain might keep the jacket, and swear that the bullet went round his body without wounding him. He'll have a good yarn to spin. So put it on, Mr. Chucks; you 'll make a good mark for the enemy."

"That I will stand the risk of with pleasure," observed the boatswain to me, "for the sake of being considered a gentleman. So here 's on with it."

There was a general laugh when Mr. Chucks pulled on the captain's jacket, and sank down in the stern-sheets of the cutter, with great complacency of countenance. One of the men in the boat that we were in thought proper, however, to continue his laugh a little longer than Mr. Chucks considered necessary, who, leaning forward, thus addressed him: "I say, Mr. Webber, I beg leave to observe to you, in the most delicate manner in the world — just to hint to you — that it is not the custom to laugh at your superior officer. I mean just to insinuate, that you are a d——d impudent son of a sea-cook; and if we both live and do well, I will prove to you, that if I am to be laughed at in a boat with the captain's jacket on, I am not to be laughed at on board the frigate with the boatswain's rattan in my fist; and so look out, my hearty, for squalls, when you come on the forecastle; for I 'll be d——d if I don't make you see more stars than God Almighty ever made, and cut more capers than all the dancing-masters in France. Mark my words, you burgoo-eating, pea-soup-swilling, trowsers-scrubbing son of a bitch."

Mr. Chucks, having at the end of this oration raised his voice above the pitch required by the exigency of the service, was called to order by the first lieutenant, and again sank back into the stern-sheets with all the importance and authoritative show peculiarly appertaining to a pair of epaulettes.

We waited behind the rocks until noonday, without being discovered by the enemy; so well were we concealed. We had already sent an officer, who, carefully hiding himself by lying down on the rocks, had several times reconnoitred the enemy. Boats were passing and repassing continually from the privateer to the shore; and it appeared that they went on shore full of men, and returned with only one or two; so that we were in great hopes that we should find but few men to defend the vessel. Mr. Phillot looked at his watch, held it up to O'Brien, to prove that he had complied exactly with the orders he had received from the captain, and then gave the word to get the boats under weigh. The painters were cast off by the bowmen, the guns were loaded and primed, the men seized their oars, and in two minutes we were clear of the rocks, and drawn up in a line within a quarter of a mile from the harbor's mouth, and not half a mile from the privateer brig. We rowed as quickly as possible, but we did not cheer until the enemy fired the first gun; which he did from a quarter unexpected, as we entered the mouth of the harbor, with our union jack trailing in the water over our stern, for it was a dead calm. It appeared, that at the low point under the cliffs, at each side of the little bay, they had raised a water battery of two guns each. One of these guns, laden with grape shot, was now fired at the boats, but the elevation was too low, and although the water was ploughed up to within five yards of the launch, no injury was received. We were equally fortunate in the discharge of the other three guns; two of which we passed so quickly, that they were not aimed sufficiently forward, so that their shot fell astern; and the other, although the shot fell among us, did no further injury than cutting in half two of the oars of the first cutter.

In the meantime, we had observed that the boats had shoved off from the privateer as soon as they had perceived us, and had returned to her laden with men; the boats had been despatched a second time, but had not yet returned. They were now about the same distance from the privateer as were our boats, and it was quite undecided which of us would be first on board. O'Brien, perceiving this, pointed out to Mr. Phillott that we should first attack the boats, and afterward board on the side to which they pulled; as, in all probability, there would be an opening left in the boarding nettings, which were tied up to the yard-arms, and presented a formidable obstacle to our success. Mr. Phillott agreed with O'Brien: he ordered the bowmen to lay in their oars and keep the guns pointed ready to fire at the word given, and desiring the other men to pull their best. Every nerve, every muscle was brought into play by our anxious and intrepid seamen. When within about twenty yards of the vessel, and also of the boats, the orders were given to fire — the carronade of the launch poured out round and grape so well directed, that one of the French boats sunk immediately; and the musket balls with which our other smaller guns were loaded did great execution among their men. In one minute more, with three cheers from our sailors, we were all alongside together, English and French boats pell-mell, and a most determined close conflict took place. The French fought desperately, and as they were overpowered, they were reinforced by those from the privateer, who could not look on and behold their companions requiring their assistance, without coming to their aid. Some jumped down into our boats from the chains, into the midst of our men; others darted cold shot at us, either to kill us or to sink our boats; and thus did one of the most desperate hand-to-hand conflicts take place that ever was witnessed. But it was soon decided in our favor, for we were the stronger party and the better armed; and when all opposition was over, we jumped into the privateer, and found not a man left on board, only a large dog, who flew at O'Brien's throat as he entered the port.

"Don't kill him," said O'Brien, as the sailors hastened to his assistance; "only take away his gripe."

The sailors disengaged the dog, and O'Brien led him up to a gun, saying, "By Jasus, my boy, you are my prisoner."

But although we had possession of the privateer, our difficulties, as it will prove, were by no means over. We were now exposed not only to the fire of the two batteries at the harbor mouth which we had to pass, but also to that of the battery at the bottom of the bay, which had fired at the frigate. In the meantime, we were very busy in cutting the cable, lowering the topsails, and taking the wounded men on board the privateer, from out of the boats. All this was, however, but the work of a few minutes. Most of the Frenchmen were killed; our own wounded amounted to only nine seamen and Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, who was shot through the body, apparently with little chance of surviving. As Mr. Phillott observed, the captain's epaulettes had made him a mark for the enemy, and he had fallen in his borrowed plumes.

As soon as they were all on board, and laid on the deck — for there were, as near as I can recollect, about fourteen wounded Frenchmen as well as our own — tow-ropes were got out forwards, the boats were manned, and we proceeded to tow the brig out of the harbor. It was a dead calm, and we made but little way, but our boat's crew, flushed with victory, cheered and rallied, and pulled with all their strength. The enemy perceiving that the privateer was taken, and the French boats drifting empty up the harbor, now opened their fire upon us, and with great effect. Before we had towed abreast of the two water batteries, we had received three shots between wind and water from the other batteries, and the sea was pouring fast into the vessel. I had been attending to poor Mr. Chucks, who lay on the starboard side, near the wheel, the blood flowing from his wound, and tracing its course down the planks of the deck, to a distance of some feet from where he lay. He appeared very faint, and I tied my handkerchief round his body, so as to stop the effusion of blood, and brought him some water, with which I bathed his face, and poured some into his mouth. He opened his eyes wide, and looked at me.

"Ah, Mr. Simple," said he faintly, "is it you? It's all over with me; but it could not be better — could it?"

"How do you mean?" inquired I.

"Why, have I not fallen dressed like an officer and a gentleman?" said he, referring to the captain's jacket and epaulettes. "I'd sooner die now with this dress on, than recover to put on the boatswain's uniform. I feel quite happy."

He pressed my hand, and then closed his eyes again, from weakness. We were now nearly abreast of the two batteries on the points, the guns of which had been trained so as to bear upon our boats that were towing out the brig. The first shot went through the bottom of the launch, and sank her; fortunately, all the men were saved; but as she was the boat that towed next to the brig, great delay occurred in getting the others clear of her, and taking the brig again in tow. The shot now poured in thick, and the grape became very annoying. Still our men gave way, cheering at every shot fired, and we had nearly passed the batteries, with trifling loss, when we perceived that the brig was so full of water that she could not swim many minutes longer, and that it would be impossible to tow her alongside of the frigate. Mr. Phillott, under these circumstances, decided that it would be useless to risk more lives, and that the wounded should be taken out of the brig, and the boats should pull away for the ship. He desired me to get the wounded men into the cutter, which he sent alongside, and then to follow the other boats. I made all the haste I could, not wishing to be left behind; and as soon as all our wounded men were in the boats, I went to Mr. Chucks, to remove him. He appeared somewhat revived, but would not allow us to remove him.

"My dear Mr. Simple," said he, "it is of no use; I never can recover it, and I prefer dying here. I entreat you not to move me. If the enemy take possession of the brig before she sinks, I shall be buried with military honors; if they do not, I shall at least die in the dress of a gentleman. Hasten away as fast as you can, before you lose more men. Here I stay — that's decided."

I expostulated with him, but at that time two boats full of men appeared, pulling out of the harbor to the brig. The enemy had perceived that our boats had deserted her, and were coming to take possession. I had therefore no time to urge Mr. Chucks to change his resolution, and not wishing to force a dying man, I shook his hand and left him. It was with some difficulty I escaped, for the boats had come up close to the brig; they chased me a little while, but the yawl and the cutter turning back to my assistance, they gave up the pursuit. On the whole, this was a very well arranged and well conducted expedition. The only man lost was Mr. Chucks, for the wounds of the others were none of them mortal. Captain Kearney was quite satisfied with our conduct, and so was the admiral, when it was reported to him. Captain Kearney did indeed grumble a little about his jacket, and sent for me to inquire why I had not taken it off Mr. Chucks, and brought it on board. As I did not choose to tell him the exact truth, I replied, "That I could not disturb a dying man, and that the jacket was so saturated with blood, that he never could have worn it again," which was the case.

"At all events, you might have brought away my epaulettes," replied he; "but you youngsters think of nothing but gormandizing."

I had the first watch that night, when Swinburne, the quartermaster, came up to me, and asked me all the particulars of the affair, for he was not in the boats. "Well," said he, "that Mr. Chucks appeared to be a very good boatswain in his way, if he could only have kept his rattan a little quiet. He was a smart fellow, and knew his duty. We had just such another killed in our ship, in the action off Cape St. Vincent."

"What! were you in that action?" replied I.

"Yes, I was, and belonged to the Captain, Lord Nelson's ship."

"Well, then, suppose you tell me all about it."

"Why, Mr. Simple, d' ye see, I 've no objection to spin you a yarn, now and then," replied Swinburne, "but as Mr. Chucks used to say, allow me to observe, in the most delicate manner in the world, that I perceive that the man who has charge of your hammock, and slings you a clean one now and then, has very often a good glass of grog for his *yarns*, and I do not see but that mine are as well worth a glass of grog as his."

"So they are, Swinburne, and better too, and I promise you a good stiff one to-morrow evening."

"That will do, sir: now then, I'll tell you all about it, and more about it, too, than most can, for I know how the action was brought about."

I hove the log, marked the board, and then sat down abaft on the signal chest with Swinburne, who commenced his narrative as follows: —

"You must know, Mr. Simple, that when the English fleet came down the Mediterranean, after the 'vackyation of Corsica, they did not muster more than seventeen sail of the line, while the Spanish fleet from Ferrol and Carthagena had joined company at Cadiz, and 'mounted to near thirty. Sir John Jarvis had the command of our fleet at the time, but as the Dons did not seem at all inclined to come out and have a brush with us, almost two to one, Sir John left Sir W. Parker, with six sail of the line, to watch the Spanish beggars, while he went into Lisbon with the remainder of the fleet, to water and refit. Now, you see, Mr. Simple, Portugal was at that time what they calls neutral, that is to say, she did n't meddle at all in the affair, being friends with both parties, and just as willing to supply fresh beef and water to the Spaniards as to the English, if so be the Spaniards had come out to ax for it, which they dar'n't. The Portuguese and the English have always been the best of friends, because we can't get no port wine anywhere else, and they can't get nobody else to buy it of them; so the Portuguese gave up their arsenal at Lisbon, for the use of the English, and there we kept all our stores, under the charge of that old dare-devil, Sir Isaac Coffin. Now it so happened, that one of the clerks in old Sir Isaac's office, a Portuguese chap, had been some time before that in the office of the Spanish ambassador; he was a very smart sort of a chap, and sarved as interpreter, and the old commissioner put great faith in him."

"But how did you learn all this, Swinburne?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Mr. Simple. I steered the yawl as coxswain, and when admirals and captains talk in the stern-sheets, they very often forget that the coxswain is close behind them. I only learnt half of it that way; the rest I put together when I compared logs with the admiral's steward, who, of course, heard a great deal now and then. The first I heard of it was when old Sir John called out to Sir Isaac, after the second bottle, 'I say, Sir Isaac, who killed the Spanish messenger?' 'Not I, by God!' replied Sir Isaac; 'I only left him for dead;' and then they both laughed, and so did Nelson, who was sitting with them. Well, Mr. Simple, it was reported to Sir Isaac that his clerk was often seen taking memorandums of the different orders given to the fleet, particularly those as to there being no wasteful expenditure of his Majesty's stores. Upon which, Sir Isaac goes to the admiral, and requests that the man might be discharged. Now, old Sir John was a sly old fox, and he answered, 'Not so, commissioner; perhaps we may catch them in their own trap.' So the admiral sits down, and calls for pen and ink, and he flourishes out a long letter to the commissioner stating that all the stores of the fleet were expended, representing as how it would be impossible to go to sea without a supply, and wishing to know when the commissioner expected more transports from England. He also said that if the Spanish fleet were now to come out from Cadiz, it would be impossible for him to protect Sir W. Parker with his six sail of the line, who was watching the Spanish fleet, as he could not quit the port in his present condition. To this letter the commissioner answered that, from the last accounts, he thought that in the course of six weeks or two months they might receive supplies from England, but that sooner than that was impossible. These letters were put in the way of the d—d Portuguese spy-clerk, who copied them, and was seen that evening to go into the house of the Spanish ambassador. Sir John then sent a message to Ferro — that's a small town on the Portuguese coast to the southward — with a despatch to Sir William Parker, desiring him to run away to Cape St. Vincent, and decoy the Spanish fleet there in case they should come out after him. Well, Mr. Simple, so far d'ye see the train was well laid. The next thing to do was to watch the Spanish ambassador's house, and see if he sent away any despatches. Two days after the letters had been taken to him by this rascal of a clerk, the Spanish ambassador sent away two messengers — one for Cadiz and the other for Madrid, which is the town where the King of Spain lived. The one to Cadiz was permitted to go, but the one to Madrid was stopped by the directions of the admiral, and this job was confided to the commissioner, Sir Isaac, who settled it somehow or another; and this was the reason why the admiral called out to him, 'I say, Sir Isaac, who killed the messenger?' They brought back his despatches, by which they found out that advice had been sent to the Spanish admiral — I forget his name, something like *Magazine* — informing him of the supposed crippled state of our squadron. Sir John, taking it for granted that the Spaniards would not lose an opportunity of taking six sail of the line — more English ships than they have ever taken in their lives — waited a few days to give them time, and then sailed from Lisbon for Cape St. Vincent, where he joined Sir W. Parker, and fell in with the Spaniards sure enough, and a pretty drubbing we gave them. Now, it 's not everybody that could tell you all that, Mr. Simple."

"Well, but now for the action, Swinburne."

"Lord bless you, Mr. Simple! it 's now past seven bells, and I can't fight the battle of St. Vincent in half an hour; besides which, it 's well worth another glass of grog to hear all about that battle."

"Well, you shall have one, Swinburne; only don't forget to tell it to me."

Swinburne and I then separated, and in less than an hour afterwards I was dreaming of despatches — Sir John Jervis — Sir Isaac Coffin — and Spanish messengers.

I do not remember any circumstance in my life which, at that time, lay so heavily on my mind as the loss of poor Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, whom, of course, I took it for granted I should never see again. I believe that the chief cause was that at the time I entered the service, and every one considered me to be the fool of the family, Mr. Chucks and O'Brien were the only two who thought of and treated me differently; and it was their conduct which induced me to apply myself and encouraged me to exertion. I believe that many a boy, who, if properly patronized, would turn out well, is, by the injudicious system of browbeating and ridicule, forced into the wrong path, and, in his despair, throws away all self-confidence, and allows himself to be carried away by the stream to perdition. O'Brien was not very partial to reading himself. He played the German flute remarkably well, and had a very good voice. His chief amusement was practising, or rather playing, which is a very different thing; but although he did not study himself, he always made me come into his cabin for an hour or two every day, and, after I had read, repeat to him the contents of the book. By this method he not only instructed me, but gained a great deal of information himself; for he made so many remarks upon what I had read, that it was impressed upon both our memories.

"Well, Peter," he would say, as he came into the cabin, "what have you to tell me this morning? Sure it 's you that 's the schoolmaster, and not me — for I learn from you every day."

"I have not read much, O'Brien, to-day, for I have been thinking of poor Mr. Chucks."

"Very right for you so to do, Peter. Never forget your friends in a hurry. You'll not find too many of them as you trot along the highway of life."

"I wonder whether he is dead?"

"Why, that's a question I cannot answer. A bullet through the chest don't lengthen a man's days, that's certain; but this I know, that he'll not die if he can help it, now that he's got the captain's jacket on."

"Yes; he always aspired to be a gentleman, which was absurd enough in a boatswain."

"Not at all absurd, Peter, but very absurd of you to talk without thinking. When did any one of his shipmates ever know Mr. Chucks to do an unhandsome or mean action? Never; and why? Because he aspired to be a gentleman, and that feeling kept him above it. Vanity's a confounded donkey, very apt to put his head between his legs, and chuck us over; but pride's a fine horse, who will carry us over the ground, and enable us to distance our fellow travellers. Mr. Chucks has pride, and that's always commendable, even in a boatswain. How often have you read of people rising from nothing, and becoming great men? This was from talent, sure enough; but it was talent with pride to force it onward, not talent with vanity to check it."

"You are very right, O'Brien; I spoke foolishly."

"Never mind, Peter, nobody heard you but me; so it's of no consequence. Don't you dine in the cabin to-day?"

"Yes."

"So do I. The captain is in a most marvellous humor this morning. He told me one or two yarns that quite staggered my politeness and my respect for him on the quarter-deck. What a pity it is that a man should have gained such a bad habit!"

"He's quite incurable, I'm afraid," replied I; "but certainly, his fibs do no harm; they are what they call white lies. I do not think he would really tell a lie — that is, a lie which would be considered to disgrace a gentleman."

"Peter, *all* lies disgrace a gentleman, white or black, although I grant there is a difference. To say the least of it, it is a dangerous habit; for white lies are but the gentlemen ushers to black ones. I know of but one point on which a lie is excusable, and that is, when you wish to deceive the enemy. Then your duty to your country warrants your lying till you 're black in the face; and, for the very reason that it goes against your grain, it becomes, as it were, a sort of virtue."

"What was the difference between the marine officer and Mr. Phillott that occurred this morning?"

"Nothing at all in itself. The marine officer is a bit of a gaby, and takes offence where none is meant. Mr. Phillott has a foul tongue; but he has a good heart."

"What a pity it is!"

"It is a pity, for he 's a smart officer; but the fact is, Peter, that junior officers are too apt to copy their superiors, and that makes it very important that a young gentleman should sail with a captain who is a gentleman. Now, Phillott served the best of his time with Captain Ballover, who is notorious in the service for foul and abusive language. What is the consequence? That Phillott and many others who have served under him have learnt his bad habit."

"I should think, O'Brien, that the very circumstance of having had your feelings so often wounded by such language, when you were a junior officer, would make you doubly careful not to make use of it to others, when you had advanced in the service."

"Peter, that 's just the *first* feeling, which wears away after a time; but at last, your own sense of indignation becomes blunted, and becoming indifferent to it, you forget also that you wound the feelings of others, and carry the habit with you, to the great injury and disgrace of the service. But it 's time to dress for dinner, so you 'd better make yourself scarce, Peter, while I tidivate myself off a little, according to the rules and regulations of His Majesty's service, when you are asked to dine with the skipper."

We met at the captain's table, where we found, as usual, a great display of plate, but very little else, except the ship's allowance. We certainly had now been cruising some time, and there was some excuse for it; but still, few captains would have been so unprovided. "I 'm afraid, gentlemen, you will not have a very grand dinner," observed the captain, as the steward removed the plated covers off the dishes; "but when on service we must rough it out how we can. Mr. O'Brien, pea-soup? I recollect faring harder than this through one cruise in a flush vessel. We were thirteen weeks up to our knees in water, and living the whole time upon raw pork — not being able to light a fire during the cruise."

"Pray, Captain Kearney, may I ask where this happened?"

"To be sure. It was off Bermudas: we cruised for seven weeks before we could find the islands, and began verily to think that the Bermudas were themselves on a cruise."

"I presume, sir, you were not so sorry to have a fire to cook your provisions when you came to an anchor?" said O'Brien.

"I beg your pardon," replied Captain Kearney; "we had become so accustomed to raw provisions and wet feet, that we could not eat our meals cooked, or help dipping our legs over the side, for a long while afterwards. I saw one of the boatkeepers astern catch a large barracouta and eat it alive — indeed, if I had not given the strictest orders, and flogged half a dozen of them, I doubt whether they would not have eaten their victuals raw to this day. The force of habit is tremendous."

"It is, indeed," observed Mr. Phillott, dryly, and winking to us, referring to the captain's incredible stories.

"It is, indeed," repeated O'Brien; "we see the ditch in our neighbor's eye, and cannot observe the log of wood in our own;" and O'Brien winked at me, referring to Phillott's habit of bad language.

"I once knew a married man," observed the captain, "who had been always accustomed to go to sleep with his hand upon his wife's head, and would not allow her to wear a nightcap in consequence. Well, she caught cold and died, and he never could sleep at night until he took a clothes-brush to bed with him, and laid his hand upon that, which answered the purpose — such was the force of habit."

"I once saw a dead body galvanized," observed Mr. Phillott; "it was the body of a man who had taken a great deal of snuff during his lifetime, and as soon as the battery was applied to his spine, the body very gently raised its arm, and put its fingers to its nose, as if it was taking a pinch."

"You saw that yourself, Mr. Phillott?" observed the captain looking at the first lieutenant earnestly in the face.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Phillott, coldly.

"Have you told that story often?"

"Very often, sir."

"Because I know that some people, by constantly telling a story, at last believe it to be true; not that I refer to you, Mr. Phillott; but still, I should recommend you not to tell that story where you are not well known, or people may doubt your credibility."

"I make it a rule to believe everything myself," observed Mr. Phillott, "out of politeness, and I expect the same courtesy from others."

"Then upon my soul! when you tell that story, you trespass very much upon our good manners. Talking of courtesy, you must meet a friend of mine, who has been a courtier all his life; he cannot help bowing. I have seen him bow to his horse and thank him after he had dismounted — beg pardon of a puppy for treading on his tail; and one day, when he fell over a scraper, he took his hat off, and made it a thousand apologies for his inattention."

"Force of habit again," said O'Brien.

"Exactly so. Mr. Simple, will you take a slice of this pork? and perhaps you'll do me the honor to take a glass of wine? Lord Privilege would not much admire our dinner to-day, would he, Mr. Simple?"

"As a variety he might, sir, but not for a continuance."

"Very truly said. Variety is charming. The negroes here get so tired of salt fish and occra broth, that they eat dirt by way of a relish. Mr. O'Brien, how remarkably well you played that sonata of Pleydel's this morning."

"I am happy that I did not annoy you, Captain Kearney, at all events," replied O'Brien.

"On the contrary, I am very partial to good music. My mother was a great performer. I recollect once, she was performing a piece on the piano in which she had to imitate a *thunder-storm.* So admirably did she hit it off, that when we went to tea all the cream was *turned sour,* as well as three casks of *beer* in the cellar."

At this assertion Mr. Phillott could contain himself no longer; he burst out into a loud laugh, and having a glass of wine to his lips, spattered it all over the table, and over me, who unfortunately was opposite to him.

"I really beg pardon, Captain Kearney, but the idea of such an expensive talent was too amusing. Will you permit me to ask you a question? As there could not have been thunder without lightning, were any people killed at the same time by the electric fluid of the piano?"

"No sir," replied Captain Kearney, very angrily; "but her performance *electrified* us, which was something like it. Perhaps, Mr. Phillott as you lost your last glass of wine, you will allow me to take another with you?"

"With great pleasure," replied the first lieutenant, who perceived that he had gone far enough.

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "we shall soon be in the land of plenty. I shall cruise a fortnight more, and then join the admiral at Jamaica. We must make out our despatch relative to the cutting out of the 'Sylvia' (that was the name of the privateer brig), and I am happy to say that I shall feel it my duty to make honorable mention of all the party present. Steward, coffee."

The first lieutenant, O'Brien, and I, bowed to this flattering avowal on the part of the captain; as for myself, I felt delighted. The idea of my name being mentioned in the "Gazette," and the pleasure that it would give to my father and mother, mantled the blood in my cheeks till I was as red as a turkey-cock.

"*Cousin* Simple," said the captain, good-naturedly, "you have no occasion to blush; your conduct deserves it; and you are indebted to Mr. Phillott for having made me acquainted with your gallantry."

Coffee was soon over, and I was glad to leave the cabin and be alone, that I might compose my perturbed mind. I felt too happy. I did not, however, say a word to my messmates, as it might have created feelings of envy or ill-will. O'Brien gave me a caution not to do so, when I met him afterwards, so that I was very glad that I had been so circumspect.

THE SENTENCE.

(From "Jacob Faithful.")

I HASTENED to the black hole where Tom was confined, and the order for my admission having arrived before me, I was permitted by the sergeant of the guard to pass the sentry. I found Tom sitting on a bench, notching a stick with his knife, whistling a slow tune.

"This is kind, Jacob, but not more than I expected of you — I made sure that I should see you to-night or to-morrow morning. How 's poor Mary? I care only for her now — I am satisfied — she loves me and — I knocked out the sergeant's eye — spoilt his wooing, at all events."

"But, Tom, are you aware of the danger in which you are?"

"Yes, Jacob, perfectly; I shall be tried by a court-martial and shot. I've made up my mind to it — at all events, it's better than being hung like a dog, or being flogged to death like a nigger. I shall die like a gentleman, if I have never been one before, that's some comfort. Nay, I shall go out of the world with as much noise as if a battle had been fought, or a great man had died."

"How do you mean?"

"Why there'll be more than one *bullet-in.*"

"This is no time for jesting, Tom."

"Not for you, Jacob, as a sincere friend, I grant; not for poor Mary, as a devoted girl; not for my poor father and mother — no, no," continued Tom. "I feel for them, but for myself I neither fear nor care. I have not done wrong — I was pressed against the law and act of parliament, and I deserted. I was enlisted when I was drunk and mad, and I deserted. There is no disgrace to me; the disgrace is to the government, which suffers such acts. If I am to be a victim, well and good — we can only die once."

"Very true, Tom; but you are young to die, and we must hope for the best."

"I have given up all hope, Jacob. I know the law will be put in force. I shall die and go to another and a better world, as the parson says, where, at all events, there will be no muskets to clean, no drill, and none of your confounded pipe-clay, which has almost driven me mad. I should like to die in a blue jacket — in a red coat I will not, so I presume I shall go out of the world in my shirt, and that's more than I had when I came in."

"Mary and her father are coming down to you, Tom."

"I'm sorry for that, Jacob; it would be cruel not to see her — but she blames herself so much that I cannot bear to read her letters. But, Jacob, I will see her, to try if I can comfort her — but she must not stay; she must go back again till after the court-martial, and the sentence, and then — if she wishes to take her farewell, I suppose I must not refuse." A few tears dropped from his eyes as he said this. "Jacob, will you wait and take her back to town? — she must not stay here — and I will not see my father and mother until the last. Let us make one job of it, and then all will be over."

As Tom said this, the door of the cell again opened, and Stapleton supported in his daughter. Mary tottered to where

Tom stood, and fell into his arms in a fit of convulsions. It was necessary to remove her, and she was carried out. "Let her not come in again, I beseech you, Jacob; take her back, and I will bless you for your kindness. Wish me farewell now, and see that she does not come again." Tom wrung me by the hand, and turned away to conceal his distress. I nodded my head in assent, for I could not speak for emotion, and followed Stapleton and the soldiers who had taken Mary out. As soon as she was recovered sufficiently to require no further medical aid, I lifted her into the postchaise, and ordered the boys to drive back to Brentford. Mary continued in a state of stupor during the journey; and when I arrived at my own house, I gave her into the charge of the gardener's wife, and despatched her husband for medical assistance. The application of Mr. Wharncliffe was of little avail, and he returned to me with disappointment in his countenance. The whole of the next week was the most distressing that I ever passed; arising from my anxiety for Tom, my daily exertions to reason Mary into some degree of submission to the will of Providence — her accusations of herself and her own folly — her incoherent ravings, calling herself Tom's murderer, which alarmed me for her reason; the distress of old Tom and his wife, who, unable to remain in their solitude, came all to me for intelligence, for comfort, and for what, alas! I dare not give them — hope. All this, added to my separation from Sarah, during my attendance to what I considered my duty, reduced me to a debility, arising from mental exertion, which changed me to almost a skeleton.

At last, the court-martial was held, and Tom was condemned to death. The sentence was approved of, and we were told that all appeals would be unavailing. We received the news on the Saturday evening, and Tom was to suffer on the Tuesday morning. I could no longer refuse the appeals of Mary; indeed, I received a letter from Tom, requesting that all of us, the Domine included, would come down and bid him farewell. I hired a carriage for old Tom, his wife, Stapleton, and Mary, and putting the Domine and myself in my own chariot, we set off early on the Sunday morning for Maidstone. We arrived about eleven o'clock and put up at an inn close to the barracks. It was arranged that the Domine and I should see Tom first, then his father and mother, and, lastly, Mary Stapleton.

"Verily," said the Domine, "my heart is heavy, exceeding heavy; my soul yearneth after the poor lad, who is thus to lose his life for a woman — a woman from whose toils I did myself escape. Yet is she exceeding fair and comely, and now that it is unavailing, appeareth to be penitent."

I made no reply; we had arrived at the gate of the barracks. I requested to be admitted to the prisoner, and the doors were unbarred. Tom was dressed with great care and cleanliness — in white trousers and shirt and waistcoat, but his coat lay on the table; he would not put it on. He extended his hand towards me with a faint smile.

"It's all over now, Jacob; and there is no hope, that I am aware of, and I have made up my mind to die; but I wish these last farewells were over, for they unman me. I hope you are well, sir," continued Tom, to the Domine.

"Nay, my poor boy, I am as well as age and infirmity will permit, and why should I complain when I see youth, health, and strength, about to be sacrificed; and many made miserable, when many might be made so happy?" And the Domine blew his nose, the trumpet sound of which re-echoed through the cell, so as to induce the sentry to look through the bars.

"They are all here, Tom," said I. "Would you like to see them now?"

"Yes; the sooner it is over the better."

"Will you see your father and mother first?"

"Yes," replied Tom, in a faltering tone.

I went out, and returned with the old woman on my arm, followed by old Tom, who stumped after me with the assistance of his stick. Poor old Mrs. Beazeley fell on her son's neck sobbing convulsively.

"My boy — my boy — my dear, dear boy!" said she at last, and she looked up steadfastly in his face. "My God! he'll be dead to-morrow!"

Her head again sank on his shoulder, and her sobs were choking her. Tom kissed his mother's forehead as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and motioned me to take her away. I placed her down on the floor, where she remained silent, moving her head up and down with a slow motion, her face buried in her shawl. It was but now and then that you heard a convulsive drawing of her breath. Old Tom had remained a silent but agitated spectator of the scene. Every muscle in his weather-beaten countenance twitched convulsively, and the tears at last forced their way through the deep furrows on his cheeks. Tom, as soon as his mother was removed, took his father by the hand, and they sat down together.

"You are not angry with me, father, for deserting?"

"No, my boy, no. I was angry with you for 'listing, but not for deserting. What business had you with the pipe-clay? But I do think I have reason to be angry elsewhere, when I reflect that after having lost my two legs in defending her, my country is now to take from me my boy in his prime. It's but a poor reward for long and hard service — poor encouragement to do your duty; but what do they care? they have had my sarvices and they have left me a hulk. Well, they may take the rest of me, if they please, now that they -- Well, it's no use crying; what's done can't be helped," continued old Tom, as the tears ran down in torrents; "they may shoot you, Tom; but this I know well, you'll die game, and shame them by proving to them they have deprived themselves of the sarvices of a good man when good men are needed. I would not have so much cared," continued old Tom, after a pause — "(look to the old woman, Jacob, she's tumbling over to port) — if you had fallen on board a king's ship, in a good frigate action; some must be killed when there's hard fighting; but to be drilled through by your own countrymen, to die by their hands, and, worst of all, to die in a red coat, instead of a true blue — "

"Father, I will not die in a red coat — I won't put it on."

"That's some comfort, Tom, anyhow, and comfort's wanted."

"And I'll die like a man, father."

"That you will, Tom, and that's some comfort."

"We shall meet again, father."

"Hope so, Tom, in heaven — that's some comfort."

"And now, father, bless me, and take care of my poor mother."

"Bless you, Tom, bless you!" cried the old man, in a suffocating voice, extending both his hands towards Tom, as they rose up; but the equilibrium was no longer to be maintained, and he reeled back in the arms of me and Tom. We lowered him gently down by the side of his wife; the old couple turned to each other, and embracing, remained sobbing in each other's arms.

"Jacob," said Tom, squeezing me by the hand, with a quivering lip, "by your regard for me, let now the last scene be got over — let me see Mary, and let this tortured heart once more be permitted a respite." I sent out the Domine. Tom leant against the wall, with his arms folded, in appearance summoning up all his energy for the painful meeting. Mary was led in by her father. I expected she would have swooned away, as before; but, on the contrary, although she was pale as death, and gasping for breath, from intensity of feeling, she walked up to Tom where he was standing, and sat down on the form close to him. She looked anxiously round upon the group, and then said, "I know that all I now say is useless, Tom; but still I must say it — it is I who, by my folly, have occasioned all this distress and misery — it is I who have caused you to suffer a — dreadful death — yes, Tom, I am your murderer."

"Not so, Mary; the folly was my own," replied Tom, taking her hand.

"You cannot disguise or palliate to me, dearest Tom," replied Mary; "my eyes have been opened, too late, it is true, but they have been opened; and although it is kind of you to say so, I feel the horrid conviction of my own guilt. See what misery I have brought about. There is a father who has sacrificed his youth and his limbs to his country, sobbing in the arms of a mother whose life is bound up with that of her only son. To them," continued Mary, falling down upon her knees, "to them I must kneel for pardon, and I ask it as they hope to be forgiven. Answer me — oh! answer me! can you forgive a wretch like me?"

A pause ensued. I went up to old Tom, and kneeling by his side, begged him to answer.

"Forgive her, poor thing — yes; who could refuse it, as she kneels there? Come," continued he, speaking to his wife, "you must forgive her. Look up, dame, at her, and think that our poor boy may be asking the same of heaven to-morrow at noon."

The old woman looked up, and her dimmed eyes caught a sight of Mary's imploring and beautiful attitude; it was not to be withstood.

"As I hope for mercy to my poor boy, whom you have killed, so do I forgive you, unhappy young woman."

"May God reward you, when you are summoned before Him," replied Mary. "It was the hardest task of all. Of you, Jacob, I have to ask forgiveness for depriving you of your early and truest friend — yes, and for much more. Of you, sir," addressing the Domine, "for my conduct towards you, which was cruel and indefensible, — will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Mary, from my heart, I do forgive you," replied I.

"Bless thee, maiden, bless thee!" sobbed the Domine.

"Father, I must ask of you the same — I have been a wilful child, — forgive me!"

"Yes, Mary; you could not help it," replied old Stapleton, blubbering, "it was all human natur."

"And now," said Mary, turning round on her knees to Tom, with a look expressive of anguish and love, "to you, Tom, must be my last appeal. I know *you* will forgive me — I know you have — and this knowledge of your fervent love makes the thought more bitter that I have caused your death. But hear me, Tom, and all of you hear me. I never loved but you; I have liked others much; I liked Jacob; but you only ever did make me feel I had a heart; and alas, you only have I sacrificed. When led away by my folly to give you pain, I suffered more than you — for you have had my only, you shall have my eternal and unceasing, love. To your memory I am hereafter wedded, to join you will be my only wish — and if there could be a boon granted me from heaven, it would be to die with you, Tom — yes, in those dear arms."

Mary held out her arms to Tom, who falling down on his knees, embraced her, and thus they remained with their faces buried in each other's shoulders. The whole scene was now at its climax; it was too oppressive, and I felt faint, when I was aroused by the voice of the Domine, who, lifting up both his arms, and extending them forth, solemnly prayed, "O Lord, look down upon these Thy servants, in affliction; grant to those who are to continue in their pilgrimage strength to bear Thy chastening — grant to him who is to be summoned to Thee, that happiness which the world cannot give; and O God most mighty, God most powerful, lay not upon us burdens greater than we can bear. — My children, let us pray."

The Domine knelt down, and repeated the Lord's prayer; all followed his example, and then there was a pause.

"Stapleton," said I, pointing to Mary. I beckoned to the Domine. We assisted up old Tom, and then his wife, and led them away; the poor old woman was in a state of stupefaction, and until she was out in the air was not aware that she had quitted her son. Stapleton had attempted to detach Mary from Tom, but in vain; they were locked together as if in death. At last Tom, roused by me, suffered his hold to be loosened, and Mary was taken out in a happy state of insensibility, and carried to the inn by her father and the Domine.

"Are they all gone?" whispered Tom to me, as his head reclined on my shoulder.

"All, Tom."

"Then the bitterness of death is passed; God have mercy on them, and assuage their anguish; they want His help more than I do."

A passionate flood of tears, which lasted some minutes, relieved the poor fellow; he raised himself, and drying his eyes, became more composed.

"Jacob, I hardly need tell my dying request, to watch over my poor father and mother, to comfort poor Mary — God bless you, Jacob! you have indeed been a faithful friend, and may God reward you. And now, Jacob, leave me; I must commune with my God, and pray for forgiveness. The space between me and eternity is but short."

Tom threw himself into my arms, where he remained for some minutes; he then broke gently away, and pointed to the door. I once more took his hand, and we parted.

I went back to the inn, and ordering the horses to be put to, I explained to all but Mary the propriety of their now returning home. Mary was lifted in, and it was a relief to my mind to see them all depart. As for myself, I resolved to remain until the last; but I was in a state of feverish agitation, which made me restless. As I paced up and down the room, the newspaper caught my eye. I laid hold of it mechanically, and looked at it. A paragraph rivetted my attention. "His Majesty's ship 'Immortalité,' Chatham, to be paid off." Then our ship has come home. But what was that now? Yet something whispered to me that I ought to go and see Captain Maclean, and try if anything could be done. I knew his commanding interest, and although it was now too late, still I had an impulse to go and see him, which I could not resist. "After all," said I to myself, "I'm of no use here, and I may as well go." This feeling, added to my restlessness, induced me to order horses, and I went to Chatham, found out that Captain Maclean was still on board, and took boat off to the frigate. I was recognized by the officers, who were glad to see me, and I sent a message to the captain, who was below, requesting to see him. I was asked into the cabin, and stated to him what had occurred, requesting his assistance, if possible.

"Faithful," replied he, "it appears that Tom Beazeley has deserted twice; still there is much extenuation: at all events, the punishment of death is too severe, and I don't *like* it — I can save him, and I will. By the rule of the services, a deserter from one service can be claimed from the other, and must be tried by his officers. His sentence is, therefore, not legal. I shall send a party of marines, and claim him as a deserter from the navy, and they must and shall give him up — make yourself easy, Faithful, his life is as safe as yours."

I could have fallen on my knees and thanked him, though I could hardly believe that such good news was true.

"There is no time to lose, sir," replied I, respectfully; "he is to be shot to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"He will be on board here to-morrow, at nine o'clock, or I am not Captain Maclean. But, as you say, there is no time to lose. It is now nearly dark, and the party must be off immediately. I must write a letter on service to the commanding officer of the depôt. Call my clerk."

I ran out and called the clerk. In a few minutes the letter was written, and a party of marines, with the second lieutenant, despatched with me on shore. I ordered post-chaises for the whole party, and before eleven we were at Maidstone. The lieutenant and I sat up all night, and, at daylight, we summoned the marines and went to the barracks, where we found the awful note of preparation going forward, and the commanding officer up and attending to the arrangements. I introduced the lieutenant, who presented the letter on service.

"Good heavens; how fortunate! You can establish his identity, I presume."

"Every man here can swear to him."

"'T is sufficient, Mr. Faithful. I wish you and your friend joy of this reprieve. The rules of the service must be obeyed, and you will sign a receipt for the prisoner."

This was done by the lieutenant, and the provost marshal was ordered to deliver up the prisoner. I hastened with the marines into the cell: the door was unlocked. Tom, who was reading his Bible, started up, and perceiving the red jackets, thought that he was to be led out to execution.

"My lads," exclaimed he, "I am ready: the sooner this is over the better."

"No, Tom," said I, advancing; "I trust for better fortune. You are claimed as a deserter from the 'Immortalité.'"

Tom stared, lifted the hair from his forehead, and threw himself into my arms: but we had no time for a display of feelings. We hurried Tom away from the barracks; again I put the whole party into chaises, and we soon arrived at Chatham, where we embarked on board of the frigate. Tom was given into the charge of the master-at-arms, as a deserter, and a letter was written by Captain Maclean, demanding a court-martial on him.

"What will be the result?" inquired I of the first lieutenant.

"The captain says, little or nothing, as he was pressed as an apprentice, which is contrary to act of parliament."

I went down to cheer Tom with this intelligence, and, taking my leave, set off for London with a light heart. Still I thought it better not to communicate this good news until assurance was made doubly sure. I hastened to Mr. Drummond's, and detailed to them all which had passed. The next day Mr. Wharncliffe went with me to the Admiralty, where I had the happiness to find that all was legal, and that Tom could only be tried for his desertion from a man-of-war; and that, if he could prove that he was an apprentice, he would, in all probability, be acquitted. The court-martial was summoned three days after the letter had been received by the Admiralty. I hastened down to Chatham to be present. It was very short: the desertion was proved, and Tom was called upon for his defence. He produced his papers, and proved that he was pressed before his time had expired. The court was cleared for a few minutes, and then re-opened. Tom was acquitted on the ground of illegal detention, contrary to act of parliament, and he was *free.* I returned my thanks to Captain Maclean and the officers for their kindness, and left the ship with Tom in the cutter, ordered for me by the first lieutenant. My heart swelled with gratitude at the happy result. Tom was silent, but his feelings I could well analyze. I gave to the men of the boat five guineas to drink Tom's health, and, hastening to the inn, ordered the carriage, and with Tom, who was a precious deposit, for upon his welfare depended the happiness of so many, I hurried to London as fast as I could, stopped at the Drummonds' to communicate the happy intelligence, and then proceeded to my own house, where we slept. The next morning I dressed Tom in some of my clothes, and we embarked in the wherry.

"Now, Tom," said I, "you must keep in the background at first, while I prepare them. Where shall we go first?"

"Oh! to my mother," replied Tom.

We passed through Putney Bridge, and Tom's bosom heaved as he looked towards the residence of Mary. His heart was there, poor fellow! and he longed to have flown to the poor girl, and have dried her tears; but his first duty was to his parents.

We soon arrived abreast of the residence of the old couple, and I desired Tom to pull in, but not turn his head round, lest they should see him before I had prepared them; for too much joy will kill as well as grief. Old Tom was not at his work, and all was quiet. I landed and went to the house, opened the door, and found them both sitting by the kitchen fire in silence, apparently occupied in watching the smoke as it ascended up the spacious chimney.

"Good morning to you both," said I; "how do you find yourself, Mrs. Beazeley?"

"Ah! deary me!" replied the old woman, putting her apron up to her eyes.

"Sit down, Jacob, sit down," said old Tom; "we *can* talk of him now."

"Yes, now that he 's in heaven, poor fellow!" interposed the old woman.

"Tell me, Jacob," said old Tom, with a quivering lip, "did you see the last of him? Tell me all about it. How did he look? How did he behave? Was he soon out of his pain? And —Jacob — where is he buried?"

"Yes, yes;" sobbed Mrs. Beazeley; "tell me where is the body of my poor child."

"Can you bear to talk about him?" said I.

"Yes, yes; we can't talk too much: it does us good," replied she. "We have done nothing but talk about him since we left him."

"And shall, till we sink down into our graves," said old Tom, "which won't be long. I 've nothing to wish for now, and I 'll never sing again, that 's sartain. We sha'n't last long, either of us. As for me," continued the old man with a melancholy smile, looking down at his stumps, "I may well say that I 've *two* feet in the grave already. But come, Jacob, tell us all about him."

"I will," replied I; "and my dear Mrs. Beazeley, you must prepare yourself for different tidings than what you expect. Tom is not yet shot."

"Not dead!" shrieked the old woman.

"Not yet, Jacob;" cried old Tom, seizing me by the arm and squeezing it with the force of a vise, as he looked me earnestly in the face.

"He lives: and I am in hopes he will be pardoned."

Mrs. Beazeley sprang from her chair and seized me by the other arm.

"I see — I see by your face. Yes, Jacob, he is pardoned, and we shall have our Tom again."

"You are right, Mrs. Beazeley; he is pardoned, and will soon be here."

The old couple sank down on their knees beside me. I left them, and beckoned from the door to Tom, who flew up, and in a moment was in their arms. I assisted him to put his mother into her chair, and then went out to recover myself from the agitating scene. I remained about an hour outside, and then returned. The old couple seized me by the hands, and invoked blessings on my head.

"You must now part with Tom a little while," said I; "there are others to make happy besides yourselves."

"Very true," replied old Tom; "go, my lad, and comfort her. Come, missus, we mustn 't forget others."

"Oh, no. Go, Tom; go and tell her that I don't care how soon she is my daughter."

Tom embraced his mother, and followed me to the boat: we pulled up against the tide, and were soon at Putney.

"Tom, you had better stay in the boat. I will either come or send for you."

It was very unwillingly that Tom consented, but I overruled his entreaties, and he remained. I walked to Mary's house and entered. She was up in the little parlor, dressed in deep mourning; when I entered she was looking out upon the river; she turned her head, and preceiving me, rose to meet me.

"You do not come to upbraid me, Jacob, I am sure," said she, in a melancholy voice; "you are too kind-hearted for that."

"No, no, Mary; I am come to comfort you, if possible."

"That is not possible. Look at me, Jacob. Is there not a worm — a canker — that gnaws within?"

The hollow cheek and wild, flaring eye, once so beautiful, but too plainly told the truth.

"Mary," said I, "sit down; you know what the Bible says — 'It is good for us to be afflicted.'"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mary, "I deserve all I suffer; and I bow in humility. But am I not too much punished, Jacob? Not that I would repine: but is it not too much for me to bear, when I think that I am the destroyer of one who loved me so?"

"You have not been the destroyer, Mary."

"Yes, yes; my heart tells me that I have."

"But I tell you that you have not. Say, Mary, dreadful as the punishment has been, would you not kiss the rod with thankfulness, if it cured you of your unfortunate disposition, and prepared you to make a good wife?"

"That it has cured me, Jacob, I can safely assert; but it has also killed me as well as him. But I wish not to live; and I trust, in a few short months, to repose by his side."

"I hope you will have your wish, Mary, very soon, but not in death."

"Merciful heaven! what do you mean, Jacob?"

"I said you were not the destroyer of poor Tom — you have not been, he has not *yet* suffered; there was an informality, which has induced them to revise the sentence."

"Jacob," replied Mary, "it is cruelty to raise my hopes only to crush them again. If not yet dead, he is still to die. I wish you had not told me so," continued she, bursting into tears; "what a state of agony and suspense must he have been in all this time, and I — I have caused his sufferings! I trusted he had long been released from this cruel, heartless world."

The flood of tears which followed assured me that I could safely impart the glad intelligence. "Mary, Mary, listen to me."

"Leave me, leave me," sobbed Mary, waving her hand.

"No, Mary, not until I tell you that Tom is not only alive, but — pardoned."

"Pardoned!" shrieked Mary.

"Yes, pardoned, Mary, — free, Mary, — and in a few minutes will be in your arms."

Mary dropped on her knees, raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and then fell into a state of insensibility. Tom, who had followed me, and remained near the house, had heard the shriek, and could no longer restrain himself; he flew into the room as Mary fell, and I put her into his arms. At the first signs of returning sensibility I left them together, and went to find old Stapleton, to whom I was more brief in my communication. Stapleton continued to smoke his pipe during my narrative.

"Glad of it, glad of it," said he, when I finished. "I were just thinking how all these senses brought us into trouble, more than all, that sense of love: got me into trouble, and made me kill a man, — got my poor wife into trouble, and drowned her, — and now almost shot Tom, and killed Mary. Had too much of HUMAN NATUR lately, — nothing but moist eyes and empty pipes. Met that sergeant yesterday, had a turn up: Tom settled one eye, and, old as I am, I 've settled the other for a time. He 's in bed for a fortnight, — couldn't help it, — human natur."

I took leave of Stapleton, and calling in upon Tom and Mary, shaking hands with the one, and kissing the other, I despatched a letter to the Domine, acquainting him with what had passed, and then hastened to the Drummonds and imparted the happy results of my morning's work to Sarah and her mother.

"And now, Sarah, having so successfully arranged the affairs of other people, I should like to plead in my own behalf. I think that after having been deprived almost wholly of your dear company for a month, I deserve to be rewarded."

"You do, indeed, Jacob," said Mrs. Drummond, "and I am sure that Sarah thinks so too, if she will but acknowledge it."

"I do acknowledge it, mamma; but what is this reward to be?"

"That you will allow your father and mother to arrange an early day for our nuptials, and also allow Tom and Mary to be united at the same altar."

"Mamma, have I not always been a dutiful daughter?"

"Yes, my love, you have."

"Then I shall do as I am bidden by my parents, Jacob; it will be probably the last command I receive from them, and I shall obey it; will that please you, dear Jacob?"

That evening the day was fixed, and now I must not weary the reader with a description of my feelings, or of my happiness in the preparations for the ceremony. Sarah and I, Mary and Tom, were united on the same day, and there was nothing to cloud our happiness. Tom took up his abode with his father and mother; and Mary, radiant with happiness, even more beautiful than ever, has settled down into an excellent, doting wife. For Sarah I hardly need say the same; she was my friend from childhood, she is now all that a man could hope and wish for.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Marston, Philip Bourke, an English poet and essayist; born in London, August 13, 1850; died February 13, 1887. He was the child upon whom Miss Mulock wrote the poem "Philip, my King." In his fourth year cataracts began to form upon his eyes, and he soon became totally blind. He was, however, well educated, manifested unusual precocity, contributing verse to the "Cornhill Magazine" and other periodicals. "Song-Tide," his first volume of poems, appeared in 1870. This was followed, in 1875, by "All in All," and by "Wind Voices" in 1883. "Garden Secrets" appeared posthumously in 1887, and "A Last Harvest" in 1891.

Before and After the Flower-Birth.

Before.

FIRST VIOLET.

Lo here! how warm and dark and still it is:
Sister, lean close to me, that we may kiss.
Here we go rising, rising — but to where?

SECOND VIOLET.

Indeed I cannot tell, nor do I care:
It is so warm and pleasant here. But hark!
What strangest sound was that above the dark?

FIRST VIOLET.

As if our sisters all together sang —
Seemed it not so?

SECOND VIOLET.

More loud than that it rang;
And louder still it rings, and seems more near.
Oh! I am shaken through and through with fear —
Now in some deadly grip I seem confined!
Farewell, my sister! Rise, and follow, and find.

FIRST VIOLET.

From how far off those last words seemed to fall!
Gone where she will not answer when I call!
How lost? how gone? Alas! this sound above me —
"Poor little violet, left with none to love thee!"
And now, it seems, I break against that sound!
What bitter pain is this that binds me round,
This pain I press into! Where have I come?

After.

A CROCUS.

Welcome, dear sisters, to our fairy home!
They call this — Garden, and the time is Spring.
Like you I have felt the pain of flowering:
But oh! the wonder and the deep delight
It was to stand here, in the broad sunlight,
And feel the wind flow round me cool and kind;
To hear the singing of the leaves the wind
Goes hurrying through; to see the mighty trees,
Where every day the blossoming buds increase.
At evening, when the shining sun goes in,
The gentler lights we see, and dews begin,
And all is still beneath the quiet sky,
Save sometimes for the wind's low lullaby.

FIRST TREE.

Poor little flowers!

SECOND TREE.

What would you prate of now?

FIRST TREE.

They have not heard: I will keep still. Speak low.

FIRST VIOLET.

The trees bend to each other lovingly.

CROCUS.

Daily they talk of fairer things to be.
Great talk they make about the coming Rose, —
The very fairest flower, they say, that blows,
Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they say,
And fold her round in some divine, sweet way.

FIRST VIOLET.

Would she were come, that for ourselves we might
Have pleasure in this wonder of delight!

CROCUS.

Here comes the laughing, dancing, hurrying rain;
How all the trees laugh at the wind's light strain!

FIRST VIOLET.

We are so near the earth, the wind goes by
And hurts us not; but if we stood up high,
Like trees, then should we soon be blown away.

SECOND VIOLET.

Nay; were it so, we should be strong as they.

CROCUS.

I often think how nice to be a tree:
Why, sometimes in their boughs the stars I see.

FIRST VIOLET.

Have you seen that?

CROCUS.

I have, and so shall you;
But hush! I feel the coming of the dew.

[*Night.*]

SECOND VIOLET.

How bright it is! the trees, how still they are!

CROCUS.

I never saw so bright a star,
As that which stands and shines just over us.

FIRST VIOLET [*after a pause*].

My leaves feel strange and very tremulous.

CROCUS AND SECOND VIOLET TOGETHER.

And mine, and mine!

FIRST VIOLET.

O warm, kind sun, appear!

CROCUS.

I would the stars were gone, and day were here!

[*Just before Dawn.*]

FIRST VIOLET.

Sisters! No answer, sisters? Why so still?

ONE TREE TO ANOTHER.

Poor little violet, calling through the chill
Of this new frost which did her sister slay,
In which she must herself, too, pass away!
Nay, pretty violet, be not so dismayed:
Sleep only, on your sisters sweet, is laid.

FIRST VIOLET.

No pleasant wind about the garden goes;
Perchance the wind has gone to bring the Rose.
O sisters! surely now your sleep is done.
I would we had not looked upon the sun.
My leaves are stiff with pain, O cruel night!
And through my root some sharp thing seems to bite.
Ah me! what pain, what coming change is this? [*She dies.*

FIRST TREE.

So endeth many a violet's dream of bliss.

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD OF BONCHURCH.

THE church-yard leans to the sea with its dead —
  It leans to the sea with its dead so long.
  Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,
When the winter's anger is all but fled, —
  The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
    The fall of the warm, soft rain,
  When the second month of the year
    Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
  The green grasses waving above them?
  Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there together?

Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,
The old land, with its hills and its graves,
As they gradually slide to the waves
With the wind blowing on them from leeward?
Do they know of the change that awaits them,
The sepulchre vast and strange?
Do they long for days to go over,
And bring that miraculous change?

FROM FAR.

O LOVE, come back across the weary way
Thou didst go yesterday —
Dear Love, come back!

"I am too far upon my way to turn;
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

O Love! Love! Love! sweet Love! we are undone,
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are.

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste light and noise,
As from Ghost-land, thy voice
Is borne afar."

O Love, what was our sin that we should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set —
My lips of fire — and yet
Ye knew me not."

Nay, surely, Love! We know thee well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses;
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

O Love! stern Love! be not implacable:
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us!

"To whom, and where, and by what weary way,
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?"

Oh, weep, weep, weep! for Love, who tarried long,
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like fire,
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing.

Love's Music.

Love held a harp between his hands, and lo!
The master hand upon the harp-strings laid,
By way of prelude, such a sweet tone play'd
As made the heart with happy tears o'erflow;
Then sad and wild did that strange music grow,
And, — like the wail of woods by storm gusts sway'd,
While yet the awful thunder's wrath is stay'd,
And earth lies faint beneath the coming blow, —
Still wilder wax'd the tune; until at length
The strong strings, strain'd by sudden stress and sharp
Of that musician's hand intolerable,
And jarr'd by sweep of unrelenting strength,
Sunder'd, and all the broken music fell.
Such was Love's music, — lo, the shatter'd harp!

MARCUS MARTIAL.

Martial (**Marcus Valerius Martialis**), a Latin poet; born at Bilbilis, Spain, about 43; died there about 104. He came to Rome in 66, and seems to have resided there until 100, when he returned to Bilbilis. From Domitian he obtained the *jus trium liberorum* with the rank of eques and of tribune. He seems to have been intimate with Juvenal, Pliny, Quintilian, Fronto, Silius, and Valerius Flaccus. He inveighs against Nero, but flatters Domitian; after whose death he vilifies his memory, and burns incense to Nerva and Trajan. His works consist of fourteen books, comprising about fifteen hundred Epigrams. There is also a "Liber de Spectaculis," containing epigrams on the games of the amphitheatre. He has been frequently translated into English.

Thou Reason'st well.

The atheist swears there is no God
  And no eternal bliss:
For him to own no world above
  Doth make a heaven of this.

Never is, but always to be.

You always say "to-morrow," "to-morrow" you will live;
But that "to-morrow," prithee, say when will it arrive?
How far is 't off? Where is it now? Where shall I go to find it?
In Afric's jungles lies it hid? Do polar icebergs bind it?
It 's ever coming, never here; its years beat Nestor's hollow!
This wondrous thing, to call it mine, I 'll give my every dollar!
Why, man, to-day 's too late to live — the wise is who begun
To live his life with yesterday, e'en with its rising sun!

Tertium Quid.

When poets, croaking hoarse with cold,
  To spout their verses seek,
They show at once they cannot hold
  Their tongues, yet cannot speak.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

I WONDER not that this sweetheart of thine
Abstains from wine;
I only wonder that her father's daughter
Can stick to water.

CANNIBALISM.

WITHOUT roast pig he never takes his seat:
Always a boor — a boar — companions meet!

EQUALS ADDED TO EQUALS.

YOU ask why I refuse to wed a woman famed for riches:
Because I will not take the veil and give my wife the breeches.
The dame, my friend, unto her spouse must be subservient quite:
No other way can man and wife maintain their equal right.

THE COOK WELL DONE.

WHY call me a bloodthirsty, gluttonous sinner
For pounding my chef when my peace he subverts?
If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a poor dinner,
Pray, how shall the scamp ever get his deserts?

A DIVERTING SCRAPE.

MY shaver, barber eke and boy, —
One such as emperors employ
Their hirsute foliage to destroy, —
I lent a friend as per request
To make his features look their best.
By test of testy looking-glass
He mowed and raked the hairy grass,
Forgetful how the long hours pass;
He left my friend a perfect skin,
But grew a beard on his own chin!

EVOLUTION.

A SURGEON once — a sexton now — twin personages:
Identical professions, only different stages!

VALE OF TEARS.

ALONE she never weeps her father's death;
When friends are by, her tears time every breath.
Who weeps for credit, never grief hath known;
He truly weeps alone, who weeps alone!

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

IF that the gods should grant these brothers twain
  Such shares of life as Leda's Spartan's led,
A noble strife affection would constrain,
  For each would long to die in brother's stead;
And he would say who first reached death's confine,
"Live, brother, thine own days, and then live mine!"

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

YOU 'RE pretty, I know it; and young, that is true;
And wealthy — there 's none but confesses that too:
But you trumpet your praises with so loud a tongue
That you cease to be wealthy or pretty or young!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

YES, New and I both here reside:
Our stoops you see are side by side;
And people think I 'm puffed with pride,
And envy me serenely blessed,
With such a man for host and guest.
The fact is this — he 's just as far
As folks in Borrioboola Gha.
What! booze with him? or see his face,
Or hear his voice? In all the place
There's none so far, there's none so near!
We 'll never meet if both stay here!
To keep from knowing New at all,
Just lodge with him across the hall!

THE COBBLER'S LAST.

PREDESTINED for patching and soling,
  For fragrance of grease, wax, and thread,
You find yourself squire by cajoling,
  When with pigs you should hobnob instead;

And midst your lord's vertu you 're rolling,
With liquor and love in your head!
How foolish to send me to college,
To soak up unpractical views!
How slow is the progress of knowledge
By the march of your three-dollar shoes!

But Little Here Below.

His grave must be shallow, — the earth on him light, —
Or else you will smother the poor little mite.

E Pluribus Unus.

When hundreds to your parlors rush,
You wonder I evade the crush?
Well, frankly, sir, I 'm not imbued
With love of social solitude.

Fine Frenzy.

Long and Short will furnish verse
To market any fake:
Do poets any longer dream,
Or are they wide-awake?

Live without Dining.

Now, if you have an axe to grind, or if you mean to spout,
If your invite is to a spread, then you must count me out:
I do not like that dark-brown flask, I dread the thought of gout,
I 'm restless at the gorgeous gorge that ostentation dares.
My friend must offer me pot-luck on wash-days unawares;
I like my feed when his menu with my own larder squares.

To Calenus.

(From Epigrams. Translated by Hay.)

When some time since you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You lived so well, your bounty such,
Your friends all wished you twice as much:
Heaven with our wishes soon complied;
In six months four relations died,
But you, so far from having more,
Seem robbed of what you had before;

A greater miser every day,
Live in a cursed, starving way,
Scarce entertain us once a year,
And then not worth a groat the cheer;
Seven old companions, men of sense,
Scarce cost you now as many pence.
What shall we wish you on our part?
What wish can equal your desert?
Thousands a year may heaven grant!
Then you will starve and die for want.

To his Book.

(From Epigrams.)

Three hundred epigrams thou might'st contain,
But who, to read so many can sustain?
Hear what in praise of brevity is said:
First, less expense and waste of paper 's made;
The printer's labor next doth sooner end;
And to more serious works he may attend;
Thirdly, to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read,
Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said;
Again, in length, while thou dost not abound,
Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go round;
And when this caution 's used, alas! I fear
To many yet thou wilt too long appear.

On Regulus.

(From Epigrams. Translated by Elphinston.)

On Tibur's road to where Alcides towers,
And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours;
Where laugh the lawns, and groves to Muses dear,
And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
An antique porch prolonged the summer shade:
What a new deed her dotage half essayed?
Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
Where Regulus scarce passed in his calash.
Sly Fortune started, for herself aware;
Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach,
Still standing piles could no protection preach.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Marvell, Andrew, an English poet and satirist; born at Winestead, Yorkshire, March 31, 1621; died in London, August 18, 1678. He was Milton's friend, and his assistant in the Latin secretaryship to the Commonwealth (1657). He was called "the British Aristides." He is best known by his "Poems on Affairs of State" (1689), a collection of satires on Charles II. and the Stuarts; though often coarse, they abound in lofty and generous sentiments. Of his other writings, the best are the "Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland" (1776); "The Rehearsal Transposed" (1672–73); the single poem, "The Nymph Complaining;" etc.

The Garden.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress's name.

Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness —
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?

But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

The Emigrants in Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied —
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song: —

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples, — plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice, —
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)

The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

The Mower to the Glow-worms.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
  The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
  Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
  No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
  Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
  To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
  And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
  Since Juliana here is come;
For she my mind hath so displaced,
  That I shall never find my home.

The Dutch in the Medway.

There our sick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting Fowl, a weak and easy Prey:
For whose strong bulk Earth scarce could Timber find,
The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind.
Those Oaken Giants of the ancient Race,
That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
The conscious Stag, tho' once the Forest's dread,
Flies to the wood, and hides his armless Head:
Ruyter forthwith and Squadron does untack,
They sail securely through the River's track.

And *English* Pilot too (Oh shame! Oh sin!)
Cheated of 's Pay, was he that shew'd them in.
Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend:
(Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,
It fitter seem'd to Captivate a Flea;)
A Skipper rude shocks it without respect,
Filling his sails more force to recollect.
Th' *English* from shore the Iron deaf invoke
For its last aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!
But with her failing weight the *Holland* Keel,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorough reel,
And to the rest the opening passage shew:
Monk from the Bank that dismal sight does view.
Our feather'd Gallants which came down that day
To be Spectators safe of the New Play,
Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the fleetest) and to *London* run.
Our Seamen whom no danger's shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for spight:
Or to their Fellows Swim on board the *Dutch*,
Who shew the tempting Metal in their clutch.
Oft had he sent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to begg;
And *Upnor* Castle's ill deserted Wall,
Now needful does for Ammunition call,
He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
Confusion, Folly, Treachery, Fear, Neglect.
But when the *Royal Charles* (what rage! what grief!)
He saw seiz'd, and could give her no relief;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, restor'd
Its exil'd Sov'reign on its happy board,
And thence the British Admiral became,
Crown'd for that merit with his Master's Name;
That pleasure-boat of War, in whose dear side
Secure, so oft he had this Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victor's slave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its Top to wave,
Of former Glories the reproachful thought
With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.
Such from *Euphrates* bank a Tigress fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell;
But sees enrag'd the River flow between,
Frustrate Revenge, and Love by loss more keen;
At her own Breast her useless Claws does arm,
She tears herself, 'cause him she cannot harm.

The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence,
Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence.
Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of might,
Sweet Painter! draw his Picture while I write.
Paint him of person tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be killed but shown;
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a hair so black,
Or Face so red, thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain terror in his Martial look,
And all those lines by which men are mistook;
But when by shame constrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And saw himself confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lions' Den:
But when the frightful Fire-Ships he saw,
Pregnant with Sulphur nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make haste,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be cast;
Three Children tall unsing'd, away they row:
Like *Shadrack*, *Mesheck* and *Abednego*.
Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns,
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns,
And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, increase with theirs her flames.
Of all our Navy none should now survive,
But that the *Ships* themselves were taught to dive;
And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy sides;
Up to the Bridge contagious Terror struck,
The *Tow'r* itself with the near danger shook;
And were not *Ruyter's* Man with ravage cloy'd,
Ev'n *London's* ashes had been then destroy'd;
Officious fear, however to prevent
Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.
The *Dutch* had robb'd those Jewels of the Crown,
Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown:
So when the Fire did not enough devour,
The Houses were demolish'd near the Tow'r.
Those *Ships* that yearly from their teaming hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,
Fir from the North, and Silver from the West,
From the South Perfumes, Spices from the East;
From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames:*
Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
And shrunk, less Navigable, to a Ford.

Now nothing more at *Chatham* 's left to burn,
The *Holland* Squadron leisurely returns;
And spight of *Ruperts* and of *Albemarles*,
To *Ruyter's* Triumph led the Captive *Charles.*
The pleasing sight he often does prolong,
Her Mast erect, tough Cordage, Timber strong,
Her moving shape, all these he doth survey,
And all admires, but most his easy Prey.
The *Seamen* search her all within, without,
Viewing her strength they yet their Conquest doubt;
Then with rude shouts secure, the Air they vex,
With gamsom joy insulting on her Decks;
Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, shorn,
Was led about in sport, the publick scorn.
Black day accurst! on thee let no man hale
Out of the Port, or dare to hoyse a Sail,
Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour,
Thee, the Years' Monster, let thy Dam devour;
And constant time to keep his course yet right,
Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.
When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,
And *Medway* chaste ravisht before his face,
And their dear Off-spring murder'd in their sight,
Thou and thy fellows held'st the odious light.
Sad chance since first that happy Pair was wed,
When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial bed,
And Father *Neptune* promis'd to resign
His Empire old to their Immortal line;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themselves dishonour'd, and the Gods untrue;
And to each other helpless couple mourn,
As the sad Tortoise for the Sea does groan:
But most they for their darling *Charles* complain,
And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
To see that fatal pledge of Sea command,
Now in the Ravisher *de Ruyter's* hand;
The *Thames* roar'd, swooning *Medway* turned her tyde,
And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.
The Court in Fathering yet it self doth please,
And female *Steward* there rules the four Seas,
But fate does still accumulate our woes,
And *Richmond* her commands, as Ruyter those.
After this loss, to relish discontent,
Some one must be accus'd by punishment;
All our Miscarriages on *Pett* must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all.

Whose counsel first did this mad War beget?
Who all Commands sold through the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
Who treated out the Time at *Bergen?* *Pett.*
Who the *Dutch* Fleet with storms disabled met?
And rifling Prizes them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with false News prevented the Gazette?
The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert?* *Pett.*
Who all our Seamen cheated of their debt,
And all our Prizes who did swallow? *Pett.*
Who did advise no Navy out to Set?
And who the Forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
Who to supply with Powder did forget
Languard, *Sheerness*, *Gravesend* and *Upnor?* *Pett.*
Who all our Ships exposed in *Chattham* Nett?
Who should it be but the Fanatick *Pett?*
Pett, the Sea-architect in making *Ships*,
Was the first cause of all these Naval slips.
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no Creation, there had been no sin;
But his great Crime, one Boat away he sent,
That lost our Fleet, and did our flight prevent.

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON.

Massillon, Jean Baptiste, a noted French pulpit orator; born at Hyères, June 24, 1663; died at Clermont, September 18, 1742. From the very outset he gave promise of distinction, but his retiring disposition led him to shrink from appearing in public; and he seems to have thought of assuming the vow of silence in a Trappist monastery. The Superior-General of the Oratory recalled him to the Congregation, first in Lyons, and afterward in Paris, where he soon became celebrated by his ecclesiastical Conferences. In 1699 he was called to the Church of the Oratory, in Paris, and preached the Advent Sermons before Louis XIV., at Versailles. His Lenten Sermons, — the "Grand Carême," as they are called, — delivered in 1701, were greatly admired by the King, who invited him again in 1704. "Le Petit Carême," a course of ten sermons preached in the Lenten season of 1718, is the most celebrated of Massillon's works. Besides constantly preaching during the intervals between these courses of sermons, he delivered several funeral orations, notably that on Prince Conti, in 1709, and that on Louis XIV., in 1715. In 1717 Massillon was named Bishop of Clermont; but he was not consecrated until 1719. His last public funeral oration was that on the Duchess of Orleans, in 1723. His remaining years were occupied in the duties of his diocese.

General Society.

What is the world for the worldlings themselves who love it, who seem intoxicated with its pleasures, and who are not able to step from it? The world? — It is an everlasting servitude, where no one lives for himself, and where to be blest one must be able to kiss one's fetters and love one's slavery. The world? — It is a daily round of events which awaken in succession, in the hearts of its partisans, the most violent and the most gloomy passions, cruel hatreds, hateful perplexities, bitter fears, devouring jealousies, overwhelming griefs. The world? — It is a territory under a curse, where even its pleasures carry with them their thorns and their bitternesses; its sport tires by its furies and its caprices; its conversations annoy by the oppositions of its moods and the contrariety of its sentiments; its passions and criminal attachments have their disgusts, their derangements, their unpleasant brawls; its shows, hardly finding more in the spectators than souls grossly dissolute, and incapable of being awakened but by the most monstrous excesses of debauchery, become stale, while moving only those delicate passions which only show crime in the distance, and dress out traps for innocence. The world, in fine, is a place where hope, regarded as a passion so sweet, renders everybody unhappy; where those who have nothing to hope for, think themselves still more miserable; where all that pleases, pleases never for long; and where *ennui* is almost the sweetest destiny and the most supportable that one can expect in it.

This, my brethren, is the world: and it is not the obscure world, which knows neither the great pleasures nor the charms of prosperity, of favor, and of wealth, — it is the world at its best; it is the world of the court; it is you yourselves who hear me, my brethren.

This is the world; and it is not, in this aspect, one of those paintings from imagination of which the resemblance is nowhere to be found. I am painting the world only after your own hearts; that is, such as you know it and always feel it yourselves to be.

There, notwithstanding, is the place where all sinners are seeking their felicity. There is their country. It is there that they wish they could eternize themselves. This is the world which they prefer to the eternal joys and to all the promises of faith.

The Prodigal Son.

The vice the deadly consequences of which I am to-day undertaking to expose — this vice so universally spread abroad on the earth, and which is desolating with such fury the heritage of Jesus; this vice of which the Christian religion had purged the world, and which to-day has prevailed on religion itself — is marked by certain peculiar characteristics, all which I find in the story of the wanderings of the Prodigal Son.

There is never a vice which more separates the sinner from God; there is never a vice which, after it has separated him from God, leaves him less resource for returning to Him; there is never a vice which renders the sinner more insupportable to himself; finally, there is not one which renders him more contemptible in the eyes even of other men. Observe, I pray, all these characteristics in the story of the sinner of our gospel.

The first characteristic of the vice of which we are speaking is the putting, as it were, an abyss between God and the voluptuous soul, and the leaving him almost no more hope of return. The prodigal of our gospel went off at first into a very far country, which left no longer anything in common between him and his natural father: "He took his journey into a far country."

Indeed, in all the other vices, the sinner seems still to hold upon God by some feeble ties. There are some vices which respect at least the sacredness of the body, and do not strengthen its inordinate inclinations; there are others which do not spread so deep darkness on the mind, and leave at least some use of the light of reason; finally, there are some which do not occupy the heart to such a degree as absolutely to take away from it the relish for all which could lead back to God. But the shameful passion of which I am speaking dishonors the body, extinguishes reason, renders all the things of heaven disagreeable, and raises a wall of separation between God and the sinner which seems to take away all hope of reunion. — "He took his journey into a far country."

I said that it dishonors the body of the Christian; it profanes the temple of God in us; it makes the members of Jesus do an ignominious service: it soils a flesh nourished on his body and his blood, consecrated by the grace of baptism; a flesh which is to attain immortality and be conformable to the glorious likeness of Jesus risen; a flesh which will repose in the holy place, and whose ashes will await, under the altar of the Lamb, the day of revelation, mingled with the ashes of the virgins and the martyrs; a flesh more holy than those august temples where the glory of the Lord reposes; more worthy of being possessed with honor and with reverence than the very vases of the sanctuary, consecrated by the terrible mysteries which they enclose. But what a barrier does not the opprobrium of this vice put to the return of God into us! Can a holy God, in whose sight even the heavenly spirits are unclean, sufficiently separate himself from a flesh covered with shame and ignominy? The creature being but dust and ashes, the holiness of God must suffer by lowering himself down to it: ah, what then can the sinner promise himself who joins to his own nothingness and baseness the indignities of a body shamefully dishonored? — "He took his journey into a far country."

THE PRODIGAL SON

“He took his journey into a far country”

From a Painting by É. Dubufe

I said that this vice extinguishes even in the soul all her lights, and that the sinner is no longer capable of those salutary reflections which often lead back an unbelieving soul. The prodigal of our gospel, already blinded by his passion, does not see the wrong he is doing himself in separating himself from his paternal home; the ingratitude of which he is rendering himself culpable towards his natural father; the dangers to which he is exposing himself in wishing to be the sole arbiter of his own destiny; the decencies even which he is violating in setting out for a far country, without the counsel and advice of him to whom he owes at least the sentiments of reverence and deference which mere nature itself inspires. He starts, and no longer sees but by the eyes of his passion. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Such is the characteristic of this ill-fated passion, — it spreads a thick cloud over reason: men wise, shrewd, brilliant, lose here at once all their shrewdness, all their wisdom; all their principles of conduct are instantly effaced; a new manner of thinking is made up, in which all the ordinary ideas are proscribed, — it is no longer light and counsel, it is an impetuous inclination which decides and rules all their proceedings; what one owes to others and what one owes to one's self is forgotten; one is blind to one's fortune, to one's duty, to one's reputation, to one's interests, to the decencies even of which the other passions are so jealous; and while one is giving one's self for a spectacle to the public, it is one's self alone that does not see one. One is made blind to fortune: and Ammon loses his life and crown for not having been able to subdue his unjust feebleness. One is made blind to duty: and the impassioned wife of Potiphar no longer remembers that Joseph is a slave; she forgets her birth, her glory, her pride, and no longer sees in that Hebrew aught but the object of her shameful passion. One is made blind to gratitude: and David has no longer eyes either for Uriah's faithfulness, or for the ingratitude of which he is going to render himself guilty towards a God who had drawn him from the dust to set him on the throne of Judah; from the time that his heart was touched, all his lights were extinguished. . . . Thus it is, O my God! that thou punishest the passions of the flesh by the darkness of the mind; that thy light shines no longer on souls adulterous and corrupt, and that their foolish heart is darkened. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Finally, this deplorable passion puts into the heart an invincible disgust for the things of heaven. . . . Whatever is not marked by the shameful characteristic of voluptuousness interests no longer. Even the duties of society, the functions of a charge, the decencies of a dignity, domestic cares, — all weary, all become disagreeable, outside of passion. . . . Solomon is more attentive to building profane temples to the gods of his foreign wives than to easing his people of the weight of the public expense. [A thrust of amazing boldness in the face of Louis XIV. !] . . . One employs one's self in occupations all which go to nourish voluptuousness, — profane shows, pernicious reading, lascivious music, obscene pictures. . . . It is the characteristic of this passion to fill the whole heart entirely; one is no longer able to occupy one's self but with it; one is possessed, drunk with it; one finds it everywhere; everything shows the marks of its deadly impress; everything awakens its iniquitous desires; the world, solitude, presence, absence, objects the most indifferent, occupations the most serious, the holy temple itself, the sacred altars, the terrible mysteries, recall the remembrance of it: and everything becomes unclean, as the Apostle says, to him who is already himself unclean. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Look back, unbelieving soul; recall those first sentiments of modesty and virtue with which you were born, and see all the way you have made in the road of iniquity, since the fatal day when this shameful vice soiled your heart; and how much you have since removed yourself away from your God: "He took his journey into a far country."

If Jesus should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the whole world, to be our judge, to make the terrible separation between the sheep and the goats, do you believe that the greater number of us would be set on his right hand? — do you believe that things would be at least equal? — do you believe there would be found here only ten righteous, which the Lord was not able to find formerly in five entire cities? I ask you; — you do not know, I do not know myself. Thou alone, O God, dost know those who belong to thee! But if we do not know who belong to him, we do know at least that sinners do not. But who are the faithful believers here assembled? — Titles and dignities must be counted for nothing; you will be stripped of them before Jesus. Who are they? A mass of sinners who do not wish to be converted; still more who wish to be, but who are putting off their conversion: a good many who were converted, but only always to backslide; finally, a great number who think they have no need of conversion: here is the party of the reprobates. Retrench these four sorts of sinners from this holy assembly; for they will be retrenched in the great day; — appear now, ye righteous: where are you! Remnant of Israel, pass to the right; wheat of Jesus, separate yourselves from this chaff destined to the fire. O God! where are thine elect? and what remains for thy portion?

Evil Effects of Adulation.

It is adulation that makes of a good prince a prince born for the ruin of his people; that turns sovereignty into oppression; and that, by lauding the weakness of kings, renders even their virtues contemptible. Yes, sire, whoever flatters his masters betrays them: the perfidy that deceives them is as criminal as that which dethrones them: truth is the homage due to them; there is little difference between the treachery of the flatterer and that of the rebel: one holds no longer to honor and duty when he holds no longer to truth, which alone honors man, and is the foundation of all duties. The same infamy that punishes perfidy and revolt should be meted out to adulation; public safety should appeal to the laws that have omitted to number it among the great crimes to which they award punishment, for it is as criminal to make an attempt on the good faith of princes as on their sacred persons, to be wanting in respect to truth as to be wanting in fidelity, since the enemy who would destroy us is still less to be feared than the flatterer who seeks only to please us.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Massinger, Philip, an eminent English dramatist; born at Salisbury in 1584; died March, 1638. He was sent to Oxford in 1602; but he left the University without taking a degree, and went to London about 1606. He became connected with the stage, and wrote, in connection with Fletcher and others, several dramas. The earliest production by Massinger alone was "The Virgin Martyr" (1622), and the latest "The Bashful Lover" (1636). There are extant eighteen plays by Massinger, five of which may be classed as tragedies, the remainder as tragi-comedies. To this latter class belongs the "City Madam" (1632), which, with the "New Way to Pay Old Debts" (1633), still holds a place on the stage. Others which were much admired are "The Maid of Honor" and "The Fatal Dowry," the latter of which is said to have given Rowe his outline for "The Fair Penitent."

SCENES FROM THE "CITY MADAM."

Sir John Frugal is a wealthy city merchant and money-lender.— His wife, **Lady Frugal**, and their two daughters, are puffed up with pride and vanity.— **Luke** is a brother of **Sir John**, who has run through his fortune, and is an humble dependent upon his brother, by whose wife and daughters he is contemptuously hated.

Lady Frugal. Very good, Sir!
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And women did command you?
Luke. Drunk, an 't please you!
Lady Frugal. Drunk, I said, Sirrah! Dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch!
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison
(Thy patrimony spent), ragged and lousy,
When the Sheriff's basket and his broken meat
Were your festival-exceedings! and is this
So soon forgotten?
Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, Madam.

Lady Frugal. And good reason why
You should continue so. . . . . .
Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, Madam. For it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction. All my studies —
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) — are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

[**Sir John**, in order to bring his wife and daughters to their senses, gives out that he has retired to a monastery, and has left all his riches to his brother, who takes possession. Whereupon **Luke** thus soliloquizes.]

Luke. 'T was no fantastic object, but a truth —
A real truth; no dream. I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon 't. It did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld,
And handled of 't, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
I scarcely could give credit to my senses. . . .
In corners of the room, silver in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flowed about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light: the splendor
Makes a perpetual day there; night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp forever banished!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they opened,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fixed it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract or epitome! Rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl; these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found —
What weak credulity could have no faith in —
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment;
The wax continuing hard — the acres melting;
Here is a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The Unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire

In Wales or England where my moneys are not
Lent out at usury — the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air.

[Luke treats his debtors with the utmost harshness, and degrades his brother's wife and daughters to the condition of menials. The ladies at length appear before him clad in the meanest manner.]

Luke. Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so. You were before
Too glorious to be look'd on; now you appear
Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of Court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'T was monstrous!
Till now you ne'er looked lovely.
Lady Frugal. Is this spoken
In scorn?
Luke. Fie! no; with judgments I make good
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolved
You shall continue so.
Lady Frugal. It is confessed, Sir.
Luke. Sir! — Use your old phrase — Sirrah. I can bear it.
Lady Frugal. That, if you please, forgotten. We acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you 'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.
Luke. 'T is my purpose.
Lady Frugal. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admired, rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud blood, to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice
And raise up a new satirist. But hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I 'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by it.
Lady Frugal. We are bound to hear you.
Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer — Goodman Humble.
By his neighbors ne'er called "Master." Did your pride

Descend from him ? – But let that pass. Your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the ranks of a merchant's wife. He made a Knight,
And your sweet Mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver-cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth threepence. And thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it,
It being for the city's honor that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian.
  MILLICENT. Pray you leave preaching, or choose some other text. . . . .
  LUKE. Peace, chattering magpie!
I 'll treat of you anon. But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name of Lady Mayoress
Became a byword, and you scorned the means
By which you were raised — my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to it — and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the Court —
What a strange, nay, monstrous, metamorphosis follow'd!
No English workmen then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this Countess
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew
The young lord's eye upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice's place
To walk before you —
  LADY FRUGAL. Pray you end. . . . .
  LUKE. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds
And richest orient pearl; your carcanets,
That did adorn your neck, of equal value;
Your Hungerland bands and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feigned,
That your night-rails of forty pounds apiece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family. You were served in plate;

Stirr'd not a foot without your coach; and going
To church — not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp — you were tickled when the beggars cried
"Heaven save your Honor!" . . . . And when you lay
In childbed at the christening of this minx —
I well remember it — as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers, hung the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.
Lady Frugal. No more, I pray you.
Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I 'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example. 'T is decreed
That you shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!

[The result of Sir John's well-meant ruse is that his wife and daughters are weaned from their proud and foolish ways. He suddenly reappears, and ousts Luke from the position of which he had proved himself so unworthy. This, however, is not done until Luke had full opportunity to display his inborn arrogance and baseness. The Lord Lacy who reappears in the following scene is a nobleman who wishes his son to marry one of the daughters of Sir John. He had been very courteous to Luke in the days of his adversity, and Luke had fawned upon him most obsequiously. Lord Lacy had from the first been aware of the scheme of Sir John.]

Lord Lacy. You are well met,
And to my wish — and wondrous brave! Your habit
Speaks you a merchant-royal.
Luke. What I wear
I take not upon trust.
Lord Lacy. Your betters may
And blush not for 't.
Luke. If you have naught else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.
Lord Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you stay, —
I once held you an upright, honester man.
Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound — I thank my stars for 't —

Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be altered, who can help it? Good my Lord,
To the point. I have other business than to talk
Of honesty and opinions.
Lord Lacy. Yet you may
Do well if you please, to show the one, and merit
The other from good men, and in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.
Luke. What is it? I am troubled.
Lord Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of your brother's prentices.
Luke. Mine, my Lord, I take it.
Lord Lacy. Goldwire and Tradewell.
Luke. They are welcome if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustained by their sons.
Goldwire. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.
Tradewell. Which we hope you will do
For your own Worship's sake.
Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbors. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation: for it would convince me
Of indiscretion; nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.
Lord Lacy. No moderation?
Luke. They cannot look for 't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth; and they shall answer all
They have run out. The masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices. When we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge Alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to 't —
A thousand pounds apiece; and that will hardly
Repair my losses.
Lord Lacy. Thou dar'st not show thyself
Such a devil!
Luke. Good words!
Lord Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your moneys
Cannot justify your villainies.

Luke. I endure this.
And, good my Lord, now you talk in time of moneys,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister or my nieces — being yourself
So much in danger.
Lord Lacy. In thy danger?
Luke. Mine.
I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd —
Pawn'd, my good Lord; Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a Lord,
An' it please you, good Lordship! You are a nobleman;
Pray you pay in my moneys: the interest
Will eat faster in't than aqua-fortis in iron —
Now, though you bear me hard, I love your Lordship.
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve
On lord's or clown's land. Pay it in —
I would be loath your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son — when he returns from travel —
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are angry
For my good counsel. Look you to your bonds. Had I known
Of your coming, believe 't I would have had sergeants ready. —
Lord, how you fret! But that a tavern's near,
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house
To wash down sorrows; but there it will do better;
I know you will drink a health to me.

From "The Maid of Honor."

[Camiola, who is in love with Bertoldo, is told by his friends Antonio and Gasparo that he is a prisoner, and that the King has refused to pay his ransom.]

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
Camiola. Without him?
Servant. I think so.
Camiola. Never think more, then!
Servant. They have been at court,
Kissed the King's hand, and their first duties done

To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.
CAMIOLA. Wait them hither.
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now if ever
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heaven's providence
So soon miscarry! —

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO.

Pray you, forbear: ere you take
The privilege as strangers to salute me,
(Excuse my manners) make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.
GASPARO. The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
ANTONIO. I wish
Some other should inform you.
CAMIOLA. Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.
GASPARO. Dead! Would that were the worst: a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
CAMIOLA. Is there aught
More terrible than death?
ANTONIO. Yes, to a spirit
Like his: cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
CAMIOLA. You abuse me:
The royal King cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all the springs of affection were dried up)
But pay his ransom.
GASPARO. When you know what 't is
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
CAMIOLA. A petty sum,
The price weighed with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the King 't is nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The King's magnificence.
ANTONIO. In your opinion;
But 't is most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it but forbids
All other men.

Camiola. Are you sure of this?
Gasparo. You may read
The edict to that purpose, published by him.
That will resolve you.
Camiola. Possible! Pray you, stand off.
If I do mutter treason to myself
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him,
He is my King. The news you have delivered
Makes me weary of your company: we 'll salute
When we meet next. I 'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

From "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

[Sir Giles Overreach, on fire with greed and with ambition to found a great feudal house, treats about marrying his daughter with Lord Lovell.]

Overreach. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, — that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I 'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lovell. You are a right kind father.
Overreach. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded and well watered, — the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lovell. 'T is a wholesome air,
And well built, and she that is mistress of it
Worthy the large revenues.
Overreach She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it, —
I say, ere long 't is his.
Lovell. Impossible!
Overreach. You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'T is not alone
The lady Allworth's lands; . . . — but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient

T. Wageman, fecit.

Mr. KEAN,

AS SIR GILES OVERREACH.

And useful for your Lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
  LOVELL.   I dare not own
What 's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.
  OVERREACH.   You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now.
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours;
For though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right Honorable, which my lord can make her;
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove the burden from your shoulders,
And take it on my own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.
  LOVELL. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
  OVERREACH.   Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course; with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness: as when they call
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder

On my poor neighbor's rights, or grand inclosure
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold:
I only think what 't is to have my daughter
Right Honorable; and 't is a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
LOVELL. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
OVERREACH. 'T is for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth by dark
And crooked ways, then you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore, —
Is it a match?
LOVELL. I hope that it is past doubt now.
OVERREACH. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it,
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal. So, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*
LOVELL. He 's gone — I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portént! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

HENRI RENÉ ALBERT GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Maupassant, Henri René Albert Guy de, a French novelist; born at Miromesnil, Seine Inférieure, France, August 5, 1850; died at Paris, July 6, 1893. His first publication was a short story, "Boule-de-Suif." This was followed by a play, "Histoire du Vieux Temps," and a volume of naturalistic verse, "Des Vers," all in 1880. Then came in rapid succession volume after volume, more than twenty in all, for the next ten or twelve years. But in 1892, his mind gave way, and for months before his death he was confined in a private insane asylum. Among his best works are "La Maison Tellier" (1881); "Mademoiselle Fifi" (1882); "Les Sœurs Rondoli" (1884); "Contes du jour et de la nuit" (1885); "Monsieur Parent" (1885); "Bel-Ami" (1885); "La Petite Roque" (1886); "Le Horla" (1887); "Mont-Oriol" (1887); "Pierre et Jean" (1888); "La Main Gauche" (1889); "Fort comme la mort" (1889); "L'Inutile Beauté" (1890); and "Notre Cœur" (1890). Maupassant belonged to the naturalistic school of writers.

The Last Years of Madame Jeanne.

(From "A Life.")

Jeanne did not go out any more. She hardly bestirred herself. Each morning she got up at the same hour; took notice of the weather outside; and then went down and seated herself before the fire in the hall.

She would remain there whole days, immovable, her eyes fixed upon the flame, giving course to lamentable thoughts, following the melancholy retrospect of her sorrows. Little by little darkness would invade the small room as the day closed, without her having made any other movement than to put more wood on the fire. Then Rosalie would bring the lamp, exclaiming to her, "Come, come, Madame Jeanne! You must shake yourself up a bit, or really you won't have any appetite this evening for supper."

Often, too, she was persecuted by fixed ideas, which besieged and tortured her; by insignificant preoccupations, — mere trifles which took in her dim brain a false importance.

More than any thing else she took to living over the past, — her past that lay furthest back, haunted by the early days of her life, — by her wedding trip, over there in Corsica. Suddenly there would rise up before her landscapes of that island so long forgotten, seen now in the embers of the fireplace: she would recall all the details, all the trivial little episodes, every face once met in that time; the fine head of the guide that they had employed — Jean Ravoli — kept coming before her, and she sometimes fancied that she heard his voice.

Then too she would fall into a revery upon the happy years of her son's childhood, when she and Aunt Lison, with Paul, had worked in the salad-bed together, kneeling side by side in the soft ground, the two women rivals in their effort to amuse the child as they toiled among the young plants.

So musing, her lips would murmur, "Poulet, Poulet! my little Poulet," — as if she were speaking to him; and, her revery broken as she spoke, she would try during whole hours to write the boy's name in the air, shaping with her outstretched fingers these letters. She would trace them slowly in space before the fire, sometimes imagining that she really saw them, then believing that her eyes had deceived her; and so she would rewrite the capital *P* again, her old arm trembling with fatigue, but forcing herself to trace the name to its end; then when she had finished it she would write it over again. At last she could not write it any more. She would confuse everything, — form other words at random, enfeebled almost to idiocy.

All the little manias of those who live solitary took hold of her. The least change in her surroundings irritated her.

Rosalie would often insist upon making her walk about, and even carry her off to the roadside; but Jeanne at the end of twenty minutes would always end up by saying, "No, I am too tired out, my good girl;" and then she would sit down on the edge of the green roadside.

Indeed, movement of any kind was soon distasteful to her, and she would stay in bed in the morning as late as possible. Ever since her infancy one particular habit had remained tenaciously with her, — that of jumping up out of bed just as soon as she had swallowed her morning coffee. She was very much set on that way of breakfasting, and the privation would have been felt more than anything else. Each morning she would await Rosalie's arrival at her bedside with an exaggerated impatience; and just as soon as the cup was put upon the table at her side, she would start up and empty it almost greedily, and then begin to dress herself at once.

But, now, little by little, she had grown into the habit of dreamily waiting some seconds after she had put back the cup into the plate; then she would settle herself again in her bed; and then, little by little, would lengthen her idleness from day to day, until Rosalie would come back furious at such delay, and would dress her mistress almost by force.

Besides all this, she did not seem to have now any appearance of a will about matters; and each time that Rosalie would ask her opinion as to whether something was to be one way or another, she would answer, "Do as you think best, my girl."

She fancied herself directly pursued by obstinate misfortune, against which she made herself as fatalistic as an Oriental: the habit of seeing her dreams evaporate, and her hopes come to nothing, put her into the attitude of being afraid to undertake anything; and she hesitated whole days before accomplishing the most simple affair, convinced that she would only set out the wrong way to do it, and that it would turn out badly. She repeated continually, "I have never had any luck in my life." Then it was Rosalie's turn to cry to her, "What would you say if you had had to work for your bread, — if you were obliged to get up every morning at six o'clock and go out for your day's doings? There are lots of people who are obliged to do that, nevertheless; and when such people become too old, *they* have to die — just of their poverty."

A little more strength came to her when the air softened into the first days of spring; but she used this new activity only to throw herself more and more into sombre thoughts.

One morning, when she had climbed up into the garret to hunt for something, she happened to open a trunk full of old calendars; somebody had kept them, as certain country people have a habit of doing. It seemed to her that in finding them she found the very years themselves of her past life; and she remained stricken with a strange and confused emotion before that pile of cardboard squares.

She took them up and carried them downstairs. They were of all shapes, big and little. She began to arrange them, year by year, upon the table; and then, all at once, she found the very first one that had belonged to her, — the same one that she had brought to Peuples. She looked at this one a long time, with the dates marked off by her the morning of her departure from Rouen, the day after her going away from the convent. She wept over it. Sadly and slowly the tears fell; the bitter tears of an old woman whose life was spread out before her on that table.

With the calendars came to her an idea that soon became a sort of obsession; terrible, incessant, inexorable. She would try to remember just whatever she had done from day to day during all her life. She pinned the calendars against the walls and on the carpet one after the other — those faded pieces of cardboard; and so she came to pass hours face to face with them, continually asking herself, "Now let me see, — what *was* it happened to me that month?"

She had checked certain memorable days in the course of her life, hence now and then she was able to recall the episodes of an entire month, bringing them up one by one, grouping them together, connecting one by another all those little matters which had preceded or followed some important event. She succeeded by sheer force of attention, by force of memory and of concentrated will, in bringing back to mind almost completely her two first years at Peuples. Far-away souvenirs of her life returned to her with a singular facility, and with a kind of relief in them; but the later years gradually seemed to lose themselves in a mist, — to become mixed one with another: and so Jeanne would remain now and then an indefinite time, her head bowed toward one of the calendars, her mind spellbound by the past, without being able to remember whether it was in this or that calendar that such or such a remembrance ought to be decided. She ranged them around the room like the religious pictures that point out the Way of the Cross in a church, — these tableaux of days that were no more. Then she would abruptly set down her chair before one of them; and there she would sit until night came, immobile, staring at it, buried in her vague researches.

All at once, when the sap began to awaken in the boughs beneath the warmth of the sun; when the crops began to spring up in the fields, the trees to become verdant; when the apple-trees in the orchard swelled out roundly like rosy balls, and perfumed the plain, — then a great counter-agitation came over her; she could not seem to stay still. She went and came; she left the house and returned to it twenty times a day, and even took now and then a stroll the length of the farming tracts, excited to a sort of fever of regret. The sight of a daisy blossoming in a tuft of grass, the flash of a ray of sun slipping down between the leaves, the glittering of a strip of water in which the blue sky was mirrored, — all moved her; awakened a tenderness in her; gave her sensations very far away, like an echo of her emotions as a young girl, when she went dreaming about the country-side.

One morning the faithful Rosalie came later than usual into her room, and said, setting down upon the table the bowl of coffee: "Come now, drink this. Denis is downstairs waiting for us at the door. We will go over to Peuples to-day: I've got business to attend to over there."

Jeanne thought that she was going to faint, so deep was her emotion at the sound of that name, at the thought of going to the home of her girlhood. She dressed herself, trembling with emotion, frightened and tremulous at the mere idea of seeing again that dear house.

A radiant sky spread out above over all the world; the horse, in fits and starts of liveliness, sometimes went almost at a gallop. When they entered into the commune of Etouvent, Jeanne could hardly breathe, so much did her heart beat; and when she saw from a distance the brick pillars of the boundary-line of her old home, she exclaimed in a low voice two or three times, and as if in spite of herself, "Oh! — oh! — oh! — " as if before things that threatened to revolutionize all her heart.

They left the wagon with the Couillard family: then, while Rosalie and her son went off to attend to their business, the caretakers offered Jeanne the chance of taking a little turn around the château, the present owners of it being absent; so they gave her the keys.

Alone she set out; and when she was fairly before the old manor-house by the seaside, she stopped to look at its outside once again. It had changed in nothing outside. The large, grayish building that day showed upon its old walls the smile of the sunshine. All the shutters were closed.

A bit of a dead branch fell from above upon her dress. She raised her eyes. It came from the plane-tree. She drew near the big tree with its smooth, pale bark; she caressed it with her hand almost as if it had been an animal. Her foot struck something in the grass, — a fragment of rotten wood; lo! it was the last fragment of the very bench on which she had sat so often with those of her own family about her, so many years ago; the very bench which had been set in place on the same day that Julien had made his first visit.

She turned then to the double doors of the vestibule of the house, and she had great trouble to open them; for the heavy key, grown rusty, refused to turn in the lock. At length the lock yielded with a heavy grinding of its springs; and the door, a little obstinate itself, gave her entrance with a cloud of dust.

At once, and almost running, she went upstairs to find what had been her own room. She could hardly recognize it, hung as it was with a light new paper: but throwing open a window, she looked out and stood motionless, stirred even to the depth of her being at the sight of all that landscape so much beloved; the thicket, the elm-trees, the flat reaches, and the sea dotted with brown sails, seeming motionless in the distance.

She began prowling about the great empty, lonely dwelling. She even stopped to look at the discolorations on the walls; spots familiar to her eyes. Once she stood before a little hole crushed in the plaster by her father himself, who had often amused himself with making passages at arms, cane in hand, against the partition wall, when he would happen to be passing this spot.

Her mother's room — in it she found, stuck behind the door in a dark corner near the bed, a fine gold hairpin; one which she herself had stuck there so long ago, and which she had often tried to find during the past years. Nobody had ever come across it. She drew it out as a relic beyond all price, and kissed it, and carried it away with her. Everywhere about the house she walked, recognizing almost invisible marks in the hangings of the rooms that had not been changed; she made out once more those curious faces that a childish imagination gives often to the patterns and stuffs, to marbles, and to shadings of the ceilings, grown dingy with time. On she walked with soundless footsteps, wholly alone in the immense, silent house, as one who crosses a cemetery. All her life was buried in it.

She went downstairs to the drawing-room. It was sombre behind the closed shutters: for some time she could not distinguish anything; then her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. She recognized, little by little, the tall hangings with their patterns of birds flitting about. Two arm-chairs were set before the chimney, as if people had just quitted them; and even the odor of the room, an odor which it had always kept, — that old vague, sweet odor belonging to some old houses,— entered Jeanne's very being, enwrapt her in souvenirs, intoxicated her memory. She remained gasping, breathing in that breath of the past, and with her eyes fixed upon those two chairs; for suddenly, in a sort of hallucination which gave place to a positive idea, she saw — as she had often seen them — her father and her mother, sitting there warming their feet by the fire. She drew back terrified, struck her back against the edge of the door, caught at it to keep herself from falling, but with her eyes still fixed upon the chairs.

The vision disappeared. She remained forgetful of everything during some moments; then slowly she recovered her self-possession, and would have fled from the room, fearful of losing her very senses. By chance, her glance fell against the door-post on which she chanced to be leaning; and lo! before her eyes were the marks that had been made to keep track of Poulet's height as he was growing up!

The little marks climbed the painted wood with unequal intervals; figures traced with the penknife noted down the different ages and growths during the boy's life. Sometimes the jottings were in the handwriting of her father, a large hand; sometimes they were in her own smaller hand; sometimes in that of Aunt Lison, a little tremulous. It seemed to her that the child of other days was actually there, standing before her with his blond hair, pressing his little forehead against the wall so that his height could be measured; and the Baron was crying, "Why, Jeanne! he has grown a whole centimetre since six weeks ago!" She kissed the piece of wood in a frenzy of love and desolateness.

But some one was calling her from outside. It was Rosalie's voice: "Madame Jeanne, Madame Jeanne! We are waiting for you, to have luncheon." She hurried away from the room half out of her senses. She hardly understood anything that the others said to her at luncheon. She ate the things that they put on her plate; she listened without knowing what she heard, talking mechanically with the farming-women, who inquired about her health: she let them embrace her, and herself saluted the cheeks that were held out to her; and then got into the wagon again.

When the high roof of the château was lost to her sight across the trees, she felt in her very heart a direful wrench. It seemed to her in her innermost spirit that now she had said farewell forever to her old home!

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

McCarthy, Justin, a noted Irish journalist, politician, historian, novelist, and miscellaneous writer; born at Cork, November 22, 1830. He has been a Home Rule Member of Parliament since 1879, and since the fall of Parnell, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party. He spent three years (1868–70) in the United States, travelling, lecturing, and engaged in literary work, being (amongst other things) connected editorially with the New York Independent. He revisited this country in 1886. Among his chief works are "A History of Our Own Times" (5 vols., 1879–97); "History of the Four Georges" (4 vols., 1889); the novels "Lady Judith" (1871); "A Fair Saxon" (1873); "Dear Lady Disdain" (1875); "The Right Honorable" (1886, with Mrs. Campbell-Præd); etc. "Modern Leaders," a collection of biographical sketches, appeared in 1872. His latest work is "The Story of Gladstone's Life" (1897).

The King is Dead — Long Live the Queen.

(From "A History of Our Own Times.")

Before half-past two o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837, William IV. was lying dead in Windsor Castle, while the messengers were already hurrying off to Kensington Palace to bear to his successor her summons to the throne. The illness of the King had been but short, and at one time, even after it had been pronounced alarming, it seemed to take so hopeful a turn that the physicians began to think it would pass harmlessly away. But the King was an old man — was an old man even when he came to the throne; and when the dangerous symptoms again exhibited themselves, their warning was very soon followed by fulfillment. The death of King William may be fairly regarded as having closed an era of our history. With him, we may believe, ended the reign of personal government in England. William was indeed a constitutional king in more than mere name. He was to the best of his lights a faithful

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 21, 1837

From the Painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., in Windsor Castle

representative of the constitutional principle. He was as far in advance of his two predecessors in understanding and acceptance of the principle as his successor has proved herself beyond him. Constitutional government has developed itself gradually, as everything else has done in English politics. The written principle and code of its system it would be as vain to look for as for the British Constitution itself. King William still held to and exercised the right to dismiss his ministers when he pleased, and because he pleased. His father had held to the right of maintaining favorite ministers in defiance of repeated votes of the House of Commons. It would not be easy to find any written rule or declaration of constitutional law pronouncing decisively that either was in the wrong. But in our day we should believe that the constitutional freedom of England was outraged, or at least put in the extremest danger, if a sovereign were to dismiss a ministry at mere pleasure, or to retain it in despite of the expressed wish of the House of Commons. Virtually therefore there was still personal government in the reign of William IV. With his death the long chapter of its history came to an end. We find it difficult now to believe that it was a living principle, openly at work among us, if not openly acknowledged, so lately as in the reign of King William.

The closing scenes of King William's life were undoubtedly characterized by some personal dignity. As a rule, sovereigns show that they know how to die. Perhaps the necessary consequence of their training, by virtue of which they come to regard themselves always as the central figures in great State pageantry, is to make them assume a manner of dignity on all occasions when the eyes of their subjects may be supposed to be on them, even if dignity of bearing is not the free gift of nature. The manners of William IV. had been, like those of most of his brothers, somewhat rough and overbearing. He had been an unmanageable naval officer. He had again and again disregarded or disobeyed orders; and at last it had been found convenient to withdraw him from active service altogether, and allow him to rise through the successive ranks of his profession by a merely formal and technical process of ascent. In his more private capacity he had, when younger, indulged more than once in unseemly and insufferable freaks of temper. He had made himself unpopular, while Duke of Clarence, by his strenuous opposition to some of the measures which were especially desired by all the enlightenment of the country. He was, for example, a determined opponent of the measures for the abolition of the slave trade. He had wrangled publicly in open debate with some of his brothers in the House of Lords; and words had been interchanged among the royal princes which could not be heard in our day even in the hottest debates of the more turbulent House of Commons. But William seems to have been one of the men whom increased responsibility improves. He was far better as a king than as a prince. He proved that he was able at least to understand that first duty of a constitutional sovereign, which to the last day of his active life his father, George III., never could be brought to comprehend, — that the personal predilections and prejudices of the king must sometimes give way to the public interest.

Nothing perhaps in life became him like the leaving of it. His closing days were marked by gentleness and kindly consideration for the feelings of those around him. When he awoke on June 18th he remembered that it was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He expressed a strong, pathetic wish to live over that day, even if he were never to see another sunset. He called for the flag which the Duke of Wellington always sent him on that anniversary; and he laid his hand upon the eagle which adorned it, and said he felt revived by the touch. He had himself attended since his accession the Waterloo banquet; but this time the Duke of Wellington thought it would perhaps be more seemly to have the dinner put off, and sent accordingly to take the wishes of his Majesty. The King declared that the dinner must go on as usual; and sent to the Duke a friendly, simple message, expressing his hope that the guests might have a pleasant day. He talked in his homely way to those about him, his direct language seeming to acquire a sort of tragic dignity from the approach of the death that was so near. He had prayers read to him again and again, and called those near him to witness that he had always been a faithful believer in the truths of religion. He had his dispatch-boxes brought to him, and tried to get through some business with his private secretary. It was remarked with some interest that the last official act he ever performed was to sign with his trembling hand the pardon of a condemned criminal. Even a far nobler reign than his would have received new dignity if it closed with a deed of mercy. When some of those around him endeavored to encourage him with the idea that he might recover and live many years yet, he declared with a simplicity which had something oddly pathetic in it that he would be willing to live ten years yet for the sake of the country. The poor King was evidently under the sincere conviction that England could hardly get on without him. His consideration for his country, whatever whimsical thoughts it may suggest, is entitled to some at least of the respect which we give to the dying groan of a Pitt or a Mirabeau, who fears with too much reason that he leaves a blank not easily to be filled. "Young royal tarry-breeks," William had been jocularly called by Robert Burns fifty years before, when there was yet a popular belief that he would come all right and do brilliant and gallant things, and become a stout sailor in whom a seafaring nation might feel pride. He disappointed all such expectations; but it must be owned that when responsibility came upon him he disappointed expectation anew in a different way, and was a better sovereign, more deserving of the complimentary title of patriot-king, than even his friends would have ventured to anticipate.

There were eulogies pronounced upon him after his death, in both Houses of Parliament, as a matter of course. It is not necessary, however, to set down to mere court homage or parliamentary form some of the praises that were bestowed upon the dead King by Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham and Lord Grey. A certain tone of sincerity, not quite free perhaps from surprise, appears to run through some of these expressions of admiration. They seem to say that the speakers were at one time or another considerably surprised to find that after all, William really was able and willing on grave occasions to subordinate his personal likings and dislikings to considerations of State policy, and to what was shown to him to be for the good of the nation. In this sense at least he may be called a patriot-king. We have advanced a good deal since that time, and we require somewhat higher and more positive qualities in a sovereign now to excite our political wonder. But we must judge William by the reigns that went before, and not the reign that came after him; and with that consideration borne in mind, we may accept the panegyric of Lord Melbourne and of Lord Grey, and admit that on the whole he was better than his education, his early opportunities, and his early promise.

William IV. (third son of George III.) had left no children who could have succeeded to the throne; and the crown passed therefore to the daughter of his brother (fourth son of George), the Duke of Kent. This was the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, who was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819. The princess was therefore at this time little more than eighteen years of age. The Duke of Kent died a few months after the birth of his daughter, and the child was brought up under the care of his widow. She was well brought up: both as regards her intellect and her character her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as though she had been born to be poor. One is not generally inclined to attach much importance to what historians tell us of the education of contemporary princes or princesses; but it cannot be doubted that the Princess Victoria was trained for intelligence and goodness.

"The death of the King of England has everywhere caused the greatest sensation. . . . Cousin Victoria is said to have shown astonishing self-possession. She undertakes a heavy responsibility, especially at the present moment, when parties are so excited, and all rest their hopes on her." These words are an extract from a letter written on July 4, 1837, by the late Prince Albert, the Prince Consort of so many happy years. The letter was written to the Prince's father, from Bonn. The young Queen had indeed behaved with remarkable self-possession. There is a pretty description, which has been often quoted, but will bear citing once more, given by Miss Wynn, of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession to a throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the King's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington until five o'clock in the morning. "They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was presently sent for, and a meeting of the Privy Council summoned for eleven o'clock; when the Lord Chancellor administered the usual oaths to the Queen, and Her Majesty received in return the oaths of allegiance of the Cabinet minister and other privy councillors present. Mr. Greville, who was usually as little disposed to record any enthusiastic admiration of royalty and royal personages as Humboldt or Varnhagen von Ense could have been, has described the scene in words well worthy of quotation.

"The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which, for this purpose, Melbourne had himself to learn. . . . She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, — and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slighest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers, and the Duke of Wellington and Peel, approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, — which hardly ever occurred, — and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating."

Sir Robert Peel told Mr. Greville that he was amazed "at her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness." The Duke of Wellington said in his blunt way that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. "At twelve," says Mr. Greville, "she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. . . . In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense; and as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do; though," Mr. Greville somewhat superfluosly adds, "it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters."

The interest or curiosity with which the demeanor of the young Queen was watched was all the keener because the world in general knew so little about her. Not merely was the world in general thus ignorant, but even the statesmen and officials in closest communication with court circles were in almost absolute ignorance. According to Mr. Greville (whose authority, however, is not to be taken too implicitly except as to matters which he actually saw), the young Queen had been previously kept in such seclusion by her mother — "never," he says, "having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen" — that "not one of her acquaintances, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is or what she promises to be." There was enough in the court of the two sovereigns who went before Queen Victoria to justify any strictness of seclusion which the Duchess of Kent might desire for her daughter. George IV. was a Charles II. without the education or the talents; William IV. was a Frederick William of Prussia without the genius. The ordinary manners of the society at the court of either had a full flavor, to put it in the softest way, such as a decent tap-room would hardly exhibit in a time like the present. No one can read even the most favorable descriptions given by contemporaries, of the manners of those two courts, without feeling grateful to the Duchess of Kent for resolving that her daughter should see as little as possible of their ways and their company.

It was remarked with some interest that the Queen subscribed herself simply "Victoria," and not, as had been expected, "Alexandrina Victoria." Mr. Greville mentions in his diary of December 24th, 1819, that "the Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven [the Russian ambassador, husband of the famous Princess de Lieven], and made him a great many compliments, *en le persiflant*, on the Emperor's being godfather; but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all." It was a very wise choice to employ simply the name of Victoria, around which no ungenial associations of any kind hung at that time, and which can have only grateful associations in the history of this country for the future.

It is not necessary to go into any formal description of the various ceremonials and pageantries which celebrated the accession of the new sovereign. The proclamation of the Queen, her appearance for the first time on the throne in the House of Lords when she prorogued Parliament in person, and even the gorgeous festival of her coronation, — which took place on June 28th, in the following year, 1838, — may be passed over with a mere word of record. It is worth mentioning, however, that at the coronation procession one of the most conspicuous figures was that of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, the opponent of Moore and Wellington in the Peninsula, the commander of the Old Guard at Lützen, and one of the strong arms of Napoleon at Waterloo. Soult had been sent as ambassador extraordinary to represent the French government and people at the coronation of Queen Victoria; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was received by the crowds in the streets of London on that day. The white-haired soldier was cheered wherever a glimpse of his face or figure could be caught. He appeared in the procession in a carriage the frame of which had been used on occasions of state by some of the princes of the House of Condé, and which Soult had had splendidly decorated for the ceremony of the coronation. Even the Austrian ambassador, says an eye-witness, attracted less attention than Soult, although the dress of the Austrian, Prince Esterhazy, "down to his very boot-heels sparkled with diamonds." The comparison savors now of the ridiculous, but is remarkably expressive and effective. Prince Esterhazy's name in those days suggested nothing but diamonds. His diamonds may be said to glitter through all the light literature of the time. When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wanted a comparison with which to illustrate excessive splendor and brightness, she found it in "Mr. Pitt's diamonds." Prince Esterhazy's served the same purpose for the writers of the early years of the present reign. It was therefore, perhaps, no very poor tribute to the stout old *moustache* of the Republic and the Empire to say that at a London pageant his war-worn face drew attention away from Prince Esterhazy's diamonds. Soult himself felt very warmly the genuine kindness of the reception given to him. Years after, in a debate in the French Chamber, when M. Guizot was accused of too much partiality for the English alliance, Marshal Soult declared himself a warm champion of that alliance. "I fought the English down to Toulouse," he said, "when I fired the last cannon in defense of the national independence: in the meantime I have been in London; and France knows the reception which I had there. The English themselves cried, 'Vive Soult!' — they cried, 'Soult Forever!' I had learned to estimate the English on the field of battle; I have learned to estimate them in peace: and I repeat that I am a warm partisan of the English alliance." History is not exclusively made by cabinets and professional diplomatists. It is highly probable that the cheers of a London crowd on the day of the Queen's coronation did something genuine and substantial to restore the good feeling between this country and France, and efface the bitter memories of Waterloo.

It is a fact well worthy of note, amid whatever records of court ceremonial and of political change, that a few days after the accession of the Queen, Mr. Montefiore was elected Sheriff of London (the first Jew who had ever been chosen for that office), and that he received knighthood at the hands of her Majesty when she visited the City on the following Lord Mayor's day. He was the first Jew whom royalty had honored in this country since the good old times when royalty was pleased to borrow the Jew's money, or order instead the extraction of his teeth. The expansion of the principle of religious liberty and equality, which has been one of the most remarkable characteristics of the reign of Queen Victoria, could hardly have been more becomingly inaugurated than by the compliment which sovereign and city paid to Sir Moses Montefiore.

The Withdrawal from Cabul.

The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the centre dashed a precipitous mountain torrent so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travellers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting-men, of whom Europeans formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp-followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children. . . .

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who, with their long guns and long knives, were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused, constant battle against a guerilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women, and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies. "The massacre," to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to the utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes, whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him were utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon, trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection.

Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody, to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives.

With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children and the married men whose wives were among this party were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, it was the best thing that could have been done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad at the near end of the Kyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on his way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees, with the openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised if this were done to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and also to provide the army in the Koord Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The struggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass — a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.

JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD.

Meinhold, Johann Wilhelm, a German clergyman; born at Netzelkow, Usedom Island, February 27, 1797; died at Charlottenburg, November 30, 1851. He was settled at Usedom and Coserow. His books are "Maria Schweidler" (1843) and "Sidonia von Bork," both purporting to be mediæval manuscripts discovered by Meinhold; his object being to show the Biblical critics, through the deception, that internal evidence as to the antiquity of works is not reliable. Both the works were successful and popular.

The Famine.

(From "The Amber Witch.")

It was now ten days since the poor people had caught a single fish. I therefore went out into the field, musing how the wrath of the just God might be turned from us, seeing that the cruel winter was now at hand, and neither corn, apples, fish nor flesh to be found in the village, nor even throughout all the parish. There was indeed plenty of game in the forests of Coserow and Uekeritze; but the old forest ranger, Zabel Nehring, had died last year of the plague, and there was no new one in his place. Nor was there a musket nor a grain of powder to be found in all the parish; the enemy had robbed and broken everything: we were therefore forced, day after day, to see how the stags and the roes, the hares and the wild boars, *et cet.*, ran past us, when we would so gladly have had them in our bellies, but had no means at getting at them: for they were too cunning to let themselves be caught in pitfalls. Nevertheless, Claus Peer succeeded in trapping a roe, and gave me a piece of it, for which may God reward him. *Item*, of domestic cattle there was not a head left; neither was there a dog, nor a cat, which the people had not either eaten in their extreme hunger, or knocked on the head, or drowned long since. Albeit old farmer Paasch still owned two cows; *item*, an old man in Uekeritze was said to have one little pig: — this was all. Thus, then, nearly all the people lived on blackberries and other wild fruits: the which also soon grew to be scarce, as may easily be guessed. Besides all this, a boy of fourteen was missing (old Labahn his son) and was never more heard of, so that I shrewdly think that the wolves devoured him.

And now let any Christian judge by his own heart in what sorrow and heaviness I took my staff in my hand, seeing that my child fell away like a shadow from pinching hunger; although I myself, being old, did not, by the help of God's mercy, find any great failing in my strength. While I thus went continually weeping before the Lord, on the way to Uekeritze, I fell in with an old beggar with his wallet, sitting on a stone, and eating a piece of God's rare gift, to wit, a bit of bread. Then truly did my poor mouth so fill with water that I was forced to bow my head and let it run upon the earth before I could ask, "Who art thou? and whence comest thou? seeing that thou hast bread." Whereupon he answered that he was a poor man of Bannemin, from whom the enemy had taken all; and as he had heard that the Lieper Winkel had long been in peace, he had travelled thither to beg. I straightway answered him, "Oh, poor beggarman, spare to me, a sorrowful servant of Christ, who is poorer even than thyself, one little slice of bread for his wretched child; for thou must know that I am the pastor of the village, and that my daughter is dying of hunger. I beseech thee by the living God not to let me depart without taking pity on me, as pity also hath been shown to thee." But the beggarman would give me none, saying that he himself had a wife and four children, who were likewise staggering towards death's door under the bitter pangs of hunger; that the famine was sorer far in Bannemin than here, where we still had berries; whether I had not heard that but a few days ago a woman (he told me her name, but horror made me forget it) had there killed her own child, and devoured it from hunger? That he could not therefore help me, and I might go to the Lieper Winkel myself.

I was horror-stricken at his tale, as is easy to guess, for we in our own trouble had not heard of it, there being little or no traffic between one village and another; and thinking on Jerusalem, and sheer despairing because the Lord had visited us, as of old that ungodly city, although we had not betrayed or crucified him, I almost forgot all my necessities, and took my staff in my hand to depart. But I had not gone more than a few yards when the beggar called me to stop, and when I turned myself round he came towards me with a good hunch of bread which he had taken out of his wallet, and said, "There! but pray for me also, so that I may reach my home; for if on the road they smell that I have bread, my own brother would strike me dead, I believe." This I promised with joy, and instantly turned back to take to my child the gift hidden in my pocket. And behold, when I came to the road which leads to Loddin, I could scarce trust my eyes (before I had overlooked it in my distress) when I saw my glebe, which could produce seven bushels, ploughed, sown, and in stalk; the blessed crop of rye had already shot lustily out of the earth a finger's length in height. I could not choose but think that the Evil One had deceived me with a false show, yet, however hard I rubbed my eyes, rye it was, and rye it remained. And seeing that old Paasch his piece of land which joined mine was in like manner sown, and that the blades had shot up to the same height, I soon guessed that the good fellow had done this deed, seeing that all the other land lay waste. Wherefore, I readily forgave him for not knowing the morning prayer; and thanking the Lord for so much love from my flock, and earnestly beseeching him to grant me strength and faith to bear with them steadfastly and patiently all the troubles and adversities which it might please him henceforward to lay upon us, according to his divine pleasure, I ran rather than walked back into the village to old Paasch his farm, where I found him just about to kill his cow, which he was slaughtering from grim hunger. "God bless thee," said I, "worthy friend, for sowing my field; how shall I reward thee?" But the old man answered, "Let that be, and do you pray for us;" and when I gladly promised this, and asked him how he had kept his corn safe from the savage enemy, he told me that he had hidden it secretly in the caves of the Streckelberg, but that now all his store was used up. Meanwhile he cut a fine large piece of meat from the top of the loin, and said, "There is something for you, and when that is gone you can come again for more." As I was then about to go with many thanks, his little Mary, a child nearly seven years old, the same who had said the *Gratias* on the Streckelberg, seized me by the hand, and wanted to go to school to my daughter; for since my *Custos*, as above mentioned, departed this life in the plague, she had to teach the few little ones there were in the village; this, however, had long been abandoned. I could not, therefore, deny her, although I feared that my child would share her bread with her, seeing that she dearly loved the little maid, who was her godchild; and so indeed it happened;

for when the child saw me take out the bread, she shrieked for joy, and began to scramble up on the bench. Thus she also got a piece of the slice, our maid got another, and my child put the third piece into her own mouth, as I wished for none, but said that I felt no signs of hunger and would wait until the meat was boiled, the which I now threw upon the bench. It was a goodly sight to see the joy which my poor child felt, when I then also told her about the rye. She fell upon my neck, wept, sobbed, then took the little one up in her arms, danced about the room with her, and recited, as she was wont, all manner of Latin *versus*, which she knew by heart. Then she would prepare a right good supper for us, as a little salt was still left in the bottom of a barrel of meat which the Imperialists had broken up. I let her take her own way, and having scraped some soot from the chimney and mixed it with water, I tore a blank leaf out of *Virgilius*, and wrote to the *Pastor Liepensis*, his reverence Abraham Tiburtius, praying that for God his sake he would take our necessities to heart, and would exhort his parishioners to save us from dying of grim hunger, and charitably to spare to us some meat and drink, according as the all-merciful God had still left some to them, seeing that a beggar had told me that they had long been in peace from the terrible enemy. I knew not, however, wherewithal to seal the letter, until I found in the church a little wax still sticking to a wooden altar-candlestick, which the Imperialists had not thought it worth their while to steal, for they had only taken the brass ones. I sent three fellows in a boat with Hinrich Seden, the churchwarden, with this letter to Liepe.

First, however, I asked my old Ilse, who was born in Liepe, whether she would not rather return home, seeing how matters stood, and that I, for the present at least, could not give her a stiver of her wages (mark that she had already saved up a small sum, seeing that she had lived in my service above twenty years, but the soldiers had taken it all). Howbeit, I could nowise persuade her to this, but she wept bitterly, and besought me only to let her stay with the good damsel whom she had rocked in her cradle. She would cheerfully hunger with us if it needs must be, so that she were not turned away. Whereupon, I yielded to her, and the others went alone.

Meanwhile the broth was ready, but scarce had we said the *Gratias*, and were about to begin our meal, when all the children of the village, seven in number, came to the door, and wanted bread, as they had heard we had some from my daughter her little godchild. Her heart again melted, and notwithstanding I besought her to harden herself against them, she comforted me with the message to Liepe, and poured out for each child a portion of broth on a wooden platter (for these also had been despised by the enemy), and put into their little hands a bit of meat, so that all our store was eaten up at once. We were, therefore, left fasting next morning, till towards midday, when the whole village gathered together in a meadow on the banks of the river to see the boat return. But, God be merciful to us, we had cherished vain hopes! six loaves and a sheep, *item*, a quarter of apples, was all they had brought. His reverence Abraham Tiburtius wrote to me that after the cry of their wealth had spread throughout the island, so many beggars had flocked thither that it was impossible to be just to all, seeing that they themselves did not know how it might fare with them in these heavy troublous times. Meanwhile he would see whether he could raise any more. I therefore with many sighs had the small pittance carried to the manse, and though two loaves were, as *Pastor Liepensis* said in his letter, for me alone, I gave them up to be shared among all alike, whereat all were content save Seden his squint-eyed wife, who would have had somewhat *extra* on the score of her husband's journey, which, however, as may be easily guessed, she did not get; wherefore, she again muttered certain words between her teeth as she went away, which, however, no one understood. Truly she was an ill woman, and not to be moved by the Word of God.

Any one may judge for himself that such a store could not last long; and as all my parishioners felt an ardent longing after spiritual food, and as I and the church-wardens could only get together about sixteen farthings in the whole parish, which was not enough to buy bread and wine, the thought struck me once more to inform my lord the Sheriff of our need. With how heavy a heart I did this may be easily guessed, but necessity knows no law. I therefore tore the last blank leaf out of *Virgilius*, and begged that, for the sake of the Holy Trinity, his lordship would mercifully consider mine own distress and that of the whole parish, and bestow a little money to enable me to administer the holy sacrament for the comfort of afflicted souls; also, if possible, to buy a cup, were it only of tin, since the enemy had plundered us of ours, and I should otherwise be forced to consecrate the sacred elements in an earthen vessel. *Item*, I besought him to have pity on our bodily wants, and at last to send me the first-fruits which had stood over for so many years. That I did not want it for myself alone, but would willingly share it with my parishioners, until such time as God in his mercy should give us more.

Here a huge blot fell upon my paper; for the windows being boarded up, the room was dark, and but little light came through two small panes of glass which I had broken out of the church, and stuck in between the boards; this, perhaps, was the reason why I did not see better. However, as I could not anywhere get another piece of paper, I let it pass, and ordered the maid, whom I sent with the letter to Pudgla, to excuse the same to his lordship the Sheriff, the which she promised to do, seeing that I could not add a word more on the paper, as it was written all over. I then sealed it as I had done before.

But the poor creature came back trembling for fear and bitterly weeping, and said that his lordship had kicked her out of the castle gate, and had threatened to set her in the stocks if she ever came before him again. "Did the parson think that he was as free with his money as I seemed to be with my ink? I surely had water enough to celebrate the Lord's Supper wherewithal. For if the Son of God had once changed the water into wine, he could surely do the like again. If I had no cup, I might water my flock out of a bucket, as he did himself;" with many more blasphemies, such as he afterwards wrote to me, and by which, as may easily be guessed, I was filled with horror. Touching the first-fruits, as she told me, he said nothing at all. In such great spiritual and bodily need the blessed Sunday came round, when nearly all the congregation would have come to the Lord's table, but could not. I therefore spoke on the words of St. Augustine, *crede et manducasti*, and represented that the blame was not mine, and truly told what had happened to my poor maid at Pudgla, passing over much in silence, and only praying God to awaken the hearts of magistrates for our good. Peradventure I may have spoken more harshly than I meant. I know not, only that I spoke that which was in my heart. At the end I made all the congregation stay on their knees for nearly an hour, and call upon the Lord for his holy sacrament; *item*, for the relief of their bodily wants, as had been done every Sunday, and at all the daily prayers I had been used to read ever since the heavy time of the plague. Last of all I led the glorious hymn, "When in greatest need we be," which was no sooner finished than my new church-warden, Claus Bulk of Uekeritze, who had formerly been a groom with his lordship, and whom he had now put into a farm, ran off to Pudgla, and told him all that had taken place in the church. Whereat his lordship was greatly angered, insomuch that he summoned the whole parish, which still numbered about one hundred and fifty souls, without counting the children, and dictated *ad protocollum* whatsoever they could remember of the sermon, seeing that he meant to inform his princely grace the Duke of Pomerania of the blasphemous lies which I had vomited against him, and which must sorely offend every Christian heart. *Item*, what an avaricious wretch I must be to be always wanting something of him, and to be daily, so to say, pestering him in these hard times with my filthy letters, when he had not enough to eat himself. This he said should break the parson his neck, since his princely grace did all that he asked of him, and that no one in the parish need give me anything more, but only let me go my ways. He would soon take care that they should have quite a different sort of parson from what I was.

(Now I would like to see the man who could make up his mind to come into the midst of such wretchedness at all.)

This news was brought to me in the selfsame night, and gave me a great fright, as I now saw that I should not have a gracious master in his lordship, but should all the time of my miserable life, even if I could anyhow support it, find in him an ungracious lord. But I soon felt some comfort, when Chim Krüger from Uekeritze, who brought me the news, took a little bit of his sucking-pig out of his pocket and gave it to me. Meanwhile old Paasch came in and said the same, and likewise brought me a piece of his old cow; *item*, my other warden, Hinrich Seden, with a slice of bread, and a fish which he had taken in his net, all saying they wished for no better priest than me, and that I was only to pray to the merciful Lord to bestow more upon them, whereupon I should want for nothing. Meanwhile I must be quiet and not betray them. All this I promised, and my daughter Mary took the blessed gifts of God off the table and carried them into the inner chamber. But, alas! next morning, when she would have put the meat into the caldron, it was all gone. I know not who prepared this new sorrow for me, but much believe it was Hinrich Seden his wicked wife, seeing he can never hold his tongue, and most likely told her everything. Moreover, Paasch his little daughter saw that she had meat in her pot next day; *item*, that she had quarrelled with her husband, and had flung the fish-board at him, whereon some fresh fish-scales were sticking: she had, however, presently recollected herself when she saw the child. (Shame on thee, thou old witch, it is true enough, I dare say!) Hereupon nought was left us but to feed our poor souls with the Word of God. But even our souls were so cast down that they could receive nought, any more than our bellies; my poor child, especially, from day to day grew paler, grayer, and yellower, and always threw up all her food, seeing she ate it without salt or bread. I had long wondered that the bread from Liepe was not yet done, but that every day at dinner I still had a morsel. I had often asked, "Whence comes all this blessed bread? I believe, after all, you save the whole for me, and take none for yourself or the maid." But they both then lifted to their mouths a piece of fir-tree bark, which they had cut to look like bread, and laid by their plates; and as the room was dark, I did not find out their deceit, but thought that they, too, were eating bread. But at last the maid told me of it, so that I should allow it no longer, as my daughter would not listen to her. It is not hard to guess how my heart was wrung when I saw my poor child lying on her bed of moss struggling with grim hunger. But things were to go yet harder with me, for the Lord in his anger would break me in pieces like a potter's vessel. For behold, on the evening of the same day, old Paasch came running to me, complaining that all his and my corn in the field had been pulled up and miserably destroyed, and that it must have been done by Satan himself, as there was not a trace either of oxen or horses. At these words my poor child screamed aloud and fainted. I would have run to help her, but could not reach her bed, and fell on the ground myself for bitter grief. The loud cries of the maid and old Paasch soon brought us both to our senses. But I could not rise from the ground alone, for the Lord had bruised all my bones. I besought them, therefore, when they would have helped me, to leave me where I was; and when they would not, I cried out that I must again fall on the ground to pray, and begged them all save my daughter to depart out of the room. This they did, but the prayer would not come. I fell into heavy doubting and despair, and murmured against the Lord that he plagued me more sorely than Lazarus or Job.

Wretch that I was, I cried, "Thou didst leave to Lazarus at least the crumbs and the pitiful dogs, but to me thou hast left nothing, and I myself am less in thy sight even than a dog; and Job thou didst not afflict until thou hadst mercifully taken away his children, but to me thou hast left my poor little daughter, that her torments may increase mine own a thousandfold. Behold, then, I can only pray that thou wilt take her from the earth, so that my gray head may gladly follow her to the grave! Woe is me, ruthless father, what have I done? I have eaten bread, and suffered my child to hunger! Oh, Lord Jesu, who hast said, 'What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread will he give him a stone?' Behold I am that man! — behold I am that ruthless father! I have eaten bread and have given wood to my child! Punish me; I will bear it and lie still. Oh, righteous Jesu, I have eaten bread, and have given wood to my child!" As I did not speak, but rather shrieked these words, wringing my hands the while, my child fell upon my neck, sobbing, and chid me for murmuring against the Lord, seeing that even she, a weak and frail woman, had never doubted his mercy, so that with shame and repentance I presently came to myself, and humbled myself before the Lord for such heavy sin.

Meanwhile the maid had run into the village with loud cries to see if she could get anything for her poor young mistress, but the people had already eaten their noontide meal, and most of them were gone to sea to seek their blessed supper; thus she could find nothing, seeing that old wife Seden, who alone had any victuals, would give her none, although she prayed her by Jesu's wounds.

She was telling us this when we heard a noise in the chamber, and presently Lizzie her worthy old husband, who had got in at the window by stealth, brought us a pot of good broth, which he had taken off the fire whilst his wife was gone for a moment into the garden. He well knew that his wife would make him pay for it, but that he did not mind, so the young mistress would but drink it, and she would find it salted and all. He would make haste out of the window again, and see that he got home before his wife, that she might not find out where he had been. But my daughter would not touch the broth, which sorely vexed him, so that he set it down on the ground cursing, and ran out of the room. It was not long before his squint-eyed wife came in at the front door, and when she saw the pot still steaming on the ground, she cried out, "Thou thief, thou cursed thieving carcass!" and would have flown at the face of my maid. But I threatened her, and told her all that had happened, and that if she would not believe me she might go into the chamber and look out of the window, whence she might still, belike, see her goodman running home. This she did, and presently we heard her calling after him, "Wait, and the devil shall tear off thine arms; only wait till thou art home again!" After this she came back, and, muttering something, took the pot off the ground. I begged her, for the love of God, to spare a little to my child; but she mocked at me and said, "You can preach to her, as you did to me," and walked towards the door with the pot. My child indeed besought me to let her go, but I could not help calling after her, "For the love of God, one good sup, or my poor child must give up the ghost: wilt thou that at the day of judgment God should have mercy on thee, so show mercy this day to me and mine!" But she scoffed at us again, and cried out, "Let her cook herself some bacon," and went out at the door. I then sent the maid after her with the hour-glass which stood before me on the table, to offer it to her for a good sup out of the pot; but the maid brought it back, saying that she would not have it. Alas, how I wept and sobbed, as my poor dying child with a loud sigh buried her head again in the moss! Yet the merciful God was more gracious to me than my unbelief had deserved; for when the hard-hearted woman bestowed a little broth on her neighbor, old Paasch, he presently brought it to my child, having heard from the maid how it stood with her; and I believe that this broth, under God, alone saved her life, for she raised her head as soon as she had supped it, and was able to go about the house again in an hour. May God reward the good fellow for it! Thus I had some joy in the midst of my trouble. But while I sat by the fireside in the evening musing on my fate, my grief again broke forth, and I made up my mind to leave my house, and even my cure, and to wander through the wide world with my daughter as a beggar. God knows I had cause enough for it; for now that all my hopes were dashed, seeing that my field was quite ruined, and that the Sheriff had become my bitter enemy; moreover, that it was five years since I had had a wedding, *item*, but two christenings during the past year, I saw my own and my daughter's death staring me in the face, and no prospect of better times at hand. Our want was increased by the great fears of the congregation; for although by God's wondrous mercy they had already begun to take good draughts of fish both in the sea and the Achterwater, and many of the people in the other villages had already gotten bread, salt, oatmeal, etc., from the Polters and Quatzners of Anklam and Lassan in exchange for their fish; nevertheless, they brought me nothing, fearing lest it might be told at Pudgla, and make his lordship ungracious to them. I therefore beckoned my daughter to me, and told her what was in my thoughts, saying that God in his mercy could any day bestow on me another cure if I was found worthy in his sight of such a favor, seeing that these terrible days of pestilence and war had called away many of the servants of his Word, and that I had not fled like a hireling from his flock, but, on the contrary, till *datum* shared sorrow and death with it. Whether she were able to walk five or ten miles a day; for that then we would beg our way to Hamburg, to my departed wife her step-brother, Martin Behring, who is a great merchant in that city.

This at first sounded strange to her, seeing that she had very seldom been out of our parish, and that her departed mother and her little brother lay in our churchyard. She asked, "Who was to make up their graves and plant flowers on them? *Item*, as the Lord had given her a smooth face, what I should do if in these wild and cruel times she were attacked on the highways by marauding soldiers or other villains, seeing that I was a weak old man and unable to defend her; *item*, wherewithal should we shield ourselves from the frost, as the winter was setting in and the enemy had robbed us of our clothes, so that we had scarce enough left to cover our nakedness?" All this I had not considered, and was forced to own that she was right; so after much discussion we determined to leave it this night to the Lord, and to do whatever he should put into our hearts next morning. At any rate, we saw that we could in nowise keep the old maid any longer; I therefore called her out of the kitchen, and told her she had better go early next morning to Liepe, as there still was food there, whereas here she must starve, seeing that perhaps we ourselves might leave the parish and the country to-morrow. I thanked her for the love and faith she had shown us, and begged her at last, amid the loud sobs of my poor daughter, to depart forthwith privately, and not to make our hearts still heavier by leave-taking; that old Paasch was going a-fishing to-night on the Achterwater, as he had told me, and no doubt would readily set her on shore at Grüssow, where she had friends, and could eat her fill even to-day. She could not say a word for weeping, but when she saw that I was really in earnest she went out of the room. Not long after we heard the house-door shut to, whereupon my daughter moaned, "She is gone already," and ran straight to the window to look after her. "Yes," cried she, as she saw her through the little panes, "she is really gone;" and she wrung her hands and would not be comforted. At last, however, she was quieted when I spoke of the maid Hagar, whom Abraham had likewise cast off, but on whom the Lord had nevertheless shown mercy in the wilderness; and hereupon we commended ourselves to the Lord, and stretched ourselves on our couches of moss.

Good Fortune.

(From "The Amber Witch.")

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies" (Psalm ciii.).

Alas! wretched man that I am, how shall I understand all the benefits and mercies which the Lord bestowed upon me the very next day? I now wept for joy, as of late I had done for sorrow; and my child danced about the room like a young roe, and would not go to bed, but only cry and dance, and between whiles repeat the 103rd Psalm, then dance and cry again until morning broke. But as she was still very weak, I rebuked her presumption, seeing that this was tempting the Lord; and now mark what had happened.

After we had both woke in the morning with deep sighs, and called upon the Lord to manifest to us in our hearts what we should do, we still could not make up our minds. I therefore called to my child, if she felt strong enough, to leave her bed and light a fire in the stove herself, as our maid was gone; that she would then consider the matter further. She accordingly got up, but came back in an instant with cries of joy, because the maid had privately stolen back into the house, and had already made a fire. Hereupon I sent for her to my bedside, and wondered at her disobedience, and asked what she now wanted here, but to torment me and my daughter still more, and why she did not go yesterday with old Paasch? But she lamented and wept so sore that she scarce could speak, and I understood only thus much — that she had eaten with us, and would likewise starve with us, for that she could never part from her young mistress, whom she had known from her cradle. Such faithful love moved me so, that I said almost with tears, "But hast thou not heard that my daughter and I have determined to wander as beggars about the country; where, then, wilt thou remain?" To this she answered that neither would she stay behind, seeing it was more fitting for her to beg than for us; but that she could not yet see why I wished to go out into the wide world; whether I had already forgotten that I had said in my induction sermon that I would abide with my flock in affliction and in death? That I should stay yet a little longer where I was, and send her to Liepe, as she hoped to get something worth having for us there from her friends and others. These words, especially those about my induction sermon, fell heavily on my conscience, and I was ashamed of my want of faith, since not my daughter only, but yet more, even my maid, had stronger faith than I, who nevertheless professed to be a servant of God's Word. I believed that the Lord — to keep me, poor fearful hireling, and at the same time to humble me — had awakened the spirit of this poor maid-servant to prove me, as the maid in the palace of the high-priest had also proved the fearful St. Peter. Wherefore I turned my face towards the wall, like Hezekiah, and humbled myself before the Lord, which scarce had I done before my child ran into the room again with a cry of joy; for behold, some Christian heart had stolen quietly into the house in the night, and had laid in the chamber two loaves, a good piece of meat, a bag of oatmeal, *item*, a bag of salt, holding near a pint. Any one may guess what shouts of joy we all raised. Neither was I ashamed to confess my sins before my maid; and in our common morning prayer, which we said on our knees, I made fresh vows to the Lord of obedience and faith. Thus we had that morning a grand breakfast, and sent something to old Paasch besides; *item*, my daughter again sent for all the little children to come, and kindly fed them with our store before they said their tasks; and when in my heart of little faith I sighed thereat, although I said nought, she smiled, and said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

The Holy Ghost spoke by her, as I cannot but believe, nor thou either, beloved reader: for mark what happened. In the afternoon she (I mean my child) went up the Streckelberg to seek for blackberries, as old Paasch had told her, through the maid, that a few bushes were still left. The maid was chopping wood in the yard, to which end she had borrowed old Paasch his axe, for the Imperialist thieves had thrown away mine, so that it could nowhere be found; and I myself was pacing up and down in the room, meditating my sermon; when my child, with her apron full, came quickly in at the door, quite red and with beaming eyes, and scarce able for joy to say more than "Father, father, what have I got?"

"Well," quoth I, "what hast thou got, my child?" Whereupon she opened her apron, and I scarce trusted my eyes when I saw, instead of the blackberries which she had gone to seek, two shining pieces of amber, each nearly as big as a man's head, not to mention the small pieces, some of which were as large as my hand, and that, God knows, is no small one. "Child of my heart," cried I, "how cam'st thou by this blessing from God?" As soon as she could fetch her breath, she told me as follows: —

That while she was seeking for blackberries in a dell near the shore she saw somewhat glistening in the sun, and on coming near she found this wondrous Godsend, seeing that the wind had blown the sand away from off a black vein of amber. That she straightway had broken off these pieces with a stick, and that there was plenty more to be got, seeing that it rattled about under the stick when she thrust it into the sand, neither could she force it farther than, at most, a foot deep into the ground; *item*, she told me that she had covered the place all over again with sand, and swept it smooth with her apron, so as to leave no traces.

Moreover, that no stranger was at all likely to go thither, seeing that no blackberries grew very near, and she had gone to the spot, moved by curiosity and a wish to look upon the sea, rather than from any need; but that she could easily find the place again herself, inasmuch as she had marked it with three little stones. What was our first act after the all-merciful God had rescued us out of such misery, nay, even, as it seemed, endowed us with great riches, any one may guess. When we at length got up off our knees, my child would straightway have run to tell the maid our joyful news. But I forbade her, seeing that we could not be sure that the maid might not tell it again to her friends, albeit in all other things she was a faithful woman and feared God; but that if she did that, the Sheriff would be sure to hear of it, and to seize upon our treasure for his princely highness the Duke — that is to say, for himself; and that nought would be left to us but the sight thereof, and our want would begin all over again; that we therefore would say, when folks asked about the luck that had befallen us, that my deceased brother, who was a councillor at Rotterdam, had left us a good lump of money; and, indeed, it was true that I had inherited near two hundred florins from him a year ago, which, however, the soldiery (as mentioned above) cruelly robbed me of; *item*, that I would go to Wolgast myself next day and sell the little bits as best I might, saying that thou hadst picked them up by the seaside; thou mayst tell the maid the same, if thou wilt, but show the larger pieces to no one, and I will send them to thy uncle at Hamburg to be turned into money for us; perchance I may be able to sell one of them at Wolgast, if I find occasion, so as to buy clothes enough for the winter for thee and for me, wherefore thou, too, mayst go with me. We will take the few farthings which the congregation have brought together to pay the ferry, and thou canst order the maid to wait for us till eventide at the water-side to carry home the victuals. She agreed to all this, but said we had better first break off some more amber, so that we might get a good round sum for it at Hamburg; and I thought so too, wherefore we stopped at home next day, seeing that we did not want for food, and that my child, as well as myself, both wished to refresh ourselves a little before we set out on our journey; *item*, we likewise bethought us that old Master Rothoog, of Loddin, who is a cabinet-maker, might knock together a little box for us to put the amber in, wherefore I sent the maid to him in the afternoon. Meanwhile we ourselves went up the Streckelberg, where I cut a young fir-tree with my pocket-knife, which I had saved from the enemy, and shaped it like a spade, so that I might be better able to dig deep therewith. First, however, we looked about us well on the mountain, and, seeing nobody, my daughter walked on to the place, which she straightway found again. Great God!

what a mass of amber was there! The vein was hard upon twenty feet long, as near as I could feel, and the depth of it I could not sound. Nevertheless, save four good-sized pieces, none, however, so big as those of yesterday, we this day only broke out little splinters, such as the apothecaries bruise for incense. After we had most carefully covered and smoothed over the place, a great mishap was very near befalling us; for we met Witthan her little girl, who was seeking blackberries, and she asked what my daughter carried in her apron, who straightway grew red, and stammered so that our secret would have been betrayed if I had not presently said, "What is that to thee? She has got fir-apples for firing," which the child believed. Wherefore we resolved in future only to go up the mountain at night by moonlight, and we went home and got there before the maid, and hid our treasure in the bedstead, so that she should not see it.

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